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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE.]

MAN AND HIS IDOL.

CHAPTER XIX. THE NIGHT OF HORRORS.

Good-night!
This deed unshapen me quite.

Shakespeare.

From the door of the empty house out into the dark, gloomy night. So the fugitives stole, the hand of Daniel Kingston closed tightly, but with a nervous twitch and tremor, over that of his child.

The air was chill.

Sharp gusts, which told of the coming winter, swept at intervals through the deserted streets.

Emmy, ill and thinly clad, shivered, and there was a spot in her chest into which the cold seemed to rush, painning her as it did so. She did not know then, what that meant. She had not known what that bleeding at the mouth a night or two before signified. Poor Emmy!

No word of what she felt escaped the lips of the fair girl, and Daniel Kingston did not heed the convulsive shudder which now and then swept through her. He was too much absorbed. One idea possessed him, and drove him onward.

That he was watched, pursued, and in imminent peril; these were the phases which his mania assumed.

"Come, darling, come Emmy, come!"

With these words, in a deep whisper, uttered again and again, he urged her on.

She could not walk as he would have walked. Her feeble, uncertain steps could not keep pace with his long, swinging strides; but she did her best. She had faith in her father, she believed that some danger threatened him, and that it was her duty to accompany him wherever he held it necessary to fly for safety.

For a long time she did not venture to question him, but when they at length found themselves in a deserted square, and the man involuntarily slackened his pace, she said:

"Where are you going, father?"

"Hush!" he cried, looking sharply round, "there, see there!"

He pointed to where the shadow of a tree thrown by a lamp moved on the pavement.

"There is no one," said Emmy.

"No one! where are your eyes, girl?" he cried, petulantly. "St. Omer's spies are everywhere. Come on, come on!"

He dragged her after him and they passed out of the square, and toiled along street after street, going northward as they did so. Emmy bore up as best she could; but she was too ill, too weak for sustained exertion. Suddenly her strength failed her, she clung to her father's arm for a moment, then sank upon the step of a house they were passing at the moment.

"I must rest," she said, "don't scold, father; I will get on again presently."

Kingston uttered an exclamation of impatience and looked round him with wild eager eyes. Then he bent down and kissed his child, then paced to and fro with quick, nervous impatient steps. Even love for his only child had become a secondary feeling to the terror which possessed him.

Emmy saw this and her heart yearned and bled for her father; it was piteous to see the pain her resting gave him, but she was so weak, so terribly weak.

"Come Emmy," said Kingston, after a few impatient minutes, "let's get on."

He held out his hand to help her to rise, and she lifted her own little hand and twined it in his, but it slipped and dropped to her side.

"Oh, father, I can't, I can't move yet," she faltered, "leave me. Go, and leave me! I shall be better to-morrow, and I will come to you if you will tell me where. I will be sure to come."

Daniel bent down and covered over her as if he would hide her from the very stars.

"You don't know what you say, Emmy," he cried, "there's danger to you as well as me. When they kill the lion they don't spare the cub. Do you think he doesn't love his child enough to make him hunt mine to the death to spare her? But we'll be even with them, yet! I shall die an earl, Emmy; and you'll live to be called 'my lady.' It's a beautiful sound, isn't it, 'my lady?'"

In spite of herself, Emmy Kingston shrank from her father in terror at these words. "She believed him mad."

And, no doubt, the events of the last few days, acting upon a highly sensitive mind, always brooding over its wrongs, had driven it up to the verge of mania.

Let us state here what those events had been.

When the door in the wall of the stable closed with a crash behind him, Daniel Kingston had found himself in utter darkness, and in a place which had the smell of a vault. Beneath his feet there was, he could tell, damp, slimy earth, and it was the odour of this which seemed to poison the air, which, after a very short time, became painful to breathe.

His very first impression was that of treachery, and directly the door closed and he knew that the man who had decoyed him into this trap was on the other side of it, he began to shout and halloo at the top of his voice. The sound fell dead and flat on the ear; but each outcry echoed and re-echoed, less and less distinctly until it died away apparently in extreme distance. That his cries were utterly useless was the first impression produced on the prisoner's mind; the next was that, from the nature of the echoes, he must be in a place of considerable extent.

Was it a cavern? Was it some deserted system of cellars? Was it a vault designed as the tomb of the living?

These questions presented themselves in rapid succession to the astounded man.

On one point he had no doubt. The Earl of St. Omer had behaved villainously. For all his smiling face and pretended liberality at that last interview, he was base, treacherous, and recklessly wicked, where his own interests were concerned, for that this was the earl's doings he could have no question.

Had not the infamous agent who had decoyed him there used the earl's name? Yes; used it, because, as the shuddering victim felt, the ears into which it was breathed were intended to forget it in the eternal sleep of death.

All this rushed upon his brain with a crushing, stunning effect, as these moaning echoes died away into silence. Then came the determination that he would not die at the earl's will, like a rat in a hole, and he resolved to investigate the nature of the spot in which, he had no doubt, he was destined to be buried alive.

Starting forward with incautious haste, his feet sink

ing every moment into the clay under them, he soon received a shock; his head came in contact with a wall so fiercely that for the instant it stunned him.

But it gave him information. There could be no doubt of there being a wall, which his fingers ascertained to be brick, in that direction. Dragging his hands over the slimy surface of the brick, he moved slowly on, until he came to what was evidently a break in the wall side, where bricks had fallen out, and had been roughly imbedded in the clay. This hole in the wall was sufficiently large to admit his body, and with more of venture than caution he passed through.

Still clay under foot, still brick wall, still—so far as he could guess from a cry which he again raised—a vaulted roof over head. Still moving on, but more slowly and deliberately, Daniel Kingston came first to another wall, then to a pillar, and so at last convinced himself that he was losing his way in a system of underground vaults, how extensive he could not guess. The further he advanced the more foul became the air, the more difficult was it to breathe. It seemed as if there were no apertures through which the pure air of heaven could reach him, and his lungs seemed choked, his limbs seemed to lose their strength, and the perspiration broke out on his brow and rolled in streams down his channelled face.

What was he to do?

Bad as it was where he then stood, might it not become worse as he proceeded further and further into the heart of this mysterious retreat?

Yet he could not stay there. He could not lie down and die without an effort at escape. And he had lost all reckoning of where he was, and could not tell whether he was advancing or retreating.

In his tribulation, Daniel Kingston threw himself on his knees and prayed that God would help him, and not suffer him to perish. But even as he prayed, there mingled with his words thoughts which should never have risen to Heaven's mercy-seat. Thoughts of wrong ill-endured—thoughts of vengeance, fierce, cruel, and vindictive.

"If I should ever leave this place alive," he cried, speaking aloud, "I swear never to rest till I have vengeance. You are a great man, St. Omer, and a cunning man, but you are a monster, and I will never rest till I have stripped you of your title and your wealth, broken your heart, crushed out your pride, and brought you and your wanton daughter to beggary and shame! May I die a worse death than you have doomed me to if I have pity upon you and yours!"

Poetry is the natural language of passion. In this moment of intense feeling the poor coffee-house waiter spoke as a hero might have spoken. It was awful for a man standing face to face with death to dedicate the residue of his life to thoughts of vengeance. But those thoughts inspired him with fresh strength. He rose from his knees and toiled on and on, passing apparently from one vault to another in an interminable series. Years ago he remembered reading of men who had lost their way in the catacombs of Rome or Paris, and who had wandered for miles beneath the ground, sinking down at last to die of hunger and exhaustion.

Was it possible that London had its catacombs?

He had never heard of them. But, then, how few rays of knowledge ever found their way into the utter darkness of the Porcupine? But even the catacombs had ways in and out of them; and so, by perseverance, he might escape.

So he blundered on in the utter darkness.

Faint, hungry, tottering, he guided his uncertain steps from place to place, often stumbling, often dashed against walls and pillars, but never coming to steps, or doors, or anything which offered the least hope of escape.

And all this time the thirst of vengeance against the cruel, fiendish, devilish earl (so he called him) was growing stronger and stronger.

At last, utterly exhausted, the poor wretch sank down on the damp earth and shed bitter, despairing tears. Then he leant back his head against the hard brick wall, and from pure exhaustion passed into unconscious sleep.

It seemed but a few minutes—it was in reality several hours—when he awoke and recalled with difficulty his position and what had passed.

"Poor Emmy!" That was his first thought. "Poor child, what agony she suffers! Even if she is safe! Great Heaven! If she, too, should have been decoyed away and doomed like me to death!"

He started up. His limbs were cold and stiff. His mouth was parched—his tongue lay in it like a leathern tongue. And how thirsty he was!

It was still dark in the vaults. Was it day or night? He tried to calculate but could not. Measured by weariness, hunger and thirst, he might have been in that fearful place for days; on the other hand, anxiety might have made these few hours of agony and fear of death seem interminable. Moving from the spot on which he had rested, Daniel staggered forward, and in doing so, and casually looking up, he saw, or thought he saw, an aperture not larger than a pin's point,

through which light as of day glittered. Overjoyed, he looked again, but it was gone. Pacing backward and forward, he strove to catch once more that faintest ray of hope; but in vain, and for a reason which at that time he little suspected. He had, in reality, strayed into the next vault, while still believing himself in the one in which he had caught sight of the light.

So the time went on as it had done before he slept. He still wandered on in darkness and despair, hoping but faintly for escape, shrinking from inevitable death, and ever praying for the hour of vengeance.

Was that prayer heard?

No, no, we will not believe it. Yet suddenly, and as if by a miracle, relief came. Light broke into the utter darkness, at first in faint rays, then in a full though subdued flood. The despairing heart of the man rose within him. He bounded forward to the source of this light, which was also, he believed, to be life to him, and in his impetuosity almost destroyed his only chance.

The light came through an ugly break in a circular wall; and when Daniel Kingston put his hands against that wall to look through the aperture, a large block of the brickwork, already rotten and decayed, fell from him and disappeared. For a second or two, he did not hear it fall; then a sudden splash reaching his ear told him what had happened. The portion of wall had fallen into a wall, of which it constituted part of the circular side, and had dropped some hundred feet before it reached the water.

Well might Daniel shudder. It was only by a miracle that he had saved himself from falling with the falling mass!

And now he stood there irresolute. Clearly, the well offered a way of escape; but how difficult was it to avail himself of it! The brickwork, was, as he had seen, rotten and crumbling. There was no rope; he was feeble as an infant, and great as was the depth below him, the height above might be equally formidable.

So at the moment of hope he sat down and gave himself up to despair.

Perhaps he might have yielded to it, and in his weakness of mind and body have put an end to his sufferings. But no. In his death St. Omer would triumph! At that thought he sprang up elastic and alert.

"I will live," he cried, with grinding teeth and clenched hands.

Then lying down flat upon the earth he crawled towards the well, and leaning over his face and chest, looked down and up. It was so deep that he could not see the water, but happily that depth was owing in great measure to the fact that he was only a few feet from the top. That was a source of intense satisfaction, and to add to it he found that the well was of small diameter.

Do not underrate his peril.

Think of that yawning gulf, and those crumbling walls, and picture the position of the man brought down to the feebleness of a child! His only chance of escape was by setting his back against one side of the well, and pressing his feet against the other! And if these walls yielded, as they had begun to do, what possible hope was there for him?

He turned sick at that thought.

Then his mind reverted to his present position and to the motives he had for making a life or death struggle.

"I will live! I must live!" he faltered.

Lying down, this time on his back, he thrust out his legs until they nearly reached the opposite wall. They were long legs; but the well was broader than they were long. He could not touch with feet and back at once. It was necessary to press his hands and elbows against one side of the well in order to press his feet to the other. This he succeeded in doing; but he doubted whether his strength would enable him to support himself long enough in that position.

In that moment of doubt, too, a circumstance occurred which nearly cost him his life. A brick dislodged from above fell, striking him, and falling with a crash below. As it touched him he winced, and, losing the tension which enabled him to support himself, sank several yards.

It was only by the strength of desperation that he was able to recover this, and by means of feet, elbows, and hands, work himself upward. It seemed an interminable time before he was on a level with the great chasm through which the light had first come. On reaching this, he had to shift round so as to avoid it, and to run the risk of the other sides of the well being more sound. This happily proved to be the case, and after a struggle, the thought of which haunted his after life, he reached the top, and clinging to the edge of the well, raised himself up.

"Thank God!" involuntarily sprang from his lips as he dropped upon the ground—alive, but utterly exhausted.

The rest is soon told. Daniel found himself in the basement of one of several vast, ruinous masses of building, which had been for years in Chancery, and had become utterly rotten and dilapidated. These houses, as he afterwards ascertained, had been built on arches, to bring them up to the level of the street on to

which they fronted, and it was into these arches that Daniel had been infamously turned by Steve Broad, to whom the secret of them was known.

But for the accident that the sides of a well had, from neglect and frost, broken in at that part where it pierced the arches, nothing could have saved the doomed man from the horrible agony of being starved to death.

CHAPTER XX.

TO REDRUTH HOUSE.

Still turns thy rage?

Pope's Homer.

It is necessary to know of this—necessary to have lived through, in sympathy, the terrors of that dark passage in Daniel Kingston's life, to understand the change which it had wrought in him, and the feelings with which he was now animated.

He had tasted the bitterness of death; he had returned to life with a vow upon his soul. Heaven had heard him in the moment of utter extremity, but the prayer he then breathed was linked with a condition.

He had sworn on the hand of death to be avenged on St. Omer, who from that moment became his mortal foe. And now he was flying from his lordship and his emissaries, who, in his terror, he believed lurked in every shadow; but only to return—to return for vengeance.

Excited as he was, poor Emmy's weakness chafed him sorely. His love for her, strong as it was, yielded to the stronger feelings of the moment.

"Come, come!" he urged.

She strove to rise, but tottered, and sank back quite feeble, quite incapable of further movement.

Daniel Kingston bit his nails to the quick, and trotted impatiently up and down. At the approach of a footstep he would start, and draw back scared and trembling. Fortunately there were not many belated wanderers at that early hour.

Presently a cab came rattling up. The pace was furious, and he hardly noticed it, thinking it would pass by; but to his terror the cabman uttered a fierce "Won!" and dragged the horse on to its haunches immediately opposite the door. Two women got out. They were slowly dressed, and the air seemed filled with the odour of their perfumes, and the rustle of their silken dresses. They had let themselves out, and now told the cabman to wait.

Then the taller and finer of the two approached the step on which poor Emmy sat, and perceiving her, said with an angry motion of her hand:

"Halloo, you! get out!"

Emmy tried to rise.

"It is my child. She is ill," said Daniel, in the way of explanation and apology.

"Stow that," cried the woman, with a low discordant laugh; "I'm fly. It's no bone, playing the 'lurker' with me."

He did not understand the thieves' slang in which the woman spoke, but her action sufficiently explained her meaning. And he was about to lift Emmy, by sheer bodily strength, from the steps, when the other woman interposed.

"She's bad, Carry, and no mistake!" she said.

"Well, that's no reason why she should keep me out of my 'ken,' is it?" returned the other. "If you want a 'cant of scran,' old boy," she added, "I'll give it you; but let me pass."

"Don't you see he's a 'flattee' (one who does not understand slang), said the other. Then bending over Emmy, and looking in amazement at her fair pale face, she said, "How came you here? Don't be frightened at Carry; she talks slang because she thinks it a fast thing to do; but she's all right? What are you doing out at this hour? Have you no home?"

"Oh yes," said Emmy, moved at something tender, almost fearful in the woman's voice, "and we are going. But I sat down to rest, and I have not been well, and the night air is too much for me."

A sharp ohest cough interrupted her words, and she shivered and drew her thin shawl more tightly over her shoulders.

"Carry," said the woman, "will you have her in and give her a dose of something to keep the cold out, or shall the cab take her home?"

"Stuff, Lotty; they're both 'sitting pad' (to excite charity); 'tip em a win' (penny) if you like, but come along!"

Lotty, for it was she, hesitated. She had penetration enough to see that these were not beggars, and her heart (perhaps softened by what had happened with Lord Sandown that morning) melted toward the girl. So turning to the father, she said:

"Tell me where you live, and cabby shall take you home. I'm going to stay here a few moments with my friend, and he'll be back in time to take me to Albany Street. Where shall he drive?"

Daniel hesitated. His anxiety for Emmy struggled with his fears and suspicions. How could he tell that even these women, whose coarseness was obvious to him, might not be spies upon his actions? But it was

necessary to reply, so he said, following up a sudden thought:

"To the railway station."

"What! are you going by the early train?" cried Lotty.

"Yes; by the first."

"From which station?"

"I—I don't care," he replied.

"But where are you going to, man?" Lotty demanded.

"Why do you ask? what is it to you?" said Daniel, with quick, suspicious glances. "You've been bribed, too, have you? I thought as much. I could read it in your pretended charity."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Emmy, putting up her feeble hands. "Why are you so strange to-night?"

"Strange," cried the woman Carry, who had pushed by, mounted the steps, and now stood looking down in proud superiority to the deluded Lotty; "it's a regular plant, and no mistake. Come along!"

But Lotty was interested as well as astonished.

"What do you mean, man?" she asked, as quietly as she could. "I would have done you and the girl here a good turn—"

"Yes, to serve him," interrupted Daniel.

"Him—who? I swear I don't know what you mean more than the child unborn."

"Oh, yes! it's part of your lesson to swear, and to lie, and to cozen. How could you blind me and decoy me without it? But I know you—you and the earl. What, you wince, do you?"

She had started slightly at the word.

"The earl!" she repeated.

"Yes; you see I know. I read it in your eyes. Go back—go back to the false reprobate, and tell him he has failed once more. Tell him my eyes are open, and that I can read his villany, whatever shape it takes. Yes, and I can defeat it, too, poor as I am, and helpless as I seem. Come, Emmy, darling, you are rested now—I think you are rested now."

He bent over the girl and put his arms round her.

"Stay," cried Lotty, patting her hand upon his shoulder.

He shook it off as if it had been a viper.

"Nay, you must hear me," she said, "something very strange has happened to day, and what you've just said makes it stranger still. You speak of a nobleman as having done you some wrong—"

"Some wrong?" interrupted Kingston, fiercely. "Is it a wrong to have stolen my title, to have lived on my estates, to have tried to take my very life, as if he begrudged me the miserable privilege of breathing the same air with him?"

"What not this is, Lotty," cried Carry, who had listened to the dialogue with the utmost impatience, "the old chap's cranky, can't you tell that?"

"Shut up," said Lotty, adopting her companion's elegant style for the moment; "look here," she added, addressing Kingston, "will you tell me the name of the man who has done you the wrong?"

"I tell you!" he answered, contemptuously, "as if you didn't know it well enough."

"Is it St. Omer?" she asked abruptly.

"Isn't it?"

He fixed his eyes upon her face as if he would have searched her very soul.

"I guessed so," she replied, "will you tell me if I am right in another guess? Are you Kingston?"

He started from her angrily.

"What! You weren't his agent? You didn't know me? You only sought to do me a kindness," he cried. "Out with you for a cunning Jezebel! Go—leave me and my child. I know you—I can see the cloven foot. Off with you!"

But in the moment thus occupied, the brain of the fierce, passionate, vindictive woman had been busy at work. She had caught at an idea, and without heeding him she was rapidly working it out in her own fierce way.

"One minute, Kingston," she said, "refuse to hear me and you'll repent it to your dying day. You are mistaken in me. I know the earl—I've reason to do it, but I hate him as fiercely as you can hate him, and I'd see him ruined with more pleasure."

She did not say that it was Blanche, the earl's daughter, against whom she nursed this vindictive feeling; but she knew well enough that a falling tree carries its branches with it, and the fall of St. Omer was the idea which suddenly possessed her.

Through Kingston this was easily accomplished, and it seemed a kind of providence which had thrown him in her way that night.

But Kingston's manner was not encouraging.

"It's all a trick," he suspected.

"No, as I'm a living woman, no!" she urged.

"You pretend to agree with me only to decoy me back," said Daniel, "the trick's too transparent."

She caught the hand he raised to thrust her away.

"Look here!" she said; "listen to reason. You see what I am—I and Carry here? For two years I've had a lover; not a man who'd do me justice: but he's been a good friend to me, and I'm more spoony over him

than I ever thought to be over any man again. Well, to-day I found out that he's deceiving me. Without a word to me, he's been going in for a marriage, and you know what that means?"

"I neither know nor care!" said Daniel fiercely.

"Well, it means that I shall be thrown aside like a broken toy. I shall be left to starve, to rot for all he cares, while he's playing the fool over his miserable, pink-faced, mincing, idiotic child of a wife. Do you think I'll stand that? Do I seem the woman quietly to stand by, and let Blanche St. Omer rob me of my friend without a struggle? Not I! She shall give him up, or I'll bring down the house over the heads of the lot of 'em, like a pack of cards. You can help me to do that—will you?"

Daniel Kingston's eyes glistened.

"If I could believe this was true!" he said.

"Is it, Carry? Is it true or false?" Lotty demanded of her strange friend. "Did Sandown go off this morning like a bear, or didn't he? Have I followed him about all day, or haven't I? Am I half-mad with it all, or not? You know, you can tell him!"

Fierce, vindictive, brawling, the manner in which she demanded this was more convincing even than the reply of her friend.

"It's all serene enough!" said that personage, leaning her elbows on the railings, while she continued to stand on the top step.

Kingston hesitated for a moment; as he did so, Emmy rose and tottered towards him.

"I am better; I can go now!" she said.

"Nonsense! she's weak as a rat," cried Lotty. "Stay here to-night. Carry will find a bed for you, or tuck you up on the sofa or the hearth-rug, and you'll be off to-morrow by the early train—if you see fit to go at all."

The advice was good. Emmy was obviously too weak to walk far, and so, with many misgivings, Daniel Kingston suffered himself to be tempted into the house.

There Emmy was provided with a sofa, and, having a shawl wrapped over her, she soon sank into a disturbed slumber. But as she slept she could hear the loud snoring of the singular person called Carry, who had thrown herself on the hearth-rug, and was sleeping like a top. She could also hear the voice of her father and Lotty in close conference.

They were comparing notes; speaking of papers, pedigrees and wills, and the name of St. Omer was frequently on their lips. Once only she heard Blanche mentioned, and then it was followed by a paroxysm of tears on the part of Lotty.

"I pity her; I believe her innocent," Emmy heard her father say.

"You're a fool!" Lotty replied; "she stands in your own child's way, and she knows it."

"No; if she knew it I would not spare her," was the answer.

"She does; she does, I tell you!" Lotty vociferated, "and she must fall with the rest. If I could bring her to beggary I should die happy. Kingston, I'd give my right hand to see her what I am."

Under her drowsy eyelids Emmy could see that the woman had risen from her seat—that her eyes, fierce and bloodshot, glowed with a wild light—that her bosom heaved, and that she brought her clenched hands down upon the table with a crash as she spoke. Then there was peace, and she dropped to sleep once more.

It was broad daylight before she was awakened by the hand of her father upon her shoulder.

"It is time, darling!" he said.

She started up and looked at him.

In bygone times she had known him come home in the early morning, from banquets and night orgies, at which he had served, pale, emaciated, worn out to the last stage of weariness and prostration. But she never saw him looking as he now looked. His face was absolutely colourless, and his eyes were large, and glared out of their hollow sockets, like the eyes of a famished and infuriated wolf. The sight shocked her.

"You haven't slept, father?" she said.

"Not much, not much—let's get away!"

"And those ladies?" asked Emmy, looking round in surprise at finding the room empty.

"Gone, darling! gone. There is a cab at the door. Come; we shall be in time for the first train."

How changed he was! What a wreck! What a piteous mockery of himself! She thought his hair had grown whiter; that the long wrinkles in his face had deepened; that his shoulders had grown rounder in their stoop. And then his voice! It was harsh, grating, sepulchral.

With strange misgivings, as to what was happening, Emmy smoothed her rumpled dress, and taking her father's thin, trembling hand, walked with him to the cab, which in a short time whirled them to the railway station.

"Where to?" said the clerk, in answer to the application for tickets.

"Redruth House!" cried Daniel Kingston, in a loud, cracked, imperious tone.

"No such station on the line, sir," was the answer.

"But there shall be. You may grin; but it's true. True, I tell you!"

"All right, guv'nor: only you can't have a ticket for the place till they've built it. Where to?"

"Hertford," said Daniel, meekly, his manner changing in an instant.

And it was for that destination that the father and daughter left town.

CHAPTER XXL.

THE OLD MAN'S SECRET.

"Water! water!" all over the field,
To nothing but Death will that wound-voice yield.
The field is alive, though the lights are out:
What are those wild forms flitting about?

Lugh Hunt.

THE meagre account of the railway accident near Berkhamstead, which Lord St. Omer had read aloud to the countess, was speedily followed by fuller particulars.

A list of the killed and wounded appeared in the evening, as if after a battle, and the latter included the name of Kingston Meredith. It did not mention Frank Hildred.

According to this account—but why should we transcribe a newspaper report? At the best it can be but a dry detail of facts. It can tell at what time trains started and were due. It supplies, from sources best known to itself, the precise rate at which the train was going. Shows how, on nearing a certain point, certain things happened, "no blame whatever attaching to the railway-company." Then it winds up with a tabulated statement of results in death, mutilation, and the rest of it.

But he who has never witnessed a railway accident can as little realize the awful scene as the civilian can the horrors of that "brilliant cavalry charge" of which he reads.

On this occasion the train was moving softly and insidiously along. Its passengers had no thought of danger. They read, thought, conversed, amused themselves, each according to his taste. On, on, on, with regular throb and beat, with slow, steady, pulsation went the carriages over the glistening rails.

A shock!

Such a shock as results from the sudden stoppage of a body moving at many, many miles an hour. The passengers—strong men, fair women, innocent children—all yielding to the irresistible impulse, against which they are powerless, lunge, fall, are precipitated one against the other. They don't scream: the shock is too sudden. They only throw out their hands instinctively, and clutch and claw, each for himself. Quick as thought, each knows that the engine has encountered an obstacle, or is off the line. Yes, that is it, off the line. But there is no time to realize the horror of the position. The carriage turns over: falls—from the sensation it might fall thousands of feet—and then—

Deafened with an intolerable noise, blinded with vapour, stunned with a concussion to which the first was as nothing, a weak, feeble, crushed, mutilated, debris of humanity, representing those smart men, pretty woman, joyous children of an instant since—grovels miserably on the earth, or drags itself impotently away.

The boiler has burst.

It has rent the iron engine like a paper-bag.

It has shattered the carriages into splinters, and minced, bruised, battered to jelly the wretched passengers.

The moment of explosion is indescribable. The moments which follow it are too harrowing to be depicted on paper.

Could Frank Hildred ever tell the feeling with which he awoke to the sense that the shock was over, the crisis past. He was at the bottom of a carriage. Upon him was the weight of a corpse—the corpse of a stout, handsome, jovial man, who had been talking of his wife and his little ones, away down in Lancashire, and of his joy in going home to them after a year's fortune-hunting. Poor wife! poor little ones! That fortune would not have compensated for the horror of a crushed face, starting eyes, toothless mouth, which, had they seen it, must have haunted them to their dying days. Beside him, a little child in its white frock, and with cherries in its hands—dead—quite dead. For the rest broken-limbed, mutilated, groaning, shrieking, cursing beings, crushed between planks, pierced with the splintered seats, bleeding profusely, enduring every form of torture.

Hideous spectacle! never to be forgotten.

Let us drop the curtain on it.

In the midst of all, Frank Hildred's anxiety was for his friend.

"Kingston!" he cried out.

There was no response.

Groans, and shrieks, and screams filled his ears.

"Kingston, Kingston, answer me!"

No answer.

With all his might the strong man strove to lift the

weight of the dead from his body, fearing even in doing so lest his benumbed limbs should be broken without his knowledge. For a long time he strove in vain; then assistance came. Men with lanterns sprang up, no one knew whence, and were busy in moving huge beams of timber, and extricating the living and the dying from the embraces of the dead.

So at last, Hildred crept out, terribly cramped, but whole and sound.

Then he in his turn lent what aid he could, seeking chiefly for his friend, whom he longed yet feared to recognize in the long row of the suffering and dead, which they were forming upon the grass, with intervals between each, wide enough for the surgeons, who had been sent for across country, to do their fearful work in.

Not among these, but doubled up under the carriage, through the bottom of which he had fallen, Kingston Meredith was at length discovered. He was insensible. He was bleeding; but Frank, so far as his knowledge went, could discover no traces of broken bones.

From the peculiar position in which he had fallen under the carriage, and from the bent and twisted iron-work, which formed a sort of cage round him, it was some time before it was possible that the young man could be extricated. It was necessary to saw through both iron and wood-work, and the men with the necessary implements were not on the spot for some hours. During that time Frank applied cold water to the forehead and lips of his friend, and was able at last to borrow a nearly exhausted brandy flask, which he applied to the white lips, and this seemed to keep the man alive.

The place in which the accident had taken place was wild and rugged. There was no house near for miles, and thus the difficulty of disposing of the sufferers was very great. However, ill news travels apace under the most unfavourable circumstances, and before Kingston was extricated, it had reached the vicarage of Elderside—some seven miles distant—and the vicar, who was named Greggeon, immediately drove over to the spot in his pony-chaise, and ordered a farm waggon to follow in case of need. On his reaching the spot, Frank Hildred at once appealed to his feelings on behalf of his friend, and the good vicar ultimately drove him and one or two other sufferers back to the vicarage.

When Kingston Meredith opened his eyes, after a sleep which had been dreamless, but which seemed to have been pervaded by a sense of horror, he found himself lying on a small bed of exquisite whiteness, in a room, through the open latticed window of which the blue sky, more intensely blue than he had ever seen it at Lincoln's Inn, was visible, and also clustering honeysuckles and passion-flowers, to which the warm sunshine imparted marvellous beauty.

Beyond, stretched out the open country; wheat, amber brown, waving in the fields, and the green hills crowned with trees already turning red under the hand of Autumn.

He was alone.

For some time he lay, clutching at the white sheet, and trying to recall where he was, what had happened, and to what he owed that dull pain of the brain, and the sore sprained feeling of every limb to which he had awakened.

As he looked up, Frank Hildred opened the door and entered, accompanied by a very old man, the vicar's father.

"Frank," said the patient, softly.

"Ah, he is awake! He has recovered. Oh, King, my boy, we have been very anxious for you!"

"Why?"

As delicately as he could, Frank explained what had happened. The whole was a perfect revelation to Kingston, who remembered nothing from the moment of the explosion. But he was less grateful than Frank, in his simple, warm heart had expected to find him.

"God has been very good to you," said the old man.

"Yes," said Kingston, languidly, "I suppose so."

"Oh, yes. Why you have been spared while others have been taken. You have escaped with scarce an injury, where many a one has come to a violent death. You should be very grateful."

Kingston looked at the old man, whose venerable grey hair was blown about his face, gently lifted by the soft autumn wind.

He would not have hurt his feelings for the world.

Yet he could but answer, very mournfully,

"You think death an evil! Your religion has not taught you so much as my sorrow. Would that Heaven had granted me the boon it has granted to so many. Would that I were in my grave!"

"King, this is ungrateful," said Frank, reproachfully.

"Is it?" Forgive me. And you too, sir, pray excuse me."

From that hour they knew in the vicarage that Kingston Meredith was weighed down by some great sorrow, to which it would not be kindly to allude. And as he slowly recovered from the shock he had sustained, still making the vicarage his home, all its inmates treated him tenderly as a child; and sought to amuse him, to divert his mind, to win him from his

gloomy self; but not once did they allude to any knowledge of his secret grief.

Under their care, and amid the placid scenes in which they passed their days, the young man speedily mended. It was all so different to the gloomy old days in Lincoln's Inn. The country was so lovely, the people about him were so innocent and so happy, even the old man who had bidden him be grateful for life showed no fear of approaching death, though the grave spectre was at his elbow.

Once Kingston remarked on this, as delicately as he could.

"You are very happy here," he said.

"Yes! oh, yes," answered the old man.

"Tis a lovely spot, and your children are very, very good to you."

"I thank my Maker for it day by day," he answered.

Kingston was greatly touched, yet there was one question he longed to ask, a simple question; but he feared lest it might give pain. Still he could not resist the impulse to ask it.

"You have spent your life in this happy spot?" he said.

"My life! Oh, no: I have lived in many parts. I was a missionary once," said the vicar's father.

"Out of England?"

"Yes; away in Tahiti."

"You have seen much wickedness then?"

"Who has not?"

"Yet you have preserved your purity and your happy innocence of mind?"

At this question the placid smile went from the face of the old man, and in its place there was a pained look from which Meredith shrank. Already he blamed himself as the cause of it.

"We have all our secret sins, our hidden woes," was the answer he received. "But God is merciful."

Little more passed then; but Meredith found himself wondering again and again what secret this was which gave so dark a background to the old man's happy present, and though buried, would yet at a thought steal like a ghoul from its hidden and dark abyss.

But the thought passed away after a time, and as strength and health came to him, he began to discuss with Frank the necessity of action.

"A fortnight has passed," he said one day, "but for this calamity I should have been in the New World, pushing my way and making my arrangements for the future."

"No matter," said Frank, "you are better and stronger; you are more fitted to enter on the enterprise which will require all your skill and all your energy."

"You think time affects my heart," said Meredith, mournfully, "you believe that I shall some day cease to remember her, or grow indifferent to memory?"

"Such things have been," said Frank, who, in addition to being a great believer in heart-wrecks, was anxious to cheer his melancholy friend. But in this, he was far from successful. His words were received with a sigh and mournful shake of the head, and so, for a time, the subject was not mentioned.

The weather was so delightful that at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Greggeon, the friends protracted their stay at the vicarage for another week. At the end of that time they resolutely packed up such luggage as had been sent over from the scene of the railway accident, the rest had gone on to Liverpool, and prepared to take their leave.

As usual Frank Hildred took the active part in this matter and he was engaged over the boxes one evening, at sunset, leaving Meredith seated in a clematis arbour, into which the red light was pouring in a golden tide.

As he sat there the vicar's father, the old man who had already so interested him, passed over the lawn at a short distance from the arbour. He was walking more rapidly than usual, and though the sunshine was partially blinding him, Meredith saw that there was a look of pain or anxiety in his face.

"Is it his secret?" the young man involuntarily exclaimed.

At that moment Mr. Greggeon came out of the house, his pretty, though mature-aged, wife leaning on his arm.

"Well! dad!" said the son, in a broad, genial manner peculiar to him, "what now?"

"Ah, my boy," said the old man, "I was looking for you."

"Indeed! what has happened?"

"Why, why, James has just come across from Galescombe. You sent him there, didn't you?"

"Yes, about the new saddle. But what of it?"

"Why he says there was a great commotion at the Inn, all the farmers talking of it, and everybody wondering what would happen."

"But," said the vicar, "what are they talking of? What was likely to happen?"

"Ah!" said the old man, "that was what I was going to tell you. They say 'tis in the papers that the Earl of St. Omer is dead."

"Dead!"

That word was echoed from the lips of Meredith also, as he rushed out from the clematis arbour.

"Yes. Died of the gout. So the paper says. But that is not the worst. It seems that directly 'twas known, a strange heir whom nobody knows, or has ever seen, started up at Galescombe, and got the people together, and asserted his rights, and has taken possession of Redruth House, and—"

Meredith rushed upon the old man, and grasped his hand fiercely.

"What do you know of Lord St. Omer, or of Redruth House?" he demanded fiercely.

The old man trembled with unwonted agitation.

"Sir," interposed the vicar, "this is rather extraordinary. Are you interested in the family of the Earl of St. Omer?"

"I am, deeply!" replied Meredith.

"You had then better listen to what my father has to say," returned the vicar; "for this news concerns us all. What more, father?"

Meredith dropped his hand and listened.

"Little more as I know," said the father; "except that there's a terrible do-do, and the people are all in arms, and the family at the house is sorely frightened, and—"

"Is the family there?" demanded Meredith.

"Yes, I believe so, or part of them. But here comes James. He'll tell you more than I can."

The question on the young man's lip was, "Is Blanche there?" but he had not the courage to ask it. The man James approached, his red face shining in the sunset, swinging his hat as he came.

(To be continued)

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

AMONG the ladies presented recently "on her marriage" was one to whom a romantic little story is attached. The lady, who belongs to a West of England family, had formed an attachment for a young man, eligible enough in every respect except fortune; but he, unlucky fellow! seems to have been regarded with favourable eyes by the mother, a widow. In order to see the daughter more frequently he was very attentive to the mother, and appears to have overdone his part, for she not only fancied he reciprocated her feelings, but actually went so far as to hint of her approaching nuptials to some of her dearest friends. An explanation, a scene, and the departure of Romeo to America or Africa, or some out-of-the-way place, was the result.

Les absents ont tort: there was no correspondence permitted between the young folks, and within a twelvemonth (in fact only last summer) a baronet, with a peerage in prospect, wooed the young lady, and was accepted by the mother in her name. The marriage was to take place at the close of the season. Juliet, however, proved true, and became very ill. The great Sir Richard pronounced it a case of incipient decline, and recommended the Pyrenees—a very pleasant trip for the healthy, whatever it may be for the sick. Here Juliet's maid met her "young man," who, by a strange coincidence, was Romeo's "gentleman." We may presume there were stolen interviews and renewals of vows.

Fau and the Pyrenees (to say nothing more of Romeo's re-appearance) soon worked a cure, and the young lady and her mother returned to London early in the year, when the interrupted marriage was fixed for an early day in March. Of course there was a great deal to be done: the young lady had much shopping to get through, and in her visits was not always accompanied by her mother, but never unattended by her trusty maid and confidant. One morning she set off rather earlier than usual, but did not get back until between one and two, when she was accompanied by a gentleman, who desired to see the mother. They had that morning been married at some East-end registry, and Mr. and Mrs. Romeo—very penitent, but very happy—came to beg a mother's blessing and a mother's pardon. There was a violent explosion; the runaway bride was told never to show her face there again, and probably she would never have done so had not the rejected baronet used his influence in favour of the offending pair. Nay, more than that, the baronet was so smitten by the mature charms of the widow, that he made her his wife before the end of May, the young couple being ecclesiastically married at the same time.

THE Derby of 1866 has closed with 253 nominations, the largest number known, with the exception of that of the present year, which was 255. The Oaks entries number 199, eight more than on any previous occasion. But the greatest increase is with the St. Leger, for which 249 are entered, being 31 more than for 1864, and 48 more than for the present year, which surpasses any previous year by 23. The St. Leger, increasing as it does so rapidly in popularity, trends close on the heels of the Derby, which has never, except in the two instances mentioned above, reached the number its Doncaster rival has now done.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jewett," "The Priole," "Missingrey," &c.

CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Shakespeare.

JOE BEANS was snugly sleeping in his comfortable truckle bed at the rectory, where he still continued to take up his abode. Perhaps his dreams were of Susan. Indeed, we think we may venture to assert as a fact that they were so—for only a few hours before retiring to rest, by dint of great coaxing, wheedling, and promising, he had obtained from the pretty rustic a promise that, if her dear young lady should marry Henry Ashton—that if the bride and bridegroom particularly wished it—and, above all, if Joe would promise to make her an excellent husband, the same day which united the lovers should see her Mrs. Susan Beans.

We appeal to our fair readers. What could the sleeper be dreaming of, except his sweetheart, after such a promise as that?

Several smart raps had been made at the window of Joe's bedroom. Still he slept. None so hard to waken as the happy dreamer. A stone, thrown with more force than the preceding ones, cracked one of the panes at last, and the fragments of broken glass came rattling down upon the floor. The honest rustic started from his sleep, and, staring round, demanded who was there?

The reply was made in the form of another pebble falling upon the bed.

Joe sprang upon his feet, and rushed to the window.

"Who's there?" he repeated.

"It be I, Mister Beans!" answered the well-known voice of Red Ralph.

Crouching under a tree upon the lawn, was the uncouth figure of the cow-boy, who, after the terrible apparition in the hut of the warren, could not rest till he had imparted what he had seen to his rustic patron.

"And what do you want at this hour of the night?" said Joe, in anything but an amiable tone of voice—for he naturally felt annoyed at being disturbed. "I am afraid, Ralph, you have been drinking!"

"Twas water, then!" replied the boy.

"Go home directly, sir!"

"Go home!" repeated Ralph. "Noa—noa, Mister Beans! I dare not pass the common, arter what I ha' seen to-night! 'Do'ee come down,' he added, in a tone of entreaty. "Indeed, I bea'n't a-larking! If I tell thee a lie, thee canst take it out of me wi' a good thrashing!"

As there was some sense as well as earnestness in the last proposition of the speaker—and Joe knew him to be shrewd beyond his years—he at once resolved to comply with his request. He had frequently asked himself the question whether, despite the deaths of Meeran Hafaz and Will Sideler, the troubles of Master Harry and Miss Ellen were all over yet.

"Wait!" he said; "and make no more noise, lest you alarm the rector and the servants!"

"I won't, Mister Beans! But do'ee make haste!"

In a few minutes Henry's friend made his appearance upon the lawn. His first intention had been to scold the boy for what he believed some foolish alarm; but no sooner did he perceive his pale face—which, in the moonlight, appeared both ghastly and distorted by nervous twitching about the mouth—than he changed his purpose; and, placing his hand kindly on his shoulder, inquired what was the matter.

"I ha' seen him! I ha' seen him!" exclaimed Ralph, wildly.

"Seen him! Seen who?" demanded the bewildered Joe.

"The war-ren-er!"

The teeth of the lad chattered with terror at the recollection, as he endeavoured to pronounce the name of the murderer.

"Fancy, Ralph—fancy!" replied the young man. "The dead never return to visit us!"

"Don't they, though?" exclaimed his protégé. "I thought so once, but I know better now! I tell 'ee, Mister Beans, I ha' seen un, just as he wor dressed in Cromwell House, wi' his game bag on t' shoulder, and broad hat drawn over his bushy grey eyebrows! I'd swear to un."

"But where was this?"

"In the hut in wood, where he used to live! I dare say he has done many a murder there, and that be why he can't rest!"

"Imagination—all imagination, Ralph!" said Joe Beans, assuming a conviction which he was very far from feeling. "Even supposing now," he continued, "that the ghost of Will was condemned to revisit his old haunt as a punishment for his crime, I don't see why the ghost of 'is old clothes shouldn't rest in peace! It was quite disgrace enough for them to be hanged with him!"

There was a deeper vein of philosophy in this objection than the honest rustic dreamed of.

"But he worn't hung in 'em!" said the cow-boy. "He wor dressed in clothes he wore at Cromwell House, when he towzled Mistress Susan, and tried to kill I! I could swear to un agin by patch on shoulder, and big, swagging pockets!"

"Still more unlikely," objected Joe, "that a ghost should have gone all the way from Norwich to Mortlake to dress itself in the ghost of the old clothes it had left behind! It won't do, Ralph! You must have been drinking or dreaming!"

This was said quite as much, perhaps, to test the conviction of the lad in the truth of his strange story, as to express the speaker's own doubts upon the subject, which were considerably shaken. There is an innate credulity and love of the marvellous in most minds, and Joe was not exempt from the common weakness.

"Did you see his face?" he demanded, after a few moments' reflection.

"Noa, noa! The sight of his old coat and hat wor enough for I!" answered Ralph, with a shudder. "I am sure it wor he! He had gotten a box on table, square, black and silver, loike! I ha' seen it somewhere afore, thof I can't tell where! Can 'ee, Mister Beans?"

At the mention of the box, a new light broke upon the mind of honest Joe. He had seen such a box. He knew that the much-wronged widow of Sir William Mowbray had just such another, which she placed nightly under her pillow; and that it contained the letter of the colonel to the Abbate Lucas, as well as other papers necessary for the vindication of her honour.

"Thee art a sharp lad, Ralph," he exclaimed, "after all: and possess far more wit than I do!"

"Do I, though?" answered the boy, with a grin of satisfaction—for hitherto he had looked up to the speaker with great respect, on account of his superior shrewdness.

"Well, I shouldn't ha' thought it!"

"This is no ghost, I feel convinced," continued the young man, thoughtfully.

"Bea'n't it?"

"But some designing villain, who has assumed the appearance of Will Sideler, in order to terrify those whom he might encounter in the execution of his project. He will not terrify me," added the speaker, with an air of determination. "Wait for me a few moments, Ralph, whilst I got my pistols: we will soon unkenel the dark schemer!"

"But is 'ee quite sure, Mister Beans?" exclaimed the still terrified lad, but half-convinced. "It wor awful loike un!"

"Convinced! I'd swear to it! It must be Colonel Mowbray, or one of his agents! His aim is to obtain the box, which contains the proofs of his villainies! I see it all!"

"And so do I!" said Ralph, joyously; "for I recollect now where I seed it, or one just loike it! Lady in black, with pale face, that Master Harry carried out of carriage into the hall yonder, had it in her hand! What a fool I wor! But sin' it be no ghost," he added, with an air of satisfaction, "I'm for 'un! I don't mind real live flesh and blood, loike ourselves, Mister Beans: I'll have a pop at un!"

Joe returned to the rectory, and in a few minutes reappeared, well armed. The cow-boy readily consented to accompany him through the wood, to the hut of the warren; but to all his entreaties for a pistol, Joe Beans turned a deaf ear. He knew the urchin to be not only as cunning but as agile as a fox, or wild cat; and determined, in the event of danger, to let him trust to his wit and agility: a pistol, he justly considered, would be a dangerous weapon in such hands.

Cautiously gliding through the wood, more like shadows than living things—for not a word was spoken on either side—the two adventurers at last arrived at the secluded dell in which the lonely hut of the warren was situated. Although the moon was shining brightly, the broad shadow of the stately oaks and firs which it cast athwart their path, had hitherto screened them; but on the open sward before the cottage they were compelled to use the utmost caution, lest their approach should be perceived by any one lurking within.

Just as Red Ralph—who had been marching first—was about to advance from the friendly shadow of the wood into the full light of the moon, his more cautious companion gave a peculiar kind of signal, imitating the cry of an owl: the boy stopped, like a well-trained spaniel, in an instant; the same device having been agreed upon between them when they wanted to discover each other's whereabouts, at the time of their adventures in Mortlake.

"What does 'ee want, Mister Beans?" whispered the boy, as soon as he crept stealthily to his side.

"Not so fast, Ralph: there may be danger!"

"Door be open," replied the urchin; "and light out!"

"Stay here!" said Joe, firmly; "I will venture first!"

"Noa, Mister Beans—noa—if I do I'm danged!" answered the lad, firmly; "thee has been kind to I—given I good advice—got I a place wi' Farmer Ashton, and

not left I to starve when I had saved thee turn at Cromel House, as some folk would ha' done! It be no use—I will go with 'ee! I bea'n't a bit afraid: thof I be little, I be tough—so say no more about it!"

"Well, then," replied his companion, patting his rough elf-locks—for he felt touched as well as pleased at Ralph's fidelity; "thee shall, lad—thee shall! but remember, not a word, unless I speak!"

"All right, Mister Beans!"

"And if anything occurs to me," added the young man, in a voice which betrayed some slight emotion, "run as fast as you can to the rectory, alarm the servants, call up Master Harry, and tell him what you have seen!"

Red Ralph began to blubber at the idea of any danger occurring to his friend and patron.

"I will, Mister Beans—I will! but do gi' I a pistol! Indeed I know how to use it! I popped at sparrows and blackbirds a hundred times at Mortlake, and never missed un—it be too bad to doubt I!"

"So it is," whispered Joe, his reluctance to intrust him with the weapon quite overcome by the feeling which the urchin displayed; "there it is—but be careful!"

"Ees, Mister Beans!" answered the boy, with a grin of satisfaction at the confidence reposed in him.

"And remember, you are only to use it at the last extremity!"

"At the what? Mr. Beans?"

"At the last extremity," repeated his patron; "that is, to defend your life!"

"Or yours!" muttered Ralph. "I understand—I bea'n't such a fool as folk do say I look!"

The door of the hut, judging from the outside fastening, had been broken open; inside it was easily secured by means of a strong oaken bar, left standing against the walls. After groping about for some time in perfect darkness—for the rude wooden flap which served as a shutter had been let down—without meeting the least interruption, or hearing any sound beyond their own footsteps, Joe Beans ventured at last to strike a light.

A candle, half-burnt down, placed in an empty bottle, was upon the table: he lit it, and the place became distinctly visible—they were alone.

"There be no one here, Ralph!" observed the young man.

"No, Mister Beans—the bird be flown!"

"Was there a bird?" said his companion; his former doubt, that the boy's imagination had deceived him, returning as he viewed the desolate, deserted place.

"Thee canst easily tell!" answered the mortified lad.

"How so?"

"Do as I used to do," continued the urchin, "at Mortlake, when I wanted to know if the birds were hatching—feel if the nest be warm!"

Joe took the hint, and began to rake the ashes, gathered in a lump upon the hearthstone: as he displaced them, several bright sparks flew upwards, and particles of half-burnt wood began to glow and redden, exposed to the reviving influence of the atmosphere.

"By Heavens, you are right!" exclaimed the young man; "the nest is warm!"

"I told 'ee so!"

From this moment no further doubt remained upon his mind of the poor boy's truth. A further examination of the hut proved, had further proof been wanting, that it had lately been inhabited. Not only were remains of provisions found on the shelf, but straw and grass had been gathered into a heap in a recess close by the chimney, to serve as a bed.

This was not all. Under the straw they discovered a carpet-bag, carefully concealed: it contained linen and a suit of travelling clothes, evidently belonging to some one holding the position of a gentleman.

"What does 'ee think now, Mister Beans?" demanded his informant, with a triumphant grin.

"That you are right, Ralph. I was a fool to doubt you."

"Noa—noa—net a fool—only hard of belief, loike!" answered the urchin. "Won't 'ee feel in pockets?"

Joe took the hint, and began carefully to examine them. They were all empty, save one: in that he discovered a card, with several memoranda written in cipher.

"Hold the candle!" he exclaimed; "I can make nothing of this!"

Ralph brought the candle, and although he could make nothing of the memoranda, the name upon the card was plain enough—it was that of Colonel Mowbray.

The presence of the scheming uncle of Miss de Vere in such a place and under the disguise of the warren, coupled with the circumstance of the box, were quite sufficient to convince the friend of Henry Ashton that something was being plotted against his happiness, or that of the unfortunate Lady Mowbray, and he determined to proceed at once to the abbey, and communicate all he had seen and heard to our hero. A chill of horror ran through his manly frame, as the fearful thought suggested itself, that perhaps he was too late!

"Ralph!" he exclaimed, in a tone of decision, "we are losing time here! The villain has the start of us, and even now may be succeeding in his infamous attempt! We must start!"

"Where to?" demanded the boy.

"To the abbey. There the solution of this night's work will take place."

"I be with 'ee, Mister Beans," said the urchin, "an I know it be no ghost, I bea't a bit afeard on un! I should like to shoot a man," he added; "a real thief or a murderer! I never killed anything bigger nor a cat yet! How the folk will talk about I at Mortlake!"

"If he attempts to harm Master Harry or Miss Ellen," said his companion, with an air of desperation, as they left the hut together, "shoot him, Ralph—shoot him like a dog!"

"I will, Mister Beans—that I will!" answered the urchin, with a grin of intense satisfaction at the permission. "I should like to know," he added, "how a chap feels arter killing a man!"

Byron, if we remember rightly, once made the same observation.

It was now Joe's turn to take the lead. He was too well acquainted with every road leading to Carrow to require a guide. So rapidly did the honest fellow pursue his way, that Red Ralph was compelled to run and bound along the footpath like a kangaroo, to keep up with him. In less than an hour they reached the wall of the park.

"Shall I ring at lodge?" demanded the boy, half out of breath with his exertions.

"Do as I do!" said his kind friend, at the same time catching a branch of one of the trees which overhung the wall, and swinging himself to its level.

"Canst follow?" he said looking down to his companion.

"Like a cat, Mister Beans! See here!"

In an instant the speaker was beside him.

Once in the limits of the park, they ran rather than walked towards the house. A dead silence reigned around the venerable pile—not a light was to be seen from any of the windows—all seemed buried in repose.

"See—see!" whispered the urchin, suddenly grasping the arm of Joe Beans, and pointing at the same time towards the shrubbery, which extended from the stream into which he had pushed Parson-Twinetext, close to the north wing; "we bea't alone!"

Joe looked in the direction pointed to, and distinctly saw the dark shadow of a man retreating amid the trees and bushes, in the midst of which was an old Gothic summer-house, which, ever since he had known the place, had been carefully looked. It had once been the favourite resort of Sir William and his lady. After her supposed infidelity the baronet never entered it.

"Thank God!" he muttered, "we are in time!"

After beating about the shrubbery for some time, they found the pavilion, or summer-house. The key was in the door. Joe pushed it open, and, with his pistols ready for use, sprang into the room, closely followed by Ralph: It was empty.

A dim light appeared to issue from the earth. Creeping towards it, they discovered that a flag-stone had been removed, and could feel a flight of stairs descending beneath the foundations of the building. The light was evidently carried by some one who had preceded them, for its rays became fainter and fainter as they gazed.

Without an instant's hesitation or a word being spoken, both began to descend. Joe had nearly reached the bottom step, when he heard the click of his companion's pistol. The urchin was preparing for action, as he termed it.

"Be careful!" he whispered.

"I will, Mister Beans!" replied the boy, in the same low tone; "but this be a mortal queer place—summut like Cromwell House!"

CHAPTER CXXIX

Old gossips love on winter nights to sit
Close to the cheerful hearth, telling strange tales
Of moor or hall haunted by spectre grim—
Of murder wondrously brought to light,
Or wrong made right at last.

Hair of the Sept.

ALTHOUGH the return of the ancient servants of the Mowbray family to Carrow Abbey was a source of considerable satisfaction to them, a feeling of terror was not unmixt with it. If they naturally felt pleased at the thought of returning to end their days in the home where most of them had passed the best years of their lives, it was alloyed by the recollection of the fearful scenes they had witnessed in it.

None cared to admit it, but each felt a dread of passing alone through the old-fashioned, dreary chambers and dark, panelled corridors. They started at the echo of their own footfall, and hastened their steps till they reached the housekeeper's room, where a cheerful fire and the society of their fellow-servants gradually recalled the colour to their cheeks.

The picture-gallery, the apartment in which Ellen had been terrified by the warren, and the library, the scene of Sir William's murder, were carefully avoided,

No one, save old Martin, would venture in them—and he wandered about in meditation and sadness. Not even Mrs. Jarmy, who had known him so many years, or Nicholls, the butler, could understand him: frequently they heard the old man repeating to himself:

"Not yet! no rest yet! the alce has not bloomed!"

"What does he mean by the alce not blooming?" inquired the worthy housekeeper of the servants.

None could explain the mystery to her, and it was little use asking Martin: he had never been of a very communicative disposition, and late events had made him more taciturn than ever.

All the inmates of the abbey, except the domestics, had retired to rest: they, although the abbey clock had long struck the hour of midnight, still remained, like a herd of frightened deer, gathered round the fire in Mrs. Jarmy's room—who so far waived her dignity on the occasion, as to admit even the kitchen-maids to her apartment, to the great disgust of the servants of the Duchess of Devonshire, who, between themselves, pronounced the arrangement to be low, radical, and subversive of all order of the stunk hierarchy.

Still they did not choose to withdraw themselves—for the gloomy old mansion had infected them with its terrors, too.

"How can you live in such a horrid place?" exclaimed her grace's own footman, to whom, as a point of hospitality, Nicholls had resigned his own place opposite the housekeeper. "It ain't fit for *hany* one *has* as nerv!"

"Use, Mr. Flip—use!" replied the old lady, to hide her displeasure at hearing the ancient house of the Mowbray family called a "horrid place."

The butler bit his lips, and remained silent; not so Martin, who occupied an easy chair in the chimney-nook.

"What does he say?" inquired the old man.

"He calls Carrow a horrid place," answered the kitchen-maid, who had noticed the disdainful glances which from time to time the aristocratic servants of the duchess cast towards her.

"You should see Chatsworth!" continued the flunkey, without condescending to notice the interruption.

"Ay, that you should!" chimed in the lady's-maid.

"And what is Chatsworth, compared to Carrow?" exclaimed the aged groom, his eyes flashing with anger. "The mushroom to the oak: Carrow had stood five hundred years before the founder of Chatsworth had laid a single stone of its foundation!"

"At any rate we have no ghosts there!" observed the abigail of the duchess, tartly.

"Of course you have not!" replied Mrs. Jarmy, who began to feel her temper getting a little ruffled; "it is only in very ancient houses, like Carrow, and in the families of our *oldest* nobility, that such things are ever heard of! Thank Heaven!" she added, with a very equivocal expression of satisfaction, "we have plenty here!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Mr. Flip.

"Nor I!" added the lady's-maid.

The housekeeper twitched the bunch of keys at her girdle rather nervously—a usual habit with her when thoroughly vexed.

"Perhaps ma'am," she said—it is a bad sign when ladies begin to "ma'am" each other—"you would like to be convinced?"

"Convinced!"

"You or the gentleman—it is immaterial w ich of you: you have only to pass the night, or rather morning, in the green chamber, where Lady Blanche Mowbray was found dead on her wedding night, to be thoroughly satisfied! Shall I order it to be prepared for you?"

It is needless to say that the offer was instantly declined.

"Or Mr. Flip, if he prefers it, may sit in the great hall," quietly observed the butler, "and see the marble statue of Sir Richard bow his head as the clock strikes twelve: pity it is too late to-night!"

"Or meet the ghost of the nun in the cloister!"

"Or th t of the crusader in the chapel!"

These last suggestions were made by the two old housemaids, who most devoutly believed the truth of every word they were uttering. The two sceptics, who were sceptics only out of opposition, began to look very blank at the variety of offers enumerated; and the chivalrous Mr. Flip seriously meditated soliciting permission of the butler to pass the rest of the night in his apartment instead of his own, which was situated unpleasantly near to the green chamber.

"Do you mean to say, my dear Mrs. Jarmy," said the abigail, drawing her chair still closer to that of the housekeeper, "that you have actually seen any of these horrible sights?"

The old lady shook her head, and observed that it was not for her to speak of the strange sights she had seen in the family she had so long and faithfully served.

"One ing I will tell you," she added; "for although I was but a girl when it occurred, I remember it as distinctly as if it had happened only yesterday!"

The domestics crowded round the speaker, every eye earnestly fixed upon her countenance, anxious to discover if possible, whether she were in earnest, or sporting with their credulity.

"I had been sent for," she continued, "to assist my grandmother, the housekeeper, at Carrow, at the time of the Lady Blanche's marriage: half the nobility of the country were present. Well, the wedding passed over, the garter was dropped—they kept up all such odd customs in those days—and the bride retired to rest, when the dancers in the long gallery were startled by a loud scream and the ringing of a bell—"

"Well—well!" exclaimed several of her auditors, looking very anxious and terrified.

As she was about to continue her narration, a shriek from a distant part of the abbey was distinctly heard: it broke the stillness of the night, like some despairing wretch's cry, struggling with hooded murder.

Mrs. Jarmy turned deadly pale—the maids began to cling closely for protection to the valorous Mr. Flip, who seemed half-dead with fear; even old Martin, who had been listening attentively, in his easy chair, half rose from his seat.

"Did y-o-u he-a-r it?" demanded the lady's-maid.

Not only was the scream repeated, but it was followed by a violent ringing of one of the bells—in their terror they could not distinguish which.

"We shall all be murdered!" groaned the aristocratic footman.

"Worse—worse!" shrieked the duchess's waiting-woman; "carried off by the ghosts!"

Martin's first idea was, that one of the domestics, in order to punish the impertinence and incredulity of their visitors, had quietly withdrawn from the housekeeper's room at the command of her tale, and given the scream and rang the bell to alarm them; but no—every servant was present.

"This must be seen to!" he said, addressing the butler.

"Y-e-e-s!" faltered the terrified Nicholls. "Don't look so angry, Martin!" he added; "I am a coward, I confess; but I will do my d ty!"

The two aged men took each a pistol from the chimney-piece, and left the room. It was in vain that Mrs. Jarmy entreated of Flip to follow them. "He had every inclination," he said; "but duty prevented him."

"Duty!" repeated the old lady, in a strong tone of contempt; "say rather fear! No matter! I will go myself!"

And the faithful creature would actually have put her resolution into practice, had not the maids thrown their arms around her, and forcibly detained her in her seat.

The report of a pistol was heard, followed by loud and continued screaming.

"It's my lady's voice!" exclaimed the housekeeper, violently agitated; "let me go!"

"There will be murder going on!" sobbed one.

"The ghost!"

Again the cries were repeated. With a desperate effort the aged woman broke from them and rushed out of the apartment, leaving those who remained more dead than alive with terror.

"It is all your fault!" observed the kitchen-maid, reproachfully.

"Mine!" exclaimed Mr. Flip.

"Yours: you would make Mistress Jarmy speak of the ghosts! They don't like it; real quality never does like to be talked about! As for me, I bea't afraid; but you—well—I don't wish to make you uncomfortable, but I wish you well out of Carrow!"

From the bottom of their hearts the domestics of the duchess echoed back the wish; mentally blaming their kind-hearted mistress for ever having set foot in such an uncomfortable abode.

It is now time that we invited our readers to accompany Joe Beans and his companion in their pursuit of the shadowy form which had so strangely disappeared in the pavilion in the shrubbery.

The narrow passage along which they stealthily followed the bearer of the light, was entirely of stone-work, and of equal, if not gr ater antiquity, than the mansion. It had as many windings as a rabbit-burrow, and where the abrupt turnings formed an acute angle, the arch was curiously groined with rude attempts at ornament, consisting principally of heads of monks and saints, carved in the corbels and coigns.

Once or twice the light became stationary, as if the bearer of it had paused to listen. Joe and Ralph paused, too, scarcely daring to breathe. After a moment or two it again advanced.

Joe, who was taking the lead, paused to permit his companion to approach close to him. Placing his lips close to the ear of the boy, he whispered:

"Take off your shoes; I will remove mine. Our footsteps alarm him."

"Ees," Mister Beans! faltered Ralph.

The light was nearly out of sight before they resumed their way.

After groping their way a consid able distance—made longer by the deviation of the p sage—they ar-

rived at a narrow flight of stairs, similar to the one by which they had descended. Both paused to listen.

"He is opening a door!" observed the young man to himself, as he heard the clicking of a spring or latch above.

The next moment the last ray of the lamp had disappeared, and they were left in total darkness. The fear now was that the midnight ruffian had gained entrance to the abbey, and closed the communication upon them. The heart of the young man beat despairingly at the thought. Bidding his companion follow him, he mounted the steps, and arrived at what appeared to be a solid partition of wood, barring his further progress: a deep groan escaped him as he made the discovery.

"Lord have mercy!" exclaimed Ralph. "What be that?"

"Silence!" whispered Joe; "here is a door!"

"Be it open, Mister Beans?"

"No!" replied the rustic, despairingly. "Fool that I was to come without the means of procuring a light!"

From this dilemma his companion fortunately relieved him by producing the tinder-box and matches which he had used in the hut of the warren. A light was quickly procured. It burnt sufficiently long to enable the faithful friend of our hero to discover an iron ring carefully let into the oaken frame-work of the panel. After pulling and pressing it in various directions, he felt the partition give way, and the next instant he and Ralph both stood in the well-remembered picture-gallery of Carrow Abbey.

"It be all right, at last!" whispered the latter.

The moonlight was streaming through the stained windows, which ran the whole length of the apartment, rendering every object distinctly visible. Joe paused for a moment to reflect, before he decided on his proceedings.

"Stay here!" he said, to Red Ralph, "close by the secret entrance."

"But where beest thee a-goin'?" demanded the boy.

"To my duty! yours is to remain here. You can easily hide yourself behind one of the cabinets. If the pretended ghost should attempt to pass by the way we came—"

"I'll shoot un!" exclaimed the urchin, with an air of determination, "thof I hang for it!"

At this moment the first scream and ringing of the bell, which had so alarmed the servants in the housekeeper's room was distinctly heard. Joe judged in an instant the direction it came from.

"Be firm," he said, "and I'll make a man of you!" Then, rushing to the end of the gallery, he disappeared through the door.

"I'd rather thee comed back agin," blubbered the boy, upon whose uncouth nature the kindness of his companion had made a deep impression, "than have all the gowd they say is buried at Cromwell House! I do wish I knowed how to pray for un! God bless un! that can't do un harm, at any rate, thof it does come from the heart of a poor, ignorant critter! So I say again, God bless un! And now," he added, carefully examining the priming of his pistol; "now for the ghost! I should like to have a pop at un!"

So saying, he encoined himself, as Joe had directed, behind one of the massive cabinets, which was placed in such a position that he could see all who entered the gallery, either at the east or west end, without being perceived by any intruders.

Never in the course of his brief existence had he endured such intense anxiety as whilst watching the entrance to the secret passage; but in the midst of his hesitation he felt proud. Joe—his friend, his benefactor—had trusted him: they might have torn him in pieces before he would have abandoned his post.

We must now follow the footsteps of Joe to the chamber of Ellen and Lady Mowbray. The screams of the unhappy lady easily directed him towards it.

Colonel Mowbray—for the pretended ghost was no other than the infamous brother of the murdered baronet—had easily obtained access to the apartment by means of a key which he had caused to be made during the imprisonment of his niece, in order to aid the mad passion of Meeran Hafaz; though useless then, it served his purpose on the present occasion.

Ellen and her aunt were both sleeping: a smile was on the half-open lips of the fair girl—for her dreams were happy ones; the countenance of the widow was disturbed.

For a few moments the sight of so much loveliness and suffering staggered the villain in his design—which to do him justice, extended no further than obtaining possession of the papers: for which purpose he had brought the box which his scheming wife had caused to be made—almost a fac-simile of the one containing the papers: his object was to exchange them. This he was determined to do at any sacrifice, even that of life; although, as a point of prudence, he was desirous of avoiding bloodshed. His irresolution was but momentary. Holding his breath, he cautiously advanced towards the side of the bed, and began gently to insert his hand under the pillow.

Slight as was the motion, it disturbed the orphan, who, starting from her sleep, beheld, as she supposed, the shade of the warren bending over her. With a loud shriek, which startled the slumberer by her side, the terrified girl sank into a state of insensibility—which probably preserved both their lives, as it left the robber only one person to contend with—his brother's wronged and outraged widow.

Lady Mowbray's hand involuntarily caught at the cord of the bell: hence the peal which followed the cry of Ellen. The ruffian tore it rudely from her grasp.

"Who are you?" she demanded wildly, "and what is your purpose?"

"The box!" whispered the colonel.

Fortunately, she had never seen the warren, otherwise her fears might have exceeded Ellen's.

"Never!" she replied, firmly. "Kill me, if you will; but never will I give up the clue to my lost child—the proofs that I am worthy to bear the name of my murdered husband! What have I done," she added, bursting into tears, "that evil men should thus conspire against me?"

Despite her naturally feeble state, the speaker clung to the casket with the despairing energy of a mother's love. He cries became louder: the evil passions of Colonel Mowbray were excited. He drew a clasp-knife from his pocket, intending merely to cut her wrists and sever the tendons of her hands—for he was prudent even to the last—when in the struggle his hat and the iron-grey wig which he had assumed to make him look like the warren fell off upon the bed.

By the light of the night-lamp on the table, his sister-in-law recognized him immediately, and imprudently pronounced his name. The intentions of the monster instantly changed. Murder now became necessary to his safety.

"Fool!" he muttered. "I would have spared you."

It was at this moment of agony, cruelty and terror, that Joe Beans, who had reached the chamber, sprang upon him. From his being shoed, the steps of the faithful fellow had not been heard—so that he took the ruffian unprepared. Seizing him by the neck he hurled him with resistless force towards the door.

"Save me! save me!" exclaimed Lady Mowbray, clinging to the arm of her protector.

"The box, dear lady?"

"Ah!" shrieked the widow; "gone, gone! Think not of my worthless life—recover it and I will bless you."

The energy with which Joe Beans had separated the intended murderer from his victim, had enabled the former to overcome the failing strength of the widow, and retain the casket in his grasp. Although stunned for an instant by the fall, the colonel speedily recovered his self-possession; and, darting through the open door, made the best of his way towards the picture-gallery—Joe Beans following him like a bloodhound on the scent.

In the hope of alarming the household, Lady Mowbray once more sought the cord of the bell.

As the heartless schemer entered the picture-gallery, at the west door, with his prize under his arm, Martin and Nicholls made their appearance at the east end of the apartment: even the courage of the old groom was staggered when he beheld a figure so nearly resembling that of his old enemy the warren. His sight was too dim, and the place too obscure to enable him to discern the features—or the imposture, since the loss of the false hair and hat, would have been instantly discovered.

The butler uttered a loud groan, and fell upon his knees. Martin, although terrified, steadily advanced: a determination which proved fatal to him—for the colonel received him with a pistol shot, which struck the old man in the side: he fell, with a deep groan, but was quickly avenged; for, whilst the assassin was feeling for the spring to open the panel, Red Ralph crept cautiously behind him, and placing the muzzle of his weapon to the small of his back, fired the contents into his body. The vertebrae was broken—the intention of the boy had been to disable him.

Colonel Mowbray writhed upon the polished floor like a serpent crushed in its own blood.

"I ha' hit un, Mister Beans! I ha' hit un!" exclaimed Ralph, with a triumphant shout, as Joe entered the gallery; "he can't play the ghost any more!"

The apartment was speedily crowded by the servants, whose terror had given way to the courageous example of Mrs. Jarmy. All eagerly demanded an explanation.

"Send to the rectory," said Joe, wiping the perspiration from his brow; "and remove Colonel Mowbray and poor old Martin into the library!"

"Not into the library!" exclaimed the assassin, faintly; "I cannot close my eyes in peace in the library!"

"He is thinking of his brother!" whispered Joe to the housekeeper; "go you to the apartment of Lady Mowbray—this is no scene for you; I will attend to Martin and the colonel!"

"Take me to the library, Joe!" whispered the old man; "place me in Sir William's chair—I should like to die there! Promise me!"

"I do promise you," said the young man; "but cheer up—thou mustn't die yet!"

"Soon—soon!" replied the aged groom; "but not till all is clear!"

(To be continued.)

SUPERSTITIONS.

A MAN riding on a piebald horse is supposed to have the power to cure the whooping cough, if whatever he prescribes is done to the patient. It is not supposed that he has any superior medical knowledge, or that what he prescribes would have any virtue except from its coming from a man sitting on a piebald horse. Accordingly a man who used, when asked, to reply in derision, "Tie a rope round the child's neck," was strictly obeyed and the rope tied accordingly.

A like superstition prevails respecting a seventh son without any daughters intervening; and still more a seventh son of a seventh son. Such an one is supposed to have the power of healing all diseases, not as possessing any superior medical skill, but by a certain magical efficacy. And one when an infant has been made to stroke with its little hands the face of a sick man, as producing an infallible cure.

The touch of a hanged man's hand is very generally esteemed a cure for a wen. It is probable that this, and also the royal touch for scrofula, have sometimes really had an effect; because a very feeling of awe or of horror is known to act sometimes on the absorbents.

As a preservative against cramp, what is called the cramp-bone of a leg of mutton (that is, the patella or knee-cap) worn about the person, has long been in repute. Another preservative which an old woman has been known to prescribe, is to lay your shoes upside down at the bedroom door.

There is a curious remedy in high repute for a rupture in an infant. An opening is made, by means of wedges, through the middle of the stem of a young tree; and the infant is passed a certain number of times to and fro, through the opening; the tree is then carefully banded, and if its wound heals the child will recover.

There are, or were, in the garden of the Rectory of Halesworth, in Suffolk, several trees which had undergone this operation. In some of them the cleft had healed up, in others not. Sometimes, instead of cleaving a tree, they pass the child under a bramble that grows into the ground at both ends. Passing a child under the belly of a donkey nine times is also practised as a remedy for whooping cough.—*Archbishop Whately, in the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle.*

THE PRINCESS'S ADVENTURE AT ALDERSHOT.

As the tide of mimic, but very earnest-looking, fight moved on, the Prince and Princess, followed by suite and staff, drove down the hills to the reservoir which supplies the camp with water, a huge circular basin, with its brick walls supported by a wide, high, and very steep bank of earth that encloses it. Here the Princess alighted, and, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, went up the flight of steps which gives access to the summit of the bank, and walked round its margin to the side where it was high and steep, and from which a good view of the field beneath could be gained. The Prince followed with the Princess Mary, Lady Carmarthen, and Lady Maclesfield.

The battle going on beneath had in the meantime spread far and wide along the line, and the situation was apparently so critical that the cavalry were called upon to execute manoeuvres that instantly had the desired effect, and shrouded the whole force in impene-trable dust. With this concealment of what was going forward the Princess was evidently far from satisfied. There was a short hurried consultation on the edge of the bank, which the Princess settled by at last running down it. It was a very deep slope, and slippery as glass, but when once her Royal Highness had begun to descend it, there was no resource but to go on, and in little quick steps, which showed she knew her risk and was quite equal to it, she kept her feet and went down it like an arrow. The Duke of Cambridge dares do all that e'er became a man, and he dares this descent after the Princess too, but it is no discredit to one of his inches to say that he accomplished the task with much more difficulty and far less grace than the young Princess who had set him the example.

Of course, after this, etiquette expected the rest to follow, and the Prince stood on the edge of the slope, and sought to induce the Princess Mary, who at once declined. His Royal Highness was in a manner more successful with the Marchioness of Carmarthen and the Countess of Maclesfield, whom he persuaded to come to the edge of the bank twice, but no further. The more they looked at the descent the less they seemed to like it, and at length, with laughter, they too refused, and the Prince, like a *preux chevalier*, accompanied them back to where the steps afforded them a tolerable certainty of alighting on their feet. In the meantime the Princess had gathered up her dress and was hurry-

ing across the furze and heather to another hill at a fast pace—too fast, indeed, to last, for the heat was fearful, and the sultry air came up from the plain like the blasts of a young sirocco. With the Duke of Cambridge, however, she traversed a wide space of thick, stunted gorse till the hill she wished to gain rose steep before her, and then a halt was called and the carriages were awaited.

A JUNGLE COMBAT.

MAJOR WELLESLEY, a distant connection of the late Duke of Wellington, and formerly of the British service in India, has lately given a brief, but graphic narration of an adventure he had in that tropical clime, just before leaving it for his native shore.

"After several years of hard service," said the major, "I disposed of my commission and prepared to return to England. On my way to Bombay, I passed through a village situated in a quiet little valley, about two leagues from the base of the Ghaut Mountains, which, as you know, stretch all along the Malabar Coast, from Cape Comorin to Surat. Here, quite unexpectedly, I met with an old friend, named Wallace, whom I had not seen for ten years. Of course, our greetings were of the most cordial nature, and a hundred eager questions were asked and answered on both sides. He had come out to India, partly on business and partly for pleasure, and was just then engaged in the glorious sport of hunting, as he termed it, under the tuition and guidance of an experienced native.

"Come major," he said, "you must spend a week with me here, and then perhaps I will go on with you."

"If you will promise to do that, Charley," returned I, "I am your man."

"I dare not promise for certain, for fear I may not be able to tear myself away from this enchanting spot. Oh, such sport! such glorious sport, major! Real tigers! genuine lions! unmistakable anacondas! to say nothing of minor game without limit."

"Well," laughed I, "if I was only ambitious of being torn to pieces by some wild beast, or crushed to death by some huge snake, I think your charming representation would tempt me to try and end my days here; but, as, unfortunately for your purpose, I have a desire to live as long as I possibly can, I think perhaps I may as well forego the glorious sport and proceed on my journey."

"Oh, hang it all!" returned Wallace—"if you don't like lions and tigers, *et id omne genus*, we won't have them; and to tell you the truth, I have not seen any myself—though Joreb, my man, says they are about here and there. But stop you must, even if I have to promise to go on with you, and so there's an end of the matter!"

"We spent the remainder of that day in talking over past events, inquiring after different friends, and getting ready for an early start the next morning into the solitary depths of the great Ghaut range."

"At the first streak of day we were up, and in half-an-hour we had finished our breakfasts, had our dinners stowed in our wallets, and, rifles in hand, were sailing forth behind the lead of our Hindoo guide."

"Joreb, as my friend called this fellow, was a small, light-built man of thirty, slender, supple, and quick, with a rather intelligent face, and a small, keen, black, eye, that apparently let nothing escape it. He wore a kind of sack of leopard skin, without sleeves, which was belted around his waist and reached to his knees; and this, with a sort of turban for his head, and some coarse shoes for his feet, completed his attire. To his belt was attached a scimitar, and he also carried a short rifle. Our own weapons were a double-barrelled rifle each, a brace of pistols, and a large belt-knife."

"We struck off directly into the forest, toward the mountains, and, after proceeding for a mile or two through a rather open wood, we came upon a spot where a recent tornado had performed its work of destruction. It was like the track of the reaper through a field of grain, only wider, and in it not a single tree was standing, and some had been torn up by the roots. They were all so interlocked and entangled that it took us nearly half-an-hour to make our way through them, a distance of not more than two hundred yards. Soon after this we struck a jungle, so dark and dense that I confess I was almost afraid to enter it—for besides the dangers that might beset us from wild beasts and serpents, there was a possibility, I thought, of our getting lost and never being able to find our way out."

"So far," said I, "I don't see the glorious sport you tell about, and if we should happen to miss our way here, I fear I never shall."

"Don't be alarmed, my friend," said Wallace, with a careless laugh; "Joreb here knows every inch of the ground for miles around."

"But does he know where every tiger and lion may happen to have his lair?"

"Oh, for that matter, we must risk something, major; and I know that one who has served in this

country as long and honourably as yourself, has no real fear, whatever you may pretend."

"I am not so sure of that, Charley," said I. "But no matter—push on—I am for whatever venture you choose."

"We worked our way into the thick jungle in a slow and laborious manner, and had advanced perhaps half a mile, when the guide, who was slowly and carefully picking his way through the thick tangle a few feet in advance of us, suddenly stopped and held up his hand in a warning manner, or at least as a sign for caution and silence."

"We halted at once, and stood like statues, awaiting his further instructions. I confess that my heart beat faster, and I perceived my friend's grasp tighten on his rifle, as he slowly, cautiously and silently brought it forward, ready for instant use. For nearly a minute the guide stood without motion, his body erect, and his neck stretched upward, apparently peering at some object not visible from where we stood. At length he lowered his head, by a scarcely perceptible motion, till he had brought his body into a crouching posture, and then he noiselessly stole back to us."

"What is it, Joreb?" asked my companion in a whisper.

"A big serpent," answered the guide, who could speak our language almost as well as his mother tongue.

"Where is it? is it near us?" demanded my courageous friend, who looked at the moment as though he would rather go back than forward.

"I'll show you," returned the native, taking hold of his hand as if to lead him forward.

"Is he near us? is there any danger?" said Wallace, holding back and glancing at me.

"And if there is," said I, feeling a sort of malicious pleasure in repeating his words, "you know we must risk something for your glorious sport, and that one who has hunted in this country as long and as honourably as yourself has no real fear, whatever you may pretend."

"Wallace flushed to the temples and bit his lips; and, turning to the guide, I added:

"Lead me forward, if you please. I do not profess to be over courageous; but I promise not to run till you set the example."

"No noise, master," said the guide, motioning me to follow him.

"I did so, with the utmost caution, till we reached the spot where he had first stopped, when he silently pointed up through a little opening among the thick branches to a large spreading tree, that seemed to be distant between fifty and a hundred yards."

"Look," he whispered, "and tell me if you see him!"

"On the tree?" I inquired.

"Yes, along the limbs, but almost hid by the leaves."

"I looked as directed, keenly and steadily, but at first could discover nothing that might not belong to the tree itself. There were places, I thought, where some of the lower limbs bulged out rather more than was in keeping with the otherwise symmetrical proportions of the tree; but these, to my mind, were no proofs of any extraneous matter."

"I was about to turn away, with the remark that I could not perceive anything unusual, when I fancied I saw something move. I lifted my finger as a sign of caution to my friend, who was carefully gliding up to take my place, and looked steadily. I was not mistaken. Something did move on that tree, behind a thick cluster of leaves; and then slowly and gradually the mottled head of a tremendous snake, with eyes of fire and tongue of flame, rose up into full view, sending a cold thrill of horror through my whole frame. Then I could understand the bulge of the limbs, which our more experienced guide had comprehended at a glance. They were the coils of the monster, which was there waiting for his prey. Slowly, steadily, up rose the broad, hideous head and neck, some two or three feet, the eyes apparently fixed upon some object in the dark jungle below; and then the neck began to arch, and the head to reach forward and descend, the fiery eyes seemingly growing brighter and more malignant, and the red forked tongue playing with lightning rapidity. Suddenly there was a kind of flashing as of light glancing from some whirling object, a rustling sound, a shaking of the tree, and an appearance as of the falling of a coil of heavy cable-ropes. The next instant we were startled by a wild, shrieking roar, and a tremendous floundering among the bushes around the tree upon which I had seen the monstrous serpent."

"Gracious Heaven! what is it?" exclaimed Wallace, grasping the arm of the passive guide.

"Only a fight between a tiger and anaconda," returned the fellow, as coolly as if it were merely a contest between a couple of gamecocks.

"But isn't it rather dangerous remaining where we are? hadn't we better climb a tree, or move back to a safer distance?" pursued Wallace. "I must confess," he added, wiping the perspiration from his troubled face, "I have no desire to meet either a tiger or anaconda in such a jungle as this, where one hasn't elbow-room to fight, and no chance to dodge; and if

the tiger should happen to come off victor, who knows but he may plunge right through here and do us serious damage!"

"No danger," rejoined the guide. "The serpent is very large, and if the tiger escapes with life, he will not be in a condition to meet another foe."

"What a noise!" said Wallace, with a slight shudder.

"The sounds were indeed as horrible as any I ever heard, or ever hope to hear. Growls, snarls, shrieks, roars—sometimes loud and clear, and sometimes nearly smothered—mingled with a tremendous thrashing about and floundering among the bushes, the tops of which we could see in violent agitation—made to our ears a most horrid din, and betokened the fierceness of the struggle for life and death between these savage natives of the wilderness."

"The noise lasted for some two or three minutes, but gradually grew fainter toward the end, and finally died out altogether. With rifles cocked and ready for an instant shot, we waited in anxious suspense some five minutes longer, when, not hearing any further sound, I asked the guide if he thought the battle was over, and, if so, which he supposed was the victor?"

"It may be neither," he answered, "but if either, it is the anaconda, or we should have heard the tiger depart with a low growl. If you will remain here, I will go forward and see."

"For Heaven's sake, then, don't be long!" said my friend, rather nervously; "for without you we might never get out of this jungle; and, to tell the honest truth, I don't wish to be in it another hour."

"Not even to enjoy such glorious sport?" I asked.

"Glorious sport be hanged! I tell you what, major, I've changed my mind about hunting in this barbarous country, and I'll be ready to go on with you to-morrow morning if you like."

"Good!" said I—"I am glad I came with you."

"The guide meantime had stealthily disappeared, and in less than five minutes he returned and asked us to follow him, remarking that the danger was all over."

"When we reached the place of the late combat, we beheld a sight that almost made the blood curdle in our veins. For a space of ten or twenty feet in diameter, the thick bushes, reeds, and vines, were beaten down, as if a load had rolled over them; and almost in the centre of this opening, spotted with blood, lay a sleek tiger, with the crushed head of a huge anaconda in his mouth, and himself enveloped and crushed to death in the glistening folds of the monstrous serpent. As our guide had suggested, neither had been victor, for both had died in the contest—the tiger crushing the head of his foe in his jaws, and the latter in turn crushing and choking him with its expiring strength."

"It is sometimes the case that both die in a similar manner," remarked the guide.

"What glorious trophies to carry home to our friends in England!" said Wallace, enthusiastically. "I would not part with these for a thousand pounds!"

"I would have given fifty to have seen the fight!" said I.

"With the assistance of Joreb, we skinned both the serpent and beast, and took the prizes back to the village, which we reached a little after noon, and where we were quite lionized for our prowess in conquering two such terrible foes—we having paid our guide well for his share, and bribed him to keep our secret."

"But we had hunted enough—at least my friend expressed himself as perfectly satisfied—and so the next day we set off together for Bombay, and thence in due time sailed for England. Though for many years a resident of India, this was my only hunting adventure worthy of particular mention." "E. B."

MACAULAY'S WONDERFUL MEMORY.—A story, perfectly well authenticated, is told of Lord Macaulay, that on one occasion, being challenged thus, by way of proof of the strength of his memory: "Come now, Macaulay, repeat the list of the Archbishops of Canterbury," he forthwith began and went through the entire list, from Augustine down to Archbishop Howley.

DISCOVERY OF REMAINS ON MONT BLANC.—The remains of a human body—a foot covered with flesh, and adhering by the nerves to a dried-up thigh-bone, were recently thrown out from a crevice in the ice of the Glacier des Bossons, supposed to be the remains of Tairraz, a guide, who lost his life in 1820. By the side of the foot was found a compass, probably that of the doctor, and carried by the guide. Strange to say, it was the grandson of Tairraz who discovered it. The terrible accident, so summarily alluded to above, was that which occurred when Colonel Anderson, Dr. Hamel, and their party, attempted the ascent, and when Pierre Balmat, Pierre Carrier, and Auguste Tairraz lost their lives by the fall of an avalanche. Several other guides were precipitated at the same time by the falling mass of snow into a crevasse, but ultimately got out, nothing happened to the gentlemen who were attempting the ascent.



[ISHMAEL'S NEW HOME.]

SELF-MADE ;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE NEW HOME.

It is a quiet picture of delight,
The humble cottage, hiding from the sun
In the thick woods. You see it not till then,
When at its porch. Rudely, but neatly wrought,
Four columns make its entrance; slender shafts,
The rough bark yet upon them, as they came
From the old forest. Prolific vines
Have wreathed them well and half-obscured the rinds
Original, that warp them. Crowding leaves
Of glistering green, and clustering bright flowers
Of purple, in whose cups, throughout the day,
The humming-bird wanders boldly, wave around
And woo the gentle eye and delicate touch.
This is the dwelling, and 'twill be to them
Quiet's especial temple.

"WELCOME home, Hannah! welcome home, dearest woman! No more hard work now, Hannah! and no more elaving at the everlasting wheel and loom! Nothing to do but your own pretty little house to keep, and your own tidy servant girl to look after! And no more anxiety about the future, Hannah; for you have me to love you and care for you! Ah, dear wife! this is a day I have looked forward to through all the gloom and trouble of many years. Thank God, it has come at last, more blessed than I ever hoped it would be, and I welcome you home, my wife!" said Reuben Gray, as he led her through the gate into the front garden.

"Oh, you dear, good Reuben, what a nice large house this is! so much better than I had any reason to expect," said Hannah, in surprise and delight.

"You'll like it better still by daylight, my dear," answered Gray.

"How kind you are to me, dear Reuben."

"It shall always be my greatest pleasure to be so, Hannah."

A girl at this moment appeared at the door with a light, and the husband and wife entered the house.

Ishmael sprang down from his seat, stretched his cramped limbs, and gazed about him with all the curiosity and interest of a stranger in a strange scene.

The features of the landscape, as dimly discerned by starlight, were simple and grand.

Behind him lay the deep forest from which they had just emerged. On its edge stood the white cottage,

surrounded by its garden. Before him lay the open country, sloping down to the banks of a broad river, whose dark waves glimmered in the starlight.

So this was Judge Merlin's estate, and Claudia's birth-place!

"Well, Ishmael, are you waiting for an invitation to enter? Why, you are as welcome as Hannah herself, and you couldn't be more so!" exclaimed the hearty voice of Reuben Gray, as he returned almost immediately after taking Hannah in.

"I know it, Uncle Reuben. You are very good to me; and I do hope to make myself very useful to you," replied the boy.

"You'll be a fortune to me, lad—an ample fortune to me! But why don't you go in out of the midnight air? You ain't just as strong as Samson yet," said Gray, cheerily.

"I only stopped to stretch my limbs, and to help in with the luggage," said Ishmael, who was always thoughtful, practical, and useful, and who now stopped to load himself with Hannah's baskets and bundles before going into the house.

"Now then, Sam," said Gray, "look sharp there! Bring in the trunks and boxes from the waggon; put it under cover, feed and put up the horses; and then you can go home."

They passed up a gravel walk, bordered on each side with lilac bushes, and entered by a vine-shaded porch, into a broad passage, that ran through the middle of the house, from the front to the back door.

"There are four large rooms on this floor, Ishmael, and this is the family sitting-room," said Gray, opening a door on his right.

It was a very pleasant front room, with a bright paper on its walls, a gay homespun carpet on the floor, pretty chintz curtains at the two front windows, chintz covers of the same pattern on the two easy-chairs and the sofa, a bright fire burning in the open fire-place, and a neat tea-table set out in the middle of the floor.

But Hannah was nowhere visible.

"She has gone into her room, Ishmael, to take off her bonnet; it is the other front one, across the passage, just opposite to this; and as she seems to be taking her time, I may as well show you yours, Ishmael. Just drop them baskets down anywhere, and come with me, my lad," said Gray, leading the way into the passage, and up the staircase to the second floor. Arrived there, he opened a door, admitting himself and his companion into a chamber immediately over the sitting-room.

"This is yours, Ishmael; and I hope you'll find it comfortable, and make yourself at home," said Reuben, hastily, as he introduced Ishmael into this room.

Just between the front windows stood an old-

fashioned piece of furniture, half-bookcase and half writing-desk, and wholly convenient, containing three upper shelves well filled with books, and a drawer full of stationery.

Ishmael walked straight up to this.

"Why, where did you get this escritoire, and all these books, Uncle Reuben?" he inquired, in surprise.

"Why, you see, Ishmael, the screwtwar, as you call it, was amongst the old furnitur' sent down from the mansion to fit up this place when I first came into it."

"But the books, Uncle Reuben! they are all law books?" said the boy, examining them.

"Exactly; and that's why I was so fortun'ed as to get 'em. You see, I was at the sale of Colonel Mervin's to see if I could pick up anything nice for Hannah; and I sees a lot of books sold—laws! why, the story books all went off like wildfire; but when it come to these, nobody didn't seem to want 'em. So I says to myself—these will do to fill up the empty shelves in the screwtwar, and I dare say as our Ishmael would valley them. So I up and bought the lot for twenty shillings, and sent 'em up here by Sam, with orders to put them in the screwtwar, and move the screwtwar out of the sitting-room into this room as I intended for you."

"Ah, Uncle Reuben, how good you are to me. Everybody is good to me."

"Quite nat'el, Ishmael, since you are useful to everybody. And now, my lad, I'll go and send Sam up with your box. And when you have freshened yourself up a bit, you can come down to supper," said Gray, retreating and leaving Ishmael in possession of his room.

After supper they separated for the night.

Ishmael went up to his room and went to bed, so very tired that his head was no sooner laid upon his pillow than his senses were sunk in sleep.

He was awakened by the carolling of a thousand birds. He started up, a little confused at first by finding himself in a strange room; but as memory quickly returned he sprang from his bed and went and drew up his blind and looked out from his window.

It was early morning; the sun was just rising and flooding the whole landscape with light. A fine, inspiring scene lay before him—orchards of apple and cherry trees in full blossom; meadows of white and red clover; fields of wheat and rye, in their pale green hue of early growth.

The songs of birds, the low of cattle, the hum of bees, and the murmur of the water as it washed the sands—these were the sounds. All the joyous life of land, water and sky seemed combined at this spot and visible from this window.

"This is a pleasant place to live in; thank the Lord

for it!" said Ishmael, fervently, as he stood gazing from the window.

"Good morning, Ishmael!" said Reuben, gaily. "How do you like Woodside? Woodside is the name of our little home, same as Tanglewood is the name of the judge's house, half a mile back in the forest, you know. How do you like it by daylight?"

"Oh, very much, indeed, uncle. Don't you like it, Aunt Hannah? Isn't it pleasant?" exclaimed the youth, appealing to Mrs. Gray.

"Very pleasant, indeed, Ishmael!" she said, "Ah, Reuben," she continued, turning to her husband, "you never let me guess what a delightful home you were bringing me to! I had no idea but that it was just like the cottages that I have known, a little house of two or three small rooms."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Gray, slapping his knees in his triumph, "I knew you too well, Hannah! I knew if I had let you know how well off I was, you would never have taken me! Your pride would have been up in arms and you would have thought besides as how I was comfortable enough without you, which would have been an idea as I never could have got out of your head! No, Hannah, I humoured your pride, and let you think as how you were marrying a poor, miserable, desolate old man, as would be apt to die of neglect and privations if you didn't consent to come and take care of him. And then I comforted myself with thinking what a pleasant surprise I had in store for you, when I should fetch you here. Enjoy yourself, dear woman! for there isn't a thing as I have done to this house I didn't do for your sake!"

"But, Reuben, how is it that you have so much better a house than other men of your station ever have?"

"Well, Hannah, my dear, it is partly accident and partly design. You see this house used to be the mansion, until the present master, when he was first married, built the great house back in the woods, and then, instead of pulling this one down, he just pointed it to be my dwelling; for it is the pleasure of the judge to make all his people as comfortable as it is possible for them to be," answered Reuben.

"Now, Uncle Reuben, if you will give me those farm books you were wanting me to arrange, I will make a commencement."

"No you won't, Ishmael, my lad. You have worked yourself nearly to death this winter and spring, and now, please the Lord, you shall do no more work for a month. When I picked you up for dead that day, I promised the Almighty Father to be a father to you; so, Ishmael, you must regard me as such, when I tell you that you are to let the books alone for a whole month longer, until your health is restored. So just get your hat and come with us; I am going to show your aunt over the place."

Ishmael smiled and obeyed. And all three went out together. And oh! with how much pride Reuben displayed the treasures of the little place to his long-loved Hannah. He showed her her turkeys and geese, and hens; and her bee-hives and garden and orchard.

"And this isn't all either, Hannah, my dear! We can have as much as we want for family use, of all the fruits and vegetables from the greenhouses and hotbeds up at Tanglewood; and, besides that, we have the freedom of the fisheries, too; so you see, my dear, you will live like any queen! Thank the Lord!" said Reuben, reverently raising his hat.

"And oh, Reuben, to think that you should have saved all this happiness for me, poor, faded, unworthy me!" sighed his wife.

"Why law, Hannah, who else should I have saved it for but my own dear, old sweetheart? I never so much as thought of another."

"With all these comforts about you, you might have married some blooming young girl."

"I hadn't much learnin', nor much religion, more's the pity; but I hope I have conscience enough to keep me from doing any young girl so cruel a wrong as to tempt her to throw away her youth and beauty on an old man like me; and I am sure I have sense enough to prevent me from doing myself so great an injustice as to buy a young wife, who in the very nature of things, would be looking forward to my death as the beginning of her life; for I've heard as how the very life of a woman is love; and if the girl-wife cannot love her old husband—oh, Hannah, let me drop the veil; the picture is too sickening to look at. Such marriages are crimes. Ah, Hannah, in the way of sweethearts, age may love youth, but youth can't love age. And as a young girl is a much more delicate creature than a young man, it must be a great deal harder for her to marry an old man than it would be for him to marry an old woman; though either would be horrible."

"You seem to have found this out somehow, Reuben."

"Well, yes, my dear; it was along of a rich old fellow, hereaway, as fell in love with my little Kitty's rosy cheeks and black eyes, and wanted to make her Mrs. Barnabas Winterberry. And I saw how that girl was at the same time tempted by his money and

frightened by his age; and how, in her bewitched state, half-drawn and half-scared, she fluttered about him, for all the world like a humming-bird going right into the jaws of a rattle-snake. Well, I questioned little Kitty, and she answered me in this horrid way—'Why, brother, he must know I can't love him; for how could I? but still he teases me to marry him, and I can do that; and why shouldn't I, if he wants me to?' Then in a whisper—'You know, brother, it wouldn't be for long; because he is ever so old and he would soon die; and then I should be a rich young widow, and have my pick and choose out of the best young men in the country side.' Such, Hannah, was the evil state of feeling to which that old man's courtship had brought my simple little sister. And I believe in my soul it is the natural state of feeling into which every young girl falls who marries an old man."

"That is terrible, Reuben."

"Certainly it is."

"What did you say to your sister?"

"Why, I didn't spare the feelings of little Kitty, nor her doting aunt's neither, and that I can tell you! I talked to little Kitty like a father and mother, both; I told her well what a young traitress she was—a planning to be; and how she was fooling herself worse than she was deceiving her old man, who had got into the whittlethead age, and would be certain sure to live twenty-five or thirty years longer, till she would be an old woman herself; and I so frightened her, by telling her the plain truth in the plainest words, that she shrank from seeing her old lover any more, and begged me to send him about his business. And I did too, 'with a flea in his ear,' as the saying is; for I repeated to him every word little Kitty had said to me, as a warning to him for the future not to go tempting any more young girls to marry him for his money and then wish him dead for the enjoyment of it."

"I hope it did him good."

"Why, Hannah, he went right straight home, and that same day married his fat, middle-aged housekeeper, who, to tell the solemn truth, he ought to have married twenty years before! And, as for little Kitty, thank heaven, she was soon sought as a wife by a handsome young fellow, who was suitable to her in every way, and who really did love her and win her love; and they were married and went to California, as I told you. Well, after I was left alone, the neighbouring small farmers with unprovided daughters, seeing how comfortable I was settled, would often say to me: 'Gray, you ought to marry.' 'Gray, why don't you marry?' 'Gray, your nice little place only wants one thing to make it perfect, a nice little wife.' 'Why don't you drop in to see the girls, some evening, Gray? They would always be glad to see you.' And all that. I understood it all, Hannah, my dear; but I didn't want any young girl who would marry me only for a home. And, besides, I never thought of any woman, young or old, except yourself, who was my first love and my only one, and whose life was mixed up with my own, as close as ever warp and woof was woven in your webs, Hannah."

"You have been more faithful to me than I deserved, Reuben; but I will try to make you happy," said Hannah, with much emotion.

"You do make me happy, dear, without trying. And now where is Ishmael?" inquired Reuben, who never in his own content forgot the welfare of others.

Ishmael was walking slowly and thoughtfully at some distance behind them. Reuben called after him:

"Walk up, my lad. We are going in to dinner now; we dine at noon, you know."

Ishmael, who had lingered behind from the motives of delicacy that withheld him from intruding on the confidential conversation of the newly-married pair, now quickened his steps and joined them, saying, with a smile:

"Uncle Reuben, when you advised me not to study for a whole month, you did not mean to counsel me to rust in idleness for four long weeks? I must work, and I wish you would put me to that which will be the most useful to you."

"And most beneficial to your own health, my boy! What would you say to fishing? Would that meet your wishes?"

"Oh, I should like that very much, if I could really be of use in that way, Uncle Reuben," said the youth.

"Why, of course you could; now I'll tell you what you can do; you can go this afternoon with Sam, in the sail-boat, as far down the river as Silver Sands, where he hopes to hook some fine fish. Would that meet your views?"

"Exactly," laughed Ishmael, as his eyes danced with the eagerness of youth for the sport.

Ishmael started on his first fishing voyage with Sam; and though it was a short one, it had for him all the charms of novelty, added to the excitement of sport, and he enjoyed the excursion excessively. The fishing was very successful, and they filled their little boat and got back home by sunset. At supper, Ishmael gave a full account of the expedition, and received the hearty congratulations of Reuben. And thus ended the holiday of their first day at home.

The next morning Reuben Gray resumed his oversight of his employer's estate.

Hannah turned in to housework, and had all the furniture she had brought moved into the cottage and arranged in the empty rooms up-stairs.

Ishmael, forbidden to study, employed himself in useful manual labour in the garden and the fields.

And thus in cheerful industry passed the early days of summer.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ISHMAEL'S STRUGGLES.

Yet must my brow be pale! I have vowed
To clip it with the crown, that shall not fade
When it is faded. Not in vain ye cry,
Oh glorious voices, that survive the tongue
From whence was drawn poor separate sovereignty,
For I would stand beside you!

E. B. Browning.

ISHMAEL continued his work, yet resumed his studies. He managed to do both in this way—all the forenoon he delved in the garden; all the afternoon he went over the chaotic account-books of Reuben Gray, to bring them into order; and all the evening he studied in his own room. He kept up his Greek and Latin. And he read law!

No time to dream of Claudia now.

One of the wisest of our modern philosophers says that we are sure to meet with the right book at the right time. Now whether it were chance, fate, or Providence that filled the scanty shelves of the old escriptorio with a few law-books, is not known; but it is certain that their presence there decided the career of Ishmael Worth.

As a young babe, whose sole object in life is to feed, pops everything it can get hold of into its mouth, so this youthful aspirant, whose master-passion was the love of learning, read everything he could lay his hands on. Prompted by that intellectual curiosity which ever stimulated him to examine every subject that fell under his notice, Ishmael looked into the law-books. They were mere text-books, probably the discarded property of some young student of the Mervin family, who had never got beyond the rudiments of the profession; but had abandoned it as a "dry study."

Ishmael did not find it so, however. The same ardent soul, strong mind and bright spirit that had found "dry history" an inspiring heroic poem, "dry grammar" a beautiful analysis of language, now found "dry law" the intensely interesting science of human justice. Ishmael read diligently, for the love of his subject;—at first it was only for the love of his subject, but after a few weeks of study he began to read with a fixed purpose—to become a lawyer. Of course Ishmael Worth was no longer unconscious of his own great intellectual power; he had measured himself with the best educated youth of the highest rank, and he had found himself in mental strength their master. So when he resolved to become a lawyer, he felt a true confidence that he should make a very able one. Of course, with his clear perceptions and profound reflections he saw all the great difficulties in his way; but they did not dismay him. His will was as strong as his intellect, and he knew, that, combined, they would work wonders, almost miracles.

Indeed, without strength of will, intellect is of very little effect; for if intellect is the eye of the soul, will is the hand; intellect is wisdom, but will is power; intellect may be the monarch, but will is the executive minister. How often we see men of the finest intellect fail in life through weakness of will! How often also we see men of very moderate intellect succeed through strength of will!

In Ishmael Worth intellect and will were equally strong. And when in that poor chamber he sat himself down to study law, upon his own account, with the resolution to master the profession and to distinguish himself in it, he did so with the full consciousness of the magnitude of the object and of his own power to attain it. Day after day he worked hard, night after night he studied diligently.

Ishmael did not think this a hardship; he did not murmur over his poverty, privations, and toil; no, for his own bright and beautiful spirit turned everything to light and loveliness.

One afternoon, while they were all at tea, Reuben Gray said:

"Now, Ishmael, my lad, Hannah and I are going over to spend the evening at Brown's. What do you say?"

"Thank you, Uncle Reuben, but I wish to read this evening," said the youth.

"Now, Ishmael, why should you slave yourself to death?"

"I don't, uncle. I work hard, it is true; but then, you know, youth is the time for work, and besides I like it," said the young fellow, cheerfully. "You will see the good of it some of these days, Uncle Reuben," laughed Ishmael.

"You will wear yourself out before that day comes, my boy, if you are not careful," answered Reuben.

"I always said the bothering books would be his ruin, and now I know it," put in Hannah.

Ishmael laughed good-humouredly; but Reuben sighed.

"Ishmael, my lad," he said, "if you *must* read, do pray, read in the forenoon, instead of working in the garden, and do not work yourself to death."

"Oh, but I do not work myself to death! I like to work in the garden, and I am never happier than when I am engaged there; it gives me all the out-door exercise and recreation that I require to enable me to sit at my writing or reading all the rest of the day."

"Ah, Ishmael, my lad, who would think work was recreation except you? But it is your goodness of heart that turns every duty into a delight," said Reuben Gray; and he was not very far from the truth.

"It is his obstinacy as keeps him everlastingly working himself to death! Reuben Gray, Ishmael Worth is one of the obstinatest boys that ever you set your eyes on! He has been obstinate ever since he was a baby," said Hannah, angrily. And her mind reverted to that old time when the infant Ishmael would live, in defiance of everybody.

"I do believe as Ishmael would be as firm as a rock in a good cause; but I don't believe that he could be obstinate in a bad one," said Reuben, decidedly.

"Yes, he could! else why does he persist in staying home this evening when we want him to go with us?" complained Hannah.

Now, strength of will is not necessarily self-will. Firmness of purpose is not always implacability. The strong need not be violent in order to prove their strength. And Ishmael, firmly resolved as he was to devote every hour of his leisure to study, knew very well when to make an exception to his rule, and sacrifice his inclinations to his duty.

"All right, Aunt Hannah. I will run up-stairs and dress," laughed Ishmael, leaving the tea-table.

Hannah also arose and went to her room to change her plain brown calico gown for a fine black silk dress and mantle, and a straw bonnet trimmed with blue.

In a few minutes Ishmael, neatly attired, joined her in the parlour.

Twice a week Reuben Gray went up the river to a little water-side hamlet called Shelton, to meet the mail. Reuben's only correspondent was his master, who wrote occasionally to make inquiries or to give orders. The day after his evening out was the regular day for Reuben to go to the post-office.

So, immediately after breakfast, Reuben mounted the white cob, which he usually rode, and set out for Shelton. He was gone about two hours, and returned with a most perplexed countenance. Now "the master's" correspondence had always been a great bother to Reuben. It took him a long time to spell out the letters and a longer time to indite the answers. So the arrival of a letter was always sure to unsettle him for a day or two. Still that fact did not account for the great disturbance of mind in which he reached home and entered the family sitting-room.

"What's the matter, Reuben? Any bad news?" anxiously inquired Hannah.

"N-no, not exactly bad news; but a very bad bother," said Gray, sitting down in the big arm-chair, and wiping the perspiration from his heated face.

"What is it, Reuben?" pursued Hannah.

"Why, I've got the botherationest letter from the judge as ever was. He says he has sent down a lot of books, that will be landed from the Canvas Back, Captain Miller; and wants me to take the cart and go and receive them, and carry them up to the house, and ask the housekeeper for the keys of the liber-airy and put them in there—" said Reuben, pausing for breath.

"Why, *that* is not much bother, Uncle Reuben. Let me go and get the books and arrange them for you. It is no part of your duty to act as his librarian," said Ishmael.

"I thought I'd just ask your advice, Ishmael, because you have got a wonderful head of your own."

"Thank you, Uncle Reuben. Don't you be the least distressed. I can do what is required to be done, and do it in a manner that shall give satisfaction to your employer," said Ishmael, confidently.

"You! you, my boy! could you do that everlasting big botheration of a job?"

"Yes, and do it well, I hope."

"Why, I don't believe the Professor himself could!" exclaimed Gray, in incredulous astonishment.

"Nor I, either," laughed Ishmael, "but I know that I can."

"But, my boy, it is such a task!"

"I should like it, of all things, Uncle Reuben! You could not give me a greater treat than the privilege of overhauling all those books and putting them in order and making the catalogue," said the youth, eagerly.

And besides he was going to Claudia's house! Reuben looked more and more astonished as Ishmael went on; but Hannah spoke up:

"You may believe him, Reuben! He is book-mad; and it is my opinion, that when he gets into that

musty old library, among the dusty books, he will fancy himself in heaven."

Reuben looked from the serious face of Hannah to the smiling eyes of Ishmael, and inquired, doubtfully:

"Is that the truth, my boy?"

"Something very near it, uncle Reuben," answered Ishmael.

"Very well, my lad," exclaimed Reuben, gleefully slapping his knees, "very well! as sure as you are born, you shall go to your heaven."

(To be continued.)

LIFE.

ONWARD rolls the rapid river,
Rushing on and on for ever;
Staying not, but onward still,
The ocean's boundless shores to fill.
Such is life: 'tis as a river
Dashing nady on for ever,
Staying not its downward flight
To that ocean hid from sight.

How sweet, how beautiful the flowers,
In forests old—dame Nature's bowers;
To-day they bloom, they fade to-morrow,
And zephyrs weep o'er them in sorrow.
Such is life: 'tis as a flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour;
Friends weep o'er thy grave in sorrow,
Weep to-day but laugh to-morrow.

But river's source from oceans come,
As rivers to the ocean run.
The flowers shall bloom again in spring,
And glory with their coming bring.
Such, too, is life: though in the tomb
Thy dust may rest, it yet shall bloom,
And in the elysian fields above
May lash in everlasting love.

J. S. G.

GOVERNOR MANCO AND THE SOLDIER

WHEN Governor Manco, or "the one-armed," kept up a show of military state in the Alhambra, he became nettled at the reproaches continually cast upon his fortress, of being a nestling place of rogues and contrabandistas. On a sudden, the old potentate determined to reform, and setting vigorously to work, ejected whole nests of vagabonds out of the fortress and the gipsy caves with which the surrounding hills are honeycombed. He sent out soldiers, also, to patrol the avenues and footpaths, with orders to take up all suspicious persons.

One bright summer morning, a patrol, consisting of a testy old corporal, a trumpeter, and two privates, was seated under the garden wall of the Generalife, beside the road which leads down from the mountain of the sun, when they heard the tramp of a horse, and a male voice singing in rough, though not unmusical tones, an old Castilian campaigning song.

Presently they beheld a sturdy, sun-burnt fellow, clad in the ragged garb of a foot soldier, leading a powerful Arabian horse, caparisoned in the ancient Moresco fashion.

Astonished at the sight of a strange soldier, descending, steeped in hand, from that solitary mountain, the corporal stepped forth and challenged him.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Who and what are you?"

"A poor soldier just from the wars, with a cracked crown and empty purse for a reward."

By this time they were enabled to view him more narrowly. He had a black patch across his forehead, which, with a grizzled beard, added to a certain dare-devil cast of countenance, while a slight squint threw into the whole an occasional gleam of roguish good-humour.

Having answered the questions of the patrol, the soldier seemed to consider himself entitled to make others in return. "May I ask," said he, "what city is that which I see at the foot of the hill?"

"What city!" cried the trumpeter; "come, that's too bad. Here's a fellow lurking about the mountain of the sun, and demands the name of the great city of Granada!"

"Granada! Madre di Dios! can it be possible?"

"Perhaps not!" rejoined the trumpeter; "and perhaps you have no idea that yonder are the towers of the Alhambra."

"Son of a trumpet," replied the stranger, "do not trifle with me; if this be indeed the Alhambra, I have some strange matters to reveal to the governor."

"You will have an opportunity," said the corporal, "for we mean to take you before him." By this time the trumpeter had seized the bridle of the steed, the two privates had each secured an arm of the soldier, the corporal put himself in front, gave the word, "Forward—march!" and away they marched for the Alhambra.

The sight of a ragged foot soldier and a fine Arabian

horse, brought in captive by the patrol, attracted the attention of all the idlers of the fortress, and of those gossip groups that generally assemble about wells and fountains at early dawn. The wheel of the cistern paused in its rotations, and the slipshod servant maid stood gaping, with pitcher in hand, as the corporal passed by with his prize. A motley train gradually gathered in the rear of the escort.

Knowing nods, and winks and conjectures, passed from one to another. "It is a deserter," said one; "A contrabandista," said another; "A bandalero," said a third;—until it was affirmed that a captain of a desperate band of robbers had been captured by the prowess of the corporal and his patrol. "Well, well," said the old cronies, one to another, "captain or not, let him get out of the grasp of old Governor Manco if he can, though he is but one-handed."

Governor Manco was seated in one of the inner halls of the Alhambra, taking his morning's cup of chocolate in company with his confessor, a fat Franciscan friar, from the neighbouring convent. A demure, dark-eyed damsel of Malaga, the daughter of his housekeeper, was attending upon him. The world hinted that the damsel, who, with all her demureness, was a sly, luxom baggage, had found out a soft spot in the iron heart of the old governor, and held complete control over him. But let that pass—the domestic affairs of these mighty potentates of the earth should not be too narrowly scrutinized.

When word was brought that a suspicious stranger had been taken lurking about the fortress, and was actually in the outer court, in durance of the corporal, waiting the pleasure of his excellency, the pride and stateliness of office swelled the bosom of the governor. Giving back his chocolate cup into the hands of the demure damsel, he called for his basket-hilted sword, girded it to his side, twirled up his mustachios, took his seat in a large, high-backed chair, assumed a bitter and forbidding aspect, and ordered the prisoner into his presence. The soldier was brought in, still closely pinioned by his captors, and guarded by the corporal. He maintained, however, a resolute, self-confident air, and returned the sharp, scrutinizing look of the governor with an easy squint, which by no means pleased the punctilious old potentate.

"Well, culprit," said the governor, after he had regarded him for a moment in silence, "what have you to say for yourself—who are you?"

"A soldier, just from the wars, who has brought away nothing but scars and bruises."

"A soldier—humph—a foot soldier, by your garb. I understand you have a fine Arabian horse. I presume you brought him too from the wars, besides your scars and bruises."

"May it please your excellency, I have something strange to tell about that horse. Indeed, I have one of the most wonderful things to relate. Something, too, that concerns the security of this fortress, indeed of all Granada. But it is a matter to be imparted only to your private ear, or in presence of such only as are in your confidence."

The governor considered for a moment, and then directed the corporal and his men to withdraw, but to post themselves outside of the door, and be ready at a call. "This holy friar," said he, "is my confessor, you may say anything in his presence—and this damsel," nodding towards the handmaid, who had loitered with an air of great curiosity, "this damsel is of great secrecy and discretion, and to be trusted with anything."

The soldier gave a glance, between a squint and a leer, at the demure handmaid. "I am perfectly willing," said he, "that the damsel should remain."

When all the rest had withdrawn, the soldier commenced his story. He was a fluent, smooth-tongued varlet, and had a command of language above his apparent rank.

"May it please your excellency," said he, "I am, as I before observed, a soldier, and have seen some hard service, but my term of enlistment being expired, I was discharged, not long since, from the army at Valladolid, and set out on foot for my native village in Andalusia. Yesterday evening the sun went down as I was traversing a great dry plain of Old Castile."

"Hold," cried the governor, "what is this you say? Old Castile is some two or three hundred miles from this."

"Even so," replied the soldier, coolly, "I told your excellency I had strange things to relate; but not more strange than true; as your excellency will find, if you deign me a patient hearing."

"Proceed, culprit," said the governor, twirling up his mustachios.

"As the sun went down," continued the soldier, "I cast my eyes about in search of some quarters for the night, but far as my sight could reach, there were no signs of habitation. I saw that I should have to make my bed on the naked plain, with my knapsack for a pillow; but your excellency is an old soldier, and knows that to one who has been in the wars, such a night's lodging is no great hardship."

The governor nodded assent, as he drew his pocket-

handkerchief out of the basket hilt, to drive away a fly that buzzed about his nose.

"Well," continued the soldier, "I trudged forward for several miles, until I came to a bridge over a deep ravine, through which ran a little thread of water, almost dried up by the summer heat. At one end of the bridge was a Moorish tower, the upper end all in ruins, but a vault in the foundation quite entire. Here, thinks I, is a good place to make a halt; so I went down to the stream, took a hearty drink, for the water was pure and sweet, and I was parched with thirst; then, opening my wallet, I took out an onion and a few crusts, which were all my provisions, and seating myself on a stone on the margin of the stream, began to make my supper; intending afterwards to quarter myself for the night in the vault of the tower; and capital quarters they would have been for a campaigner just from the wars, as your excellency, who is an old soldier, may suppose."

"I have put up gladly with worse in my time," said the governor, returning his pocket-handkerchief into the hilt of his sword.

"While I was quietly crunching my crust," pursued the soldier, "I heard something stir within the vault; I listened—it was the tramp of a horse. By and by a man came forth from a door in the foundation of the tower, close by the water's edge, leading a powerful horse by the bridle. I could not well make out what he was by the starlight. It had a suspicious look to be lurking among the ruins of a tower, in that wild, solitary place. He might be a mere wayfarer, like myself; he might be a contrabandist; he might be a bandit! what of that? thank Heaven and my poverty, I had nothing to lose; so I sat still and crunched my crusts."

"He led his horse to the water, close by where I was sitting, so that I had a fair opportunity of reconnoitring him. To my surprise, he was dressed in a Moorish garb, with a cuirass of steel, and a polished scull-cap that I distinguished by the reflection of the stars upon it. His horse too, was harnessed in the Moorish fashion, with great shovel stirrups. He led him, as I said, to the side of the stream, into which the animal plunged his head almost to the eyes, and drank until I thought he would have burst."

"Comrade," said I, "your steed drinks well; it's a good sign when a horse plunges his muzzle bravely into the water."

"He may well drink," said the stranger, speaking with a Moorish accent, "it is a good year since he had his last draught."

"By Santiago," said I, "that beats even the camels that I have seen in Africa. But come, you seem to be something of a soldier, will you sit down and take part of a soldier's fare?" In fact, I felt the want of a companion in this lonely place, and was willing to put up with an infidel. Besides, as your excellency well knows, a soldier is never very particular about the faith of his company, and soldiers of all countries are comrades on peaceable ground."

The governor again nodded assent.

"Well, as I was saying, I invited him to share my supper, such as it was, for I could not do less in common hospitality. 'I have no time to pause for meat or drink,' said he, 'I have a long journey to make before morning.'

"In which direction?" said I.

"Andalusia," said he.

"Exactly my route," said I, "so as you won't stop and eat with me, perhaps you will let me mount and ride with you. I see your horse is of a powerful frame, I'll warrant he'll carry double."

"Agreed," said the trooper; and it would not have been civil and soldier-like to refuse, especially as I had offered to share my supper with him. So up he mounted, and up I mounted behind him.

"Hold fast," said he, "my steed goes like the wind."

"Never fear me," said I; and so off we set.

"From a walk the horse soon passed to a trot, from a trot to a gallop, and from a gallop to a harum-scarum scamper. It seemed as if rocks, trees, houses, everything, flew hurry-scurry behind us."

"What town is this?" said I.

"Segovia," said he; and before the word was out of his mouth, the towers of Segovia were out of sight. We swept up the Guadarrama mountains, and down by the Escorial; and we skirted the walls of Madrid, and we scoured away across the plains of La Mancha. In this way we went, up hill and down dale, by towers and cities, all buried in deep sleep, and across mountains, and plains, and rivers, just glimmering in the starlight."

"The trooper suddenly pulled up on the side of a mountain. 'Here we are,' said he, 'at the end of our journey.' I looked about, but could see no signs of habitation; nothing but the mouth of a cavern. While I looked, I saw multitudes of people in Moorish dresses, some on horseback, some on foot, arriving as if borne by the wind from all points of the compass, and hurrying into the mouth of the cavern, like bees into a hive. Before I could ask a question, the trooper struck his long Moorish spurs into the horse's flanks and dashed

in with the throng. We passed along a steep winding way, that descended into the very bowels of the mountain. As we pushed on, a light began to glimmer up, by little and little, like the first glimmerings of day, but what caused it I could not discern. It grew stronger and stronger, and enabled me to see everything around. I now noticed, as we passed along great caverns, opening to the right and left, like halls in the arsenal. In some there were shields, and helmets, and cuirasses, and lances, and scimitars, hanging against the walls; in others there were great heaps of warlike munitions, and camp equipage lying upon the ground."

"It would have done your excellency's heart good, being an old soldier, to have seen such grand provision for war. Then, in other caverns, there were long rows of horsemen armed to the teeth, with lances raised and banners unfurled all ready for the field; but they all sat motionless in their saddles like so many statues. In other halls were warriors sleeping on the ground beside their horses, and foot-soldiers in groups ready to fall into the ranks. All were in old-fashioned Moorish dresses and armour."

"Well, your excellency, to cut a long story short, we at length entered an immense cavern, or I may say palace, of grotto-work, the walls of which seemed to be veined with gold and silver, and to sparkle with diamonds and sapphires and all kinds of precious stones. At the upper end sat a Moorish king on a golden throne, with his nobles on each side, and a guard of African blacks with drawn scimitars. All the crowd that continued to flock in, and amounted to thousands and thousands, passed one by one before his throne, each paying homage as he passed. Some of the multitude were dressed in magnificent robes, without stain or blemish and sparkling with jewels; others in burnished and enamelled armour; while others were in moulder and mildewed garments, and in armour all battered and dented and covered with rust."

"I had hitherto held my tongue, for your excellency well knows, it is not for a soldier to ask many questions when on duty, but I could keep silent no longer."

"Pr'ythee, comrade," said I, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"This," said the trooper, "is a great and fearful mystery. Know, O Christian, that you see before you the court and army of Boabdil the last king of Granada."

"What is this you tell me?" cried I. "Boabdil and his court were exiled from the land hundreds of years ago, and all died in Africa."

"So it is recorded in your lying chronicles," replied the Moor, "but know that Boabdil and the warriors who made the last struggle for Granada, were all shut up in the mountain by powerful enchantment. As for the king and army that marched forth from Granada at the time of the surrender, they were a mere phantom train of spirits and demons, permitted to assume those shapes to deceive the Christian sovereigns. And furthermore let me tell you, friend, that all Spain is a country under the power of enchantment. There is not a mountain-cave, not a lonely watch-tower in the plains, nor ruined castle on the hills, but has some spell-bound warriors sleeping from age to age within its vaults, until the sins are expiated for which Allah permitted the dominion to pass for a time out of the hands of the faithful. Once every year, on the eve of St. John, they are released from enchantment, from sunset to sunrise, and permitted to repair here to pay homage to their sovereign; and the crowd which you beheld swarming into the cavern, are Moslem warriors, from their haunts in all parts of Spain. For my own part, you saw the ruined tower of the bridge in Old Castile, where I have now wintered and summered for many hundred years, and where I must be back again by day-break. As to the battalions of horse and foot which you beheld drawn up in battle array in the neighbouring caverns, they are the spell-bound warriors of Granada. It is written in the book of fate, that when the enchantment is broken, Boabdil will descend from the mountain at the head of his army, resume his throne in the Alhambra, and his sway of Granada, and gathering together the enchanted warriors from all parts of Spain, will reconquer the peninsula, and restore it to Moslem rule."

"And when shall this happen?" said I.

"Allah alone knows: we had hoped the day of deliverance was at hand; but there reigns at present a vigilant governor in the Alhambra, a staunch old soldier, well-known as Governor Manco. While such a warrior holds command of the very outpost, and stands ready to check the first irruption from the mountain, I fear Boabdil and his soldiery must be content to rest upon their arms."

Here the governor raised himself somewhat perpendicularly, adjusted his sword, and twirled up his mustachios.

"To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your excellency, the trooper, having given me this account, dismounted from his steed."

"Tarry here," said he, "and guard my steed while I go and bow the knee to Boabdil." So saying, he strode

away among the throng that pressed forward to the throne.

"What's to be done?" thought I, "when thus left to myself; shall I wait here until this infidel returns to whisk me off on his goblin steed, the Lord knows where; or shall I make the most of my time, and beat a retreat from this hobgoblin community?" A soldier's mind is soon made up, as your excellency well knows. As to the horse, he belonged to an avowed enemy of the faith and the realm, and was a fair prize according to the rules of war. So hoisting myself from the crupper into the saddle, I turned the reins, struck the Moorish stirrups into the sides of the steed, and put him to make the best of his way out of the passage by which he had entered. As we scoured by the halls where the Moslem horsemen sat in motionless battalions, I thought I heard the clang of armour, and a hollow murmur of voices. I gave the steed another taste of the stirrups, and doubled my speed. There was now a sound behind me like a rushing blast; I heard the clatter of a thousand hoofs—a countless throng overtook me. I was borne along in the press, and hurled forth from the mouth of the cavern, while thousands of shadowy forms were swept off in every direction by the four winds of Heaven."

"In the whirl and confusion of the scene, I was thrown senseless to the earth. When I came to myself, I was lying on the brow of a hill, with the Arabian steed standing beside me; for in falling, my arm had slipped within the bridle, which, I presume, prevented his whisking off to Old Castile."

"Your excellency may easily judge of my surprise on looking round, to behold hedges of aloes and Indian figs, and other proofs of a southern climate, and to see a great city below me, with towers, and palaces, and a grand cathedral."

"I descended the hill cautiously, leading my steed, for I was afraid to mount him again, lest he should play me some slippery trick. As I descended, I met with your patrol, who let me into the secret that it was Granada that lay before me; and that I was actually under the walls of the Alhambra, the fortress of the redoubted Governor Manco, the terror of all enchanted Moslems. When I heard this, I determined at once to seek your excellency, to inform you of all that I had seen, and to warn you of the perils that surround and undermine you, that you may take measures in time to guard your fortress, and the kingdom itself, from this intestine army that lurks in the very bowels of the land."

"And pr'ythee, friend, you who are a veteran campaigner, and have seen so much service," said the governor, "how would you advise me to proceed, in order to prevent this evil?"

"It is not for a humble private of the ranks," said the soldier, modestly, "to pretend to instruct a commander of your excellency's sagacity, but it appears to me that your excellency might cause all the caves and entrances into the mountain to be walled up with solid mason work, so that Boabdil and his army might be completely corked up in their subterranean habitation. If the good father, too," added the soldier, reverently bowing to the friar, and devoutly crossing himself, "would consecrate the barricades with his blessing, and put up a few crosses and reliques and images of saints, I think they might withstand all the power of infidel enchantments."

"They doubtless would be of great avail," said the friar.

The governor now placed his arms skimbe, with his hand resting on the hilt of his Toledo, fixed his eye upon the soldier, and gently wagging his head from one side to the other.

"So friend," said he, "then you really suppose I am to be gulled with this cock-and-bull story about enchanted mountains and enchanted Moors? Hark ye, culprit!—not another word. An old soldier you may be, but you'll find you have an older soldier to deal with, and one not easily outgeneraled. Ho! guards there! put this fellow in irons."

The demure handmaid would have put in a word in favour of the prisoner, but the governor silenced her with a look.

As they were pinioning the soldier, one of the guards felt something of bulk in his pocket, and drawing it forth, found a long leathern purse that appeared to be well-filled. Holding it by one corner, he turned out the contents upon the table before the governor, and never did freebooter's bag make more gorgeous delivery. Out tumbled rings, and jewels, and rosaries of pearls, and sparkling diamond crosses, and a profusion of ancient golden coin, some of which fell jingling to the floor, and rolled away to the uttermost parts of the chamber.

For a time the functions of justice were suspended; there was a universal scramble after the glittering fugitives. The governor alone, who was imbued with true Spanish pride, maintained his stately decorum, though his eye betrayed a little anxiety until the last coin and jewel was restored to the sack.

The friar was not so calm; his whole face glowed

like a furnace, and his eyes twinkled and flashed at sight of the rosaries and crosses.

"Sacriligious wretch that thou art!" exclaimed he; "what church or sanctuary has thou been plundering of these sacred relics?"

"Neither one nor the other, holy father. If they be sacriligious spoils, they must have been taken in times long past, by the infidel trooper I have mentioned. I was just going to tell his excellency when he interrupted me, that on taking possession of the trooper's horse, I unhooked a leathern sack which hung at the saddle-bow, and which I presume contained the plunder of his campaignings in days of old, when the Moors overran the country."

"Mighty well; at present you will make up your mind to take up your quarters in a chamber of the vermillion tower, which, though not under a magic spell, will hold you as safe as any cave of your enchanted Moors."

"Your excellency will do as you think proper," said the prisoner, coolly. "I shall be thankful to your excellency for any accommodation in the fortress. A soldier who has been in the wars, as your excellency well knows, is not particular about his lodgings: provided I have a snug dungeon and regular rations, I shall manage to make myself pretty comfortable. I would only entreat that while your excellency is so careful about me, you would have an eye to your fortress, and think on the hint I dropped about stopping up the entrances to the mountain."

Here ended the scene. The prisoner was conducted to a strong dungeon in the vermillion tower, the Arabian steed was led to his excellency's stable, and the trooper's sack was deposited in his excellency's strong box. To the latter, it is true, the friar made some demur, questioning whether the sacred relics, which were evidently sacriligious spoils, should not be placed in custody of the church; but as the governor was peremptory on the subject, and was absolute lord in the Alhambra, the friar discreetly dropped the discussion, but determined to convey intelligence of the fact to the church dignitaries in Granada.

To explain these prompt and rigid measures on the part of old Governor Manco, it is proper to observe, that about this time the Alpuxarra mountains in the neighbourhood of Granada were terribly infested by a gang of robbers, under the command of a daring chief named Manuel Boraso, who were accustomed to prowl about the country, and even to enter the city in various disguises, to gain intelligence of the departure of convoys of merchandise, or travellers with well-lined purses, whom they took care to waylay in distant and solitary passes of their road. These repeated and daring outrages had awakened the attention of government, and the commanders of the various posts had received instructions to be on the alert and to take up all suspicious stragglers. Governor Manco was particularly zealous in consequence of the various stigmas that had been cast upon his fortress, and he now doubted not that he had entrapped some formidable desperado of this gang.

In the meantime the story took wind, and became the talk, not merely of the fortress, but of the whole city of Granada. It was said that the noted robber Manuel Boraso, the terror of the Alpuxarras, had fallen into the clutches of old Governor Manco, and been cooped up by him in a dungeon of the vermillion tower: and every one who had been robbed by him flocked to recognize the marauder. The vermillion tower, as is well known, stand apart from the Alhambra on a sister hill, separated from the main fortress by the ravine down which passes the main avenue. There were no outer walls, but a sentinel patrolled before the tower. The window of the chamber in which the soldier was confined, was strongly grated, and looked upon a small esplanade. Here the good folks of Granada repaired to gaze at him, as they would at a laughing hyena, grinning through the cage of a menagerie. Nobody, however, recognized him for Manuel Boraso, for that terrible robber was noted for a ferocious physiognomy, and had by no means the good-humoured squint of the prisoner. Visitors came not merely from the city, but from all parts of the country; but nobody knew him, and there began to be doubts in the minds of the common people whether there might not be some truth in his story. That Boabdil and his army were shut up in the mountain, was an old tradition which many of the inhabitants had heard from their fathers. Numbers went up to the mountain of the sun, or rather of St. Elena, in search of the cave mentioned by the soldier; and saw and peeped into the deep dark pit, descending, no one knows how far, into the mountain, and which remains there to this day—the fabled entrance to the subterranean abode of Boabdil.

By degrees the soldier became popular with the common people. A freebooter of the mountains is by no means the opprobrious character in Spain that a robber is in any other country: on the contrary, he is a kind of chivalrous personage in the eyes of the lower classes. There is always a disposition, also, to cavil at the conduct of those in command, and many began to murmur at the high-handed measures of the old Governor Manco,

and to look upon the prisoner in the light of a martyr.

The soldier, moreover, was a merry, waggish fellow, that had a joke for every one who came near his window, and a soft speech for every female. He had procured an old guitar also, and would sit by his window and sing ballads and love ditties, to the delight of the women of the neighbourhood, who would assemble on the esplanade in the evenings and dance boleros to his music. Having trimmed off his rough beard, his sun-burnt face found favour in the eyes of the fair, and the demure handmaid of the governor declared that his squint was perfectly irresistible. This kind-hearted damsel had from the first evinced a deep sympathy in his fortunes, and having in vain tried to mollify the governor, had set to work privately to mitigate the rigour of his dispensations. Every day she brought the prisoner some crumbs of comfort which had fallen from the governor's table, or been abstracted from his larder, together with, now and then, a consoling bottle of choice Val de Penas, or rich Malaga.

While this petty treason was going on, in the very centre of the old governor's citadel, a storm of open war was brewing up among his external foes. The circumstance of a bag of gold and jewels having been found upon the person of the supposed robber, had been reported with many exaggerations in Granada. A question of territorial jurisdiction was immediately started by the governor's inveterate rival, the captain-general. He insisted that the prisoner had been captured without the precincts of the Alhambra, and within the rules of his authority. He demanded his body, therefore, and the *spolia opima* taken with him. Due information having been carried likewise by the friar to the Grand Inquisitor, of the crosses and rosaries, and other relics contained in the bag, he claimed the culprit as having been guilty of sacrilege, and insisted that his plunder was due to the church, and his body to the next *auto-da-fé*. The feuds ran high, the governor was furious, and swore, rather than surrender his captive, he would hang him up within the Alhambra, as a spy caught within the purlieus of the fortress.

The captain-general threatened to send a body of soldiers to transfer the prisoner from the vermillion tower to the city. The Grand Inquisitor was equally bent upon despatching a number of the familiars of the Holy Office. Word was brought late at night to the governor of these machinations. "Let them come," said he, "they'll find me beforehand with them; he must rise bright and early who would take in an old soldier." He accordingly issued orders to have the prisoner removed at day-break, to the donjon keep within the walls of the Alhambra. "And dye hear, child," said he to his demure handmaid, "tap at my door, and wake me before cock-crowing, that I may see to the matter myself."

The day dawned, the cock crowed, but nobody tapped at the door of the governor. The sun rose high above the mountain tops, and glittered in at his casement, ere the governor was awakened from his morning dreams by his veteran corporal, who stood before him with terror stamped upon his iron visage.

"He's off! he's gone!" cried the corporal, gasping for breath.

"Who's off, who's gone?"

"The soldier, the robber, the devil, for aught I know; his dungeon is empty, but the door locked; no one knows how he has escaped out it."

"Who saw him last?"

"Your handmaid; she brought him his supper."

"Let her be called instantly."

Here was new matter of confusion. The chamber of the demure damsel was likewise empty, her bed had not been slept in: she had doubtless gone off with the culprit, as she had appeared, for some days past, to have frequent conversations with him.

This was wounding the old governor in a tender part, but he had scarce time to wince at it, when new misfortunes broke upon his view. On going into his cabinet, he found his strong box open, the leather purse of the trooper abstracted, and, with it, a couple of corpulent bags of doubloons.

But how, and which way had the fugitives escaped? An old peasant, who lived in a cottage by the road-side, leading up into the Sierra, declared that he had heard the tramp of a powerful steed just before day-break, passing up into the mountains. He had looked out at his casement, and could just distinguish a horseman, with a female seated before him.

"Search the stables!" cried Governor Manco. The stables were searched; all the horses were in their stall, excepting the Arabian steed. In his place was a stout cudgel tied to the manger, and on it a label bearing these words, "A gift to Governor Manco, from an Old Soldier."

FOOLSCAP PAPER.—Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is; but few probably know how it came to bear this singular cognomen. When Charles I. found his revenues short he granted certain privileges with a view to recruit them, amounting to monopolies, and

among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich and enriched the Government also at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water-mark, the royal arms. The Parliament under Cromwell made jests of the law in every conceivable manner; and, among other indignities to the memory of King Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the "fool's cap and bells" be substituted. These, in their turn, were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament journal still bears the name of "foolscap."

AFFAIRS OF GALLANTRY.

AMONG "affairs of gallantry," as they were considered, was the action brought by the Rev. Mr. Massey, in the following September, against the Marquis of Headfort, when the former obtained as damages the large sum of £10,000. In 1808 Lord Elgin obtained the same honorarium from Mr. Ferguson, and Lord Boringdon the same sum from Sir Arthur Paget. In the following year the penalty was doubled—the offender being Lord Paget—the lady so highly prized being the wife of the Hon. H. Wellesley. A singular case of the same nature was made public a few days later.

During Bartholomew Fair, a young gentleman was, by what was called a court of *pied-poudre*, sentenced to pay a penalty of seventy shillings for taking an actress from Richardson's show, to the detriment of the manager; and a further penalty of a hundred shillings for having so done, to the detriment of her husband, she being a married woman.

An inquiry into the conduct of the Princess of Wales, in 1809, was a fruitful source of scandalous gossip. Her Royal Highness had, for several years, conducted herself in such a manner as to excite the apprehensions of her friends and the suspicions of her enemies. It is believed that she took a perverse pleasure in deceiving both. Her conduct was not only thoughtless, but singularly unladylike. No act of criminality could be proved against her. The subsequent publication of Lord Malmesbury's and Lady Charlotte Bury's Diaries have proved that there was ample cause for such an investigation, though it produced no beneficial effect.

But the much more scandalous inquiry was that which took place, in the year 1809, into the conduct of the Duke of York. It was alleged that his Royal Highness, while commander-in-chief, had permitted commissions in the British army to be sold or given away by a notorious courtizan, Mary Ann Clark; and it was proved in evidence that her footman did, through her influence, obtain such a distinction for himself. The exposure created great excitement throughout the country, and the Duke was obliged to resign the direction of affairs at the Horse Guards. It subsequently transpired that the woman had induced Colonel Wardle to bring the affair before Parliament, with the hope of getting money either from the Opposition or from the Government.—*Fifty Years' Biographical Reminiscences.* By Lord Wm. Pitt Lennox.

HOW BEADLES AND CLERGYMEN AWOKE THE CONGREGATIONS.

In some churches with which we are acquainted, a beadle, furnished with a long white wand, pokes and raps the poorer slumberers, to the great confusion of the more wakeful portion of the congregation. This important individual, whom the scoffing charity-boys familiarly recognise as "the Nobleman," is the modern representative of those persons, who, two centuries ago, were employed to drive dogs out of the church, and to keep awake those persons who were in it. Occasionally, their wand of office was furnished with a fox's brush, with which the faces of somnolent females were rubbed or tickled, the beadles thus doing their spitting gently out of honour to the fair sex, but dealing more severely with drowsy males, with the stouter end of their staff. Except in rare instances, the milder edicts of the Victorian era permit the modern Eutychus to enjoy his nap undisturbed; and he may drowse on with the full assurance that but few preachers would now condescend to those eccentricities with which Latimer, Whitfield, Rowland Hill, and Huntington were wont to keep their congregations awake.

In the days when the pulpit hour-glass measured out the time of the sermon—when men like Hugh Peters and Daniel Burgess could, at the end of the hour, coolly turn up the glass, and set its sands again running for another hour, with the vague assurance, "Another glass, and then—;" in such days when it was deemed that pulpit eloquence could not exist without prolixity, it was not a matter of wonder that exhausted human nature should seek its refuge in sleep; and that, in order to sustain wakefulness, the preacher should resort to certain devices which the manners of the age tolerated as harmless and useful adjuncts to his vocation. When,

for example, Aylmer, who was Queen Elizabeth's Bishop of London, observed his congregation to be inattentive or slumbering, he was accustomed to read several verses from a Hebrew Bible; and, when his flock roused to listen to the unwonted sounds, he would show them their folly in allowing their ears to be tickled by what they could not comprehend, the while they bestowed but little attention on things all-important and easy to be understood.

To the same effect, also, an anecdote is told of John Laessius, chaplain to the Danish Court in the reign of James II., who endeavoured to cure his congregation of their habit of sleeping through his sermon, by suddenly stopping to play at shuttlecock; and, when their attention had been sufficiently concentrated upon his game, he would put up his shuttlecock, and thus address them:—"When I proclaim to you sacred and important truths you are not ashamed to go to sleep; but when I play the fool you are all eye and ear."

THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS.

THESE aristocratic members of an antipodal race are still honoured with attention by persons of rank on this side of the globe. At the invitation of the Earl of Shaftesbury, by whom they had on a previous occasion been entertained at his lordship's private residence, the chiefs recently paid a visit to the House of Lords. His lordship conducted them over every part of the building, and they were especially pleased with the warlike picture which represents the battle-field of Waterloo at the important moment when the two great generals, Wellington and Blücher, met. The chiefs were also introduced to that veteran statesman and orator, Lord Brougham, and had the honour of expressing their sentiments (through the interpreter, Mr. Jenkins) to many other noblemen. But they thought more of the magnificent House and its distinguished members than of any specimens of oratory with which they were on this occasion favoured. In New Zealand they had "heard better speeches, although the great mother of the earth (meaning the Queen) had not given the speakers such a grand house." Subsequently, at the invitation of Mr. Nugent, they occupied boxes at her Majesty's Theatre, and appearing as they did, in their native costumes, they were objects of considerable attraction. But Wednesday, the 15th ult., was a great day for them. Let us hope it may prove equally so for their native land, and that the impressions created by the gracious reception accorded the visitors by that good Queen whom they were so anxious to see, may tend to the peaceful disposition of the respective tribes on the return of the chiefs to their distant home. From that home they had journeyed 15,000 miles, not only to see, but to speak to, the "Great Mother of the Earth" (the Queen). This desire gratified, the party intend to visit some of the great people and great places of a kingdom which they expect to find worthy of the mighty sovereign whom they have already seen. The account we are now enabled to furnish of the royal reception cannot fail to interest our readers.

Her Majesty's yacht *Fairy* awaited the chieftains at Southampton, and on their arrival soon conveyed the party across to Osborne. By royal carriages they were taken to the palace, when they immediately prepared themselves for the long-desired reception. On the appearance of her Majesty, with the junior branches of the Royal Family, her loyal native subjects made a most graceful obeisance, and after the Duke of Newcastle had introduced Mr. Jenkins (the Government interpreter) to the Queen, her Majesty said:

"I am happy to see the New Zealand Chiefs in this country; it will ever be my aim to do them good, and to see that they at all times obtain justice. I hope they may be pleased with what they will see in England, and I shall be glad to hear what they desire to say to me now."

Hereupon they were severally introduced by the interpreter, and had the honour of kissing her Majesty's hand.

At the close of this ceremony, one of the chiefs addressed the Queen at some length, and received a kind and gracious reply, after which (as no other chief hastened to speak, for they all awaited the royal command) her Majesty bowed and retired. At this unexpected movement the chiefs were greatly disappointed, several of them being anxious to speak.

On the Duke of Newcastle making their wishes known, her Majesty at once returned, and said she would give them an opportunity of saying all they wished to say. Four chiefs then addressed the Queen in succession, and the affectionate reference made by one of them to the Prince Consort affected her Majesty even to tears.

The Queen was graciously pleased to accept from three of the chiefs some valuable mats and weapons of war, and one of the native ladies took from her own neck the splendid green stone, "hettiki," and presented it to her Majesty, who was quite struck with this mark of affection on the part of the New Zealanders. In return, the Queen and the Princesses presented their photographs to the Maori ladies, and commanded

the interpreter to forward photographic groups of the entire party under his charge, and further requested that each New Zealander would leave her Majesty an autograph. The most interesting part of the interview was a disclosing on the part of the Queen a promise which will confer on the "future" of New Zealand a higher honour than was ever before accorded by an English Sovereign to the offspring of an aboriginal tribe. Her Majesty, having been informed that the wife of Pomare was in an "interesting condition," expressed herself pleased at the prospect of the birth of a New Zealand child of distinction in this country, and requested to be informed when the event was near, and she would see that proper attention should be paid to the lady on the occasion; and further, should the child prove to be a female, her Majesty would be pleased to have it named "Victoria," or, if a male, "Albert," and the Queen also signified her wish to stand "god-mother to the British-born New Zealander." The distinguished natives felt themselves overwhelmed with favours, and fairly cried with joy.

EVELYN CLAUSE.

Methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.

It was a clear, calm night—winter had not as yet fairly set in. There had been no snow, but it was very late in the autumn, and the grass and the flowering shrubs and trees looked as though they had each and all felt the breath of the destroyer, as he pronounced the doom upon them.

People rubbed their hands, and talked with quivering lips of the hard winter coming, as they hastened in the increasing shadows of the night, to their houses. The children, warmed and gladdened by the bright fires that were kindled on the hearth-stones, romped and frolicked, and prophesied, with knowing looks, about snow-balling, skating, and all manner of fun. The young girls met together, and talked merrily of coming gaieties; the old man wondered whether he should see another spring-time; and the poor crept to their beds, at night-fall, glad to forget everything—cold, hunger, and misery—in sleep.

Midnight came. More and more brightly shone the stars—they glowed, they trembled, and smiled on one another. The cold became intense. In the deep silence, how strangely looked the branches of the leafless trees! how desolate the gardens and the forest! how very still the night did seem!

Close beside a humble cottage, under a huge bush of flowering currant, had flourished all the autumn a tiny violet-root. And still, during the increasing cold of the latter days, the leaves had continued green and vigorous, and the flowers opened.

There had been an arrival at the cottage that day. Late in the afternoon, a father and mother, with their child, had returned from long wandering in foreign lands.

A student had watched their coming. In the morning he had gathered a flower from that little root in their garden; and now, as he sat in the long hours of night, poring over his books, he kept the violet still beside him, in a vase which held the treasures of a green-house; and his eyes rested often on the pale-blue, modest flower.

At nightfall, a youthful form had stood for a moment at the cottage-door; and the young invalid's eyes, which so eagerly sought all familiar things, at last rested on those still living flowers—flowers, where she had thought to find all dead, even as were those buds which once gave fair promise of glorious opening in her girl-heart! Unmindful of the cold and dampness, she stepped from the house, passed to the violet-root, and, gathering all the flowers but one, she placed them in her hair, and then hastened, with a shiver, back to the cottage.

In the fast-increasing cold, the leaves that were left bowed down close to the earth; and the delicate flowers crowning the pale, slender stem, trembled under the influence of the frost.

The little chamber where Mary lay down to rest, was that which, from her childhood, had been set apart for her occupation; a pleasant room, endeared to her by a thousand joyful dreams dreamed within its shade—solemnized to her, also, by that terrible awakening to sorrow which she had known.

She had not yet slept at all that night; she had not slept for many nights. Winter was reigning in Mary's heart—it had been long reigning there. She was remembering now, whilst others nestled in the arms of forgetfulness, those days that were gone, when she had looked with such trust and joy upon the years to be—how that she had longed for the slowly unfolding future to develop itself fully, completely! how she had wholly given herself to the fancies and the hopes of the untold! Alas! she had reached, she had passed, too soon, that crisis of life which unfolds next to the expectant the season of winter—she had seen the

gay flowers fading, the leaves withering, the glory of summer pass. And yet how young, how very young she was!

They who saw the shadow brooding over her, out of which she could not move—they, who loved, who almost worshipped her—the father and the mother—had in every manner sought how vainly! to stop the course of that disease which fastened upon her: they could not dispel the sorrow which had blighted her life. She, also, for a moment, desperately had striven with her grief; but now, in the cheerless autumn time, she was come back to her home, feeling that it would be easier there to die.

Gazing from her couch out upon the "steadfast skies," thinking on the past, and the to-come—the to-come of the dying! Yet the thoughts of death and judgment terrified her not.

But suddenly, in the night's stillness, in the coldness and the darkness, she arose; and steadfastly gazed, for an instant, upward—far upward—where a star shot from the zenith down, down to the very horizon. She fell back at the sight; her spirit sped away with that swift glory-flash. *Mary was dead!*

In that moment the student also stood beside his window. The fire in the grate had died away—the lamp was nearly exhausted. Wearied with his long-continued work, he had risen; and now, for an instant, stood looking upon the heavens. There was sadness and weariness in his heart. The little violet, and the traveller's return, had strangely affected him: for once he found not in his books the satisfaction which he sought—he felt that another life than that of a plodding book-worm might be led by him. His dreams, in the morning hour, were not pleasant, as he slept. They were solely of one whose love he had set at naught for the smiles of a sterner love—of one whom he now thought of as in the spring-time of his life, when she was all the world to him. And now that she was come again, and he should see her once more, ah! he would bow before her as he once had; and she—who was ever so gentle, so loving, so good—would not spurn him; she would forgive his forgetfulness—she would yet give to him that peace, that joy, which he had never quaffed at the fountains of learning!

Up rose the sun; and people saw how the black frost was over the earth, binding all thing in its hard, close, and cold embrace. Later in the morning, a little child, passing by the cottage, paused and peeped through the bars upon the violet-root. Yesternight, when she went home from school, she saw the flowers blooming there—the pale, blue, faint-hearted looking flowers—and now she remembered to look if they were there still. But though she looked long and steadfastly where the sunlight fell beneath the currant-bush, she could not see what she sought for; so, passing quietly through the gate, she stooped down where the violets had been, and felt the leaves, and knew that they were frozen; and it was only by an effort that she kept back the fast-gathering tears, when she looked on the one flower Mary had left, and saw how it had drooped and died.

But a sadder sight, and one more full of meaning, was presented in the pleasant chamber whose window opened on the yard where the blooming bushes grew. For there a woman bent over the bed where another frost-killed flower lay, bemoaning, in the bitterness of grief, the death of her one treasure.

Still later in the day, another mourner stood in that silent place, thinking of the meteor and the violet. It was the student; he who, in remorse and anguish, came bemoaning the frost-blighted. Too late, too late, he came to tell his love—too late to crave forgiveness—too late to soothe the broken-hearted!

And the snow and the storm abounded. Winter was come.

On her twenty-ninth birthday, Evelyn Clause bent over the body of her lifeless son—the eldest the most beautiful, the last surviving of her four bright boys; and the hearts of those who witnessed the strange composure of the bereaved mother, trembled and fluttered into quiet. The tears which gathered in their eyes fell not; voices which had faltered as they strove to utter consolation or sympathy, grew strong and calm suddenly; even the grief of the nurse, who had watched over Frederick from his infancy, was hushed, and became voiceless in the presence of the mother, who stood so calm and silent beside her lifeless child.

When Clarence, the baby, died, it was far otherwise with her. Never was infant mourned with such wild, such exceeding sorrow as he. Night and day, through his illness, and after his death, the young mother clung to him, until at last they were compelled by force to remove her from the corpse, when the funeral hour had arrived. It seemed then, as though her tears would never cease to fall; and the mourning in which her form was enrobed, was not comparable with that natural mourning which enveloped her lovely face. Though three children still remained to her, it was of him who was lost that she held most constant remembrance; it was of him—the affectionate little one, who

had never learned to express his love in words, who had never even once pronounced her name—that her stricken heart held continual thought; and she who had lived all of life—real life that had been given her to live—in her children, trembled now, and looked with constant fear on her future; in them she had fixed her hope, and all her love, and behold, one already was taken!

Evelyn Clause wedded in her youth "a merchant prince," who had already been twice married. They stood together at the altar, a strangely-matched pair. She a very child in experience and in beauty, and he worn in the world's service, his hair already tinged with grey.

There were some witnesses of this bridal who envied the new-made wife of Jesse Clause, for he was a man respected and looked up to in the world; yet he was one to whom, it would seem, the fancies or hearts of the youthful could not *naturally* incline. But he had money—and to the young creature who, in the morning of her life, joyously consented to wed him, this was his sole recommendation—the *only* reason why she, for a moment, thought of the offer. For Evelyn was the daughter of a poor family (of a large family moreover), and it had been sheer madness in her, and profound selfishness, also (so her generous heart assured her), to decline so precious an opportunity of aiding her beloved ones at home. With the sincere earnestness and heartiness of youth, Evelyn strove to reel for her great benefactor more than mere gratitude—more than respect—she tried to *love* him. Poor child! must she also learn that bitter lesson which they who bind poverty and wealth together must ever learn?

As Evelyn came to know her husband's nature as his departed companions had, a wild suspicion would anon torture her, that love, which she had vowed to him, was not that which she must strive for; to preserve the reverence which she had for him—that respect, that friendliness, that gratitude—she must struggle. Ah, reader, no task like this can be given to the bewildered young soul! It was then that Evelyn hushed, with an effort one must have made to fully appreciate, the indignant voice nature prompted her to raise against many a word he uttered—many a deed he wrought. She tried, and devoutly, with the charity that *thinketh* no evil, to forget the evidence he daily forced upon her of his ungenial and unworthy spirit; and had this been a possibility, she had certainly succeeded in an effort so continuously and so faithfully made.

It was only after years had passed that the truth, which slowly but surely gathered its force, burst full upon her; and then the wife knew that the doom of solitariness, in the midst of splendour, was upon her. Urged by the "strong necessity of loving," from that time she folded her young children to her heart with an idolatrous passion.

It was said by some, who inquisitively watched the fading of her face, and the sadness that revealed itself in her eyes and in her voice, that Evelyn Clause was but reaping, in bitter disappointment, the fruit which she well deserved, for wedding where her heart could not by possibility have chosen its home. But no word from her lips ever added to the testimony of her face; and it was not truth they spoke, who, looking on the apparent wreck of her happiness, told of the just reward of the covetous. If it had been a self-immolating sense of duty to her parents which led the young girl in her youth to wed with Jesse Clause, it was likewise a sense of justice, lofty, and holy, and stern, that prompted and constrained her to be to the husband all he should have been to her. The consciousness of his utter uncongeniality was with her constantly, yet she continued unweariedly faithful and devoted to him; still, how often, how very often, her heart fainted and failed within her, need I tell? Let the mortal who has looked for love, and found *only* wealth—who has received a stone when he craved for the bread of life—answer.

But the reader has seen that entire bankruptcy was not forced upon the wife. In the children given to her, the craving spirit of life found consolation; in their unfolding natures her resigned heart roused to action; the clouds, which were growing dark and threatening, assumed a sun-brightness once more.

Frederick, the first-born, was a lovely boy. In him, the soul of his mother seemed personified; and well might she look with joy on him who was the first in all the world to love her as she had prayed one human being might. She was *satisfied* when his eyes fixed upon her, when his voice called her, when he followed in her footsteps like an attendant angel. She asked for no more of earth's good things, when his merry laugh rang in her ear—when his smiling, happy face was before her. With the other children born unto these parents, there was a mother's love born—a twin with each, a protector to each. It sprang up with them into such exultant life, that none who looked upon Evelyn then could say, "She is unhappy!" She became more beautiful even than she had been in her girlhood; and the peace, the continual

harmony of her existence in those days proved that she was satisfied. In those young things her own vanished youth was beautifully revived: in the sunshine that enveloped them she revelled; and the "light joy" of perfect innocence and contentment which streamed around them, reflected itself in and through her.

How terrible, then, was the awakening from this security of happiness, to an unimagined, an unthought-of sorrow! The immutability of her idols had seemed a thing unquestioned; she had never dared to think they might be shattered—she had never thought it. And, therefore, when death came and stood before her, and clasped her infant in his arms, she was frantic in her grief.

In her bereavement, the wife was, indeed, most lovely. During the several months in which, one by one, the three younger boys successively sickened and died, it was in Frederick's presence—in his voice alone—that she found any comfort. Her husband's tears did, indeed, fall with hers over the lifeless children, and with a heavy heart he followed them to their burial-place; but it seemed the loss of *heirs* that he most mourned. The children had never been to him what they had been to her. It was in the passionate extravagant grief of the last surviving son, that she could best sympathize; and, with him clasped in her hand, when the third of her dead sons was laid in the grave, Evelyn felt that there was yet left on earth a comfort, and an exceeding joy. How infinitely precious he became, whose has bound up all his hopes in this life, and all his deep affection, in one human being, will fully comprehend. He was her future. The rainbow of promise circled his glorious forehead, the sunlight of beauty was on his hair, and in his eyes, and in his graceful figure. When he was merry, she was a very child in her gladness.

As year by year passed on, and still the child was spared, the trembling foreboding with which Evelyn had on each succeeding morrow clasped him to her breast, passed; and a sweet conviction that He who is most merciful and just in all His ways, would grant long life to her darling, began to fill her mind. Then she built up high hopes for his manhood—she saw him pressing on in the loftiest paths of being—and how earnest was she in her endeavours to educate his heart! And a bright reward was given the mother for this labour of love, in the honest and noble spirit of the boy, in his virtues, in his filial reverence and devotedness to both parents. Looking into his clear eyes, she read a joyful truth in them respecting the lofty character of her child.

"That he should die!" No warning of a calamity so awful was given in the healthful look, the ringing voice, and the winged footsteps of the boy; and indeed it was without any warning that Frederick was called away. There were but a few brief moments of solitary struggle in the night-time that passed between the sleep of life and the breathless slumber of the dead. And she was not there to hear his struggling and his cry—to hear him, when the convulsion and the agony were over, murmur her name with his dying breath!

When the sunlight of morning streamed in at the window of his room, which was close adjoining hers, Evelyn stood by his bed-side, as she was wont, to welcome him back to day and to her heart. But his greeting was for her ear no more—his smile was no longer to rival that sunshine which flooded the little chamber. Long, long-continued was the vain effort to bring him back again; and frantic was the voice that rang through the solemnly-silent room, whose walls alone echoed his dear name; and all the while upon his young face was an expression extremely tranquil and soft, which, while it bitterly mocked her despair, seemed to rebuke her sorrow.

When Frederick was arrayed for the grave, there was a calmness, a strange composure in the face, the voice, and the manner of the mother. Yes; for in her, also, there had been a sickness unto death—she had wept the last tears, had passed the last agony. All, indeed, of life was over to her, and whatsoever of misfortune or suffering might yet befall her, would be without name, without reality to her. Of old, a bright, bewildering light had danced in her large eyes—gloriously brilliant when her heart was glad, mournfully sweet in the days of sorrow: that light was now entirely vanished, and it was chilling to the heart when she fixed her gaze on the things of earth which were now but chaos, or as void to her. Once in her youth, and after her marriage, indeed, her voice vibrated, like a rich-stringed instrument, with every emotion—but a cold, metallic ring was now in the calm cadence of her words.

Jesse Clause knew there was a change in his wife, but he could not understand it. When, after two years of mourning, she laid aside the dreary garments, and went with him into the world to become like the mass with whom they mingled—only more brilliant, more courteous, more enchanting, than the sirens there found—he was vastly proud of her; prouder than he had been when he wedded the timid, lovely girl. Freely he laid before her the wealth that made their dwelling-place to rival all others in splendour—and

their magnificence became their fame. The life which Evelyn Clause now led was the same as is vouchsafed to many—and is lived in completeness by them; only her career as a fashionable woman was not marked or marred by littleness in any shape; she had no faults that any could discover; she was generous and just, not only to the beggar at her gate, to the people in her employ, but also to her daily companions, and to her husband. Her tongue spoke no evil or malice; her counsel was never denied, when it was sought. There was a multitude who admired—a multitude who envied her; but, alas! she was, of all about her, most miserable: not because sick at heart—her heart was dead!

The life that she lived—what was it to her? It was all that she imagined she could live, as the wife of Jesse Clause. And when Evelyn saw that in this career she had reached the standard that was perfection in her husband's eyes, she abated not one jot; she suffered him to find his pride in her, because for herself she knew there was nothing—nothing but an automaton existence, which, by reason of its nature, cannot find in the world anything to claim, or interest, or rejoice in. To many there was something too cold in the supreme indifference—the always perfect calmness of the lady; but the most about her saw only the perfection of style in her manner and her reinment; and they laboured hard to imitate that which, alas! in Evelyn, was but the natural expression of one whose heart is dead—over whom the burial-service, most solemn, has been read—for whom there is in this world no possible resurrection!

So long as her husband lived, this was the wife's mode of life; but the old man died at last, and left his fortune, without a single reservation, to Evelyn. Then there was an instant change in her, that might have betokened much to the wondering world. Among her husband's relatives and her own—in charities wide and almost numberless—that immense property was dispersed; and, penniless, the widow went from the world where she had suffered uncounted agonies, where she had shone a brilliant star, to the silence and obscurity of a convent.

Oh, reader, could I unseal to thee those years of convent-life that dawned and passed over the head of Evelyn; could I tell thee of the prayers that day by day went up from the heart of the holy sisterhood for her through all those many years, a new fountain of tears would open in thy heart, that could never be sealed again; bearing her in mind, how humbly, henceforth, nay, how thankfully wouldst thou receive at thy Father's hand the cup of grief, knowing these light afflictions—bitter though they seem—are but for a moment!

It was a dreary life that Evelyn led—I had almost said it was a hopeless death she died—but that I may not say, that will I not believe; for they who entered her cell late one Sabbath morning, found her on her knees, and she was dead! and so her last breath may have been a prayer.

Of the persons who passed through the English prisons in the twelvemonth ending at Michaelmas last, the returns show that no less than 4,053 had been in prison above ten times before; four years ago the number was only 3,006. These persons are neither reformed nor deterred.

CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.—The Commission appointed to examine into the employment of children report, among other matters, that the practice of using boys to sweep chimneys still continues. Some two thousand boys are so used, though the practice is forbidden by law, and illegitimate children are constantly sold by their mothers to master-sweepers. The cruelties used are still horrible, every boy's elbows, knees, and thighs being, for example, rubbed with brine when the skin is worn off, and the little wretches beaten with ash rods to make them bear the infliction. The master-sweepers all declare that this severity is unavoidable, and aver that householders do not like the machines. The commissioners, therefore, propose that sweeps should be prohibited from having boys in their employ, under any pretence whatever, as the only mode of stopping the practice.

THE melancholy death by fire of Miss Goff, of Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, led to a coroner's inquest, and the verdict was, "That the deceased was burnt to death through the accidental spilling on her light muslin dress of ignited brandy, and that the said death arose through misfortune." The coroner said it was much to be regretted that the process for rendering the materials of ladies' dresses unflammable was not generally understood and used by the public. Either of three substances—phosphate of ammonia, tungstate of soda, and sulphate of ammonia—could be mixed in the starch, and at the cost of one penny a dress, deaths from fire would be rendered in point of fact impossible. Articles of apparel subjected to the action of these agents would, if they burnt at all, only smoulder, and in no case could they blaze up in the sudden and terrible manner described in the present instance.

THE LONDON READER.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 8, 1863.

INDEPENDENCE OF CONFEDERATE AMERICA.

Let there be no exultation in the camps of Northern sympathizers over the horrid news of evenly-balanced slaughter at Gettysburg. Those twelve hours of wavering carnage followed by the retirement of the Confederate army, do not indicate in the least that the Confederate cause runs any risk of being abandoned. Exactly the same thing took place last year, only that the Southerners have this year struck blows more severe, and taken reprisals more tremendous than they ever did before. And so far from the convulsive triumph of General Meade being an argument against the long-called-for recognition by England of the South, it merely proves that unless recognition takes place, and that speedily, this unholy, unnatural, and brutal war may become interminable. The shuttlecock of carnage has been thrown backwards and forwards often enough in those encrimsoned valleys, and the fact of an indecisive engagement having turned out temporarily favourable to the North, merely implies that the horrors of the conflict are to become worse, more hopeless, and more offensive to civilization than ever.

The North has not advanced an inch. It has simply for the time repelled an attack. But what are we to say of those who, in this country, rejoice over the momentarily rampant attitude of the New York faction-mongers, who pretend to hate slavery, while, far more bitterly and brutally than in the South, they insult and outrage the negro? After two years of slaughter, during which at least two hundred thousand human beings have been sacrificed and left to sleep upon gory beds in three States alone of the shattered commonwealth, the position of affairs is unchanged, notwithstanding all that is chimed into our ears by the intoxicated braggarts of Washington. They tell us that this battle of Gettysburg, which lasted three days, and was by no means conclusive, when it came to an unexpected and unexplained end, will assist in terminating the struggle.

We believe on the other hand that it will prolong it. And for this reason: that the South, although not so powerful in its armaments as to carry on an invading war, and although weakened upon one isolated point of its immense frontier, has never yet given the least sign of exhaustion, while the North in its every effort at penetrating the enemy's country and piercing his fortified lines, has either suffered appalling losses for the sake of a small advantage, or has encountered an almost annihilating failure. The Northerners boast that they can afford to have three men killed for every one man who is killed in the South. Well, is this a state of things which civilized Europe ought to stand by and calmly witness? Is this cold-blooded reckoning up of future carnage to be tolerated while there exists a humane and Christian people upon the surface of the globe?

Our own operatives, by hundreds of thousands are in a condition approaching famine, and their agonies plead to us while we plead in the interest of human nature wherever it has raised itself above the degenerated barbarity of the darkest regions; when we implore our countrymen and our Government at once to acknowledge the Southern States, and thus put an end to a conflict, between men of the same race, blood, and religion—a conflict which is the disgrace, scandal, and horror of the world.

We sympathise deeply with the feeling which amounts, in England, to a universal detestation of slavery. That one race of men, subjecting another to abominable bondage, should buy and sell their fellow-beings in the market, should torture them with the lash, separate wives from husbands and parents from children, should degrade young girls in their whipping-houses, and employ men to scourge their own afflicted brides, is truly most repulsive to mind, imagination, and conscience. But several things are to be noted. Firstly, we cannot, as a Christian nation, forget that slavery, in the North American Republic, was inherited from us. We laid the foundation-stone of the structure which philanthropy is now—and a blessing upon the work!—endeavouring to destroy.

The last slave in the British Empire was not emancipated until 1849, and that was in the British possession of Singapore, a startling fact, perhaps, to many of our readers.

Then the accounts of cruelty and wickedness at the plantations have been unquestionably overcoloured. But we desire to take no advantage of this circumstance, the truth of which has been attested over and

over again by every respectable authority. The mere fact of slavery, stripped of all its adventitious misery, is loathsome enough. We will not write a syllable in excuse or palliation of it. However, let the original guilt lie where it may, the North never affected to be shocked by it until it became a political byword, and a tyrannical war-cry. Where was the negro solitary in the world, more despised, more scouted from society, more trampled upon than at New York. To declare that the contest now raging is a crusade upon his behalf is to perpetrate a monstrous hypocrisy.

The war never was, and never will be, directed for his benefit. He is merely the scape-goat of the black Acedama upon which myriads perish. From his Cave of Adullam he may listen to the innumerable falsehoods repeated in his name, and detest the miserable flattery which seems to make of him an instrument in the struggle for a despotic, shameless, and murderous supremacy. The extirpation of slavery is not less far from the thoughts of President Lincoln and his advisers, than from those of President Jefferson Davis, the head of that gallant and brilliant Confederacy which, during two years, has repelled every assault upon its borders: has sent forth its devoted youth to die in the field in defence of their country: has twice, with terrible energy, invaded the territory of the foe, and is now, after a partial discomfiture, rising superior to despair, and rallying for fresh encounters.

It was only in a desperate moment that the Northerners began to whisper the word emancipation. It is their pretence, their fraud, their juggle. For a long time they affirmed that they would not be hostile to slavery, that they would consecrate it with their support, that they respected it as an established institution, and that the Southerners need fear nothing from an abolitionist policy on the other side of the Potomac. When, however, from far-scattered battle-fields, the ruined legions of the North came hurrying in a panic, pale, confused, and trembling, leaving their dead comrades, and their own weapons behind them, a voice was heard in Washington, which said, "We must attract the sympathies of the world by promising to emancipate the slaves!" This was done, and a declaration went forth, that the Federal Government, in the event of a general victory, would set the bondsmen free; but more than that was done. Those bondsmen were inspired, or rather encouraged, to turn against their masters, which, in a vast majority of instances, they have refused to do. They were urged to make a blazing wreck of every planter's home, to retaliate upon young girls and children the wrongs of their ancestors, and to convert a civil war undertaken for a political purpose, into a war of demons, black and white, with no other object than vengeance, ravage, and desolation.

But we will boldly say that we prefer the interests of our own countrymen—our own unhappy, suffering, and yet patient fellow-creatures, who are bearing the burden of desperate conflict in Lancashire—even to those of the negroes upon the South American plantations. They have a doubtful autumn and a dangerous winter before them. The great funds of public relief are rapidly ebbing away. There appears little prospect of accumulating another national donation so gigantic as the last, and yet such another donation may, for aught that we can promise ourselves, be peremptorily required. The parliamentary grant of money, is totally insufficient to alleviate the wide-spread distress in the manufacturing counties; and, as a climax, the Cabinet and other authorities appear virtually to have set their faces against emigration. Now, under these circumstances, there is nothing left but to re-open our cotton and export trade with America, which we can never do until the South is recognized, and let us remind all friends of peace and good-will among men, all who hate the savage passions of a fratricidal contest, and all who deplore to see the earth, which God made for homes and harvests, deluged deep in human blood, the war will not be terminated until this measure of mercy and justice is resolved upon.

The public in this country will be very grievously deceived if it is guided by those flippant and glib oracles of scientific societies, chambers of commerce and bubble companies, who assure us that we need depend no more upon America for the staple of our national industry, that India, Queensland, and other regions can afford us all we require, and that it is a very fortunate thing to have broken up the American monopoly. In the first place India is a country in which the cotton-producing districts are so remotely situated from the main highways, and easy means of access to the sea, which is the bridge and gangway of the world, that years must elapse and enormous financial and engineering difficulties have been surmounted before we can anticipate any adequate provision for our factory population from that quarter.

As to the other undeveloped soils upon which speculators, colonists and travellers are so fond of expatiating, we must construct a new civilization upon that basis before we can expect it to rear a cotton supply. No; we must not expect the little finger to give us what hitherto has been given us by the right hand.

Up to within the last two years we have enjoyed a constant and regular replenishment of our warehouses from the Southern States of Republican America, by which, directly or indirectly, millions of our fellow-countrymen have been supplied with employment, and the means of their daily life. These resources we have derived from ancient, rich and highly-cultivated soils, under a peculiar and, we might say, almost perfect, system of tillage, such as we cannot expect to spring up at a few years' notice in any part of the globe, whether it be the plains of Beauce, the flats of Holland, the fruitful levels of Lombardy, or the exhaustless champagne of China. We must not expect it, we repeat; and if we do expect it we shall be most grossly and mischievously deluded.

Next the question recurs upon what grounds does Europe hesitate to recognize the Southern States of America? They have done more, have fought longer, have exhibited more heroism and self-sacrifice to the world, have sustained their virtual independence, and have organized a more practically complete government, with regular and disciplined armies and squadrons at its command, than ever Greece or Belgium did before either of those revolted communities was acknowledged by the leading potentates of the Old World as a separate constitutional kingdom. If, indeed, England neglects this greatest necessity of her present political existence, France or Russia—the former in all likelihood—will indubitably take the lead, and we shall thus have lost our ascendancy on the western side of the Atlantic. We have valuable colonies there, and recognition would be the surest safeguard for them. But above and beyond those considerations of statesmanship, we behold a mighty nation in its utmost agony, writhing, bleeding, and grappling in a criminal struggle, on the one side for conquest, and on the other for liberty; and if we are a generous, high-spirited nation we ought to raise our voice, when that voice, if heard, can abate or even forbid the brutal conflict.

THE PAYS says:—"Despatches received from Vienna state that great irritation has been produced there by the reply of Prince Gortschakoff."

A PRIVATE Russian despatch says that the Emperor orders out 300,000 men, whilst extensive war preparations are on foot.

THE Russian reply to the French note is extremely long, consisting of twelve manuscript pages, while the reply to the note of Austria only contains five.

THE Porte has prohibited any foreign company from undertaking the postal service upon the seaboard of the Turkish Empire. The Ottoman Government intends to carry out such service itself.

La France states that the reply of Russia is not acceptable, but it hardly sees any considerable differences separating the Cabinet of St. Petersburg from the three Powers.

THE quietude and retirement which the Emperor anticipated at Vichy is suddenly broken up by the arrival of the Russian answer, which places France in a new position demanding important decisions.

THE subscriptions to the Bishop of London's fund, set on foot for the purpose of extending the parochial system throughout the diocese of London, has reached nearly £70,000.

THE Royal Agricultural flower-show was opened at the "Arboretum," a pleasure ground of Worcester, containing over 11 acres, on Wednesday the 22nd, July. It was under the auspices of Lord Lyttelton.

THE grape blight has made its appearance again in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, and in several parts of Upper Italy. The heat of the summer seems to favour its development.

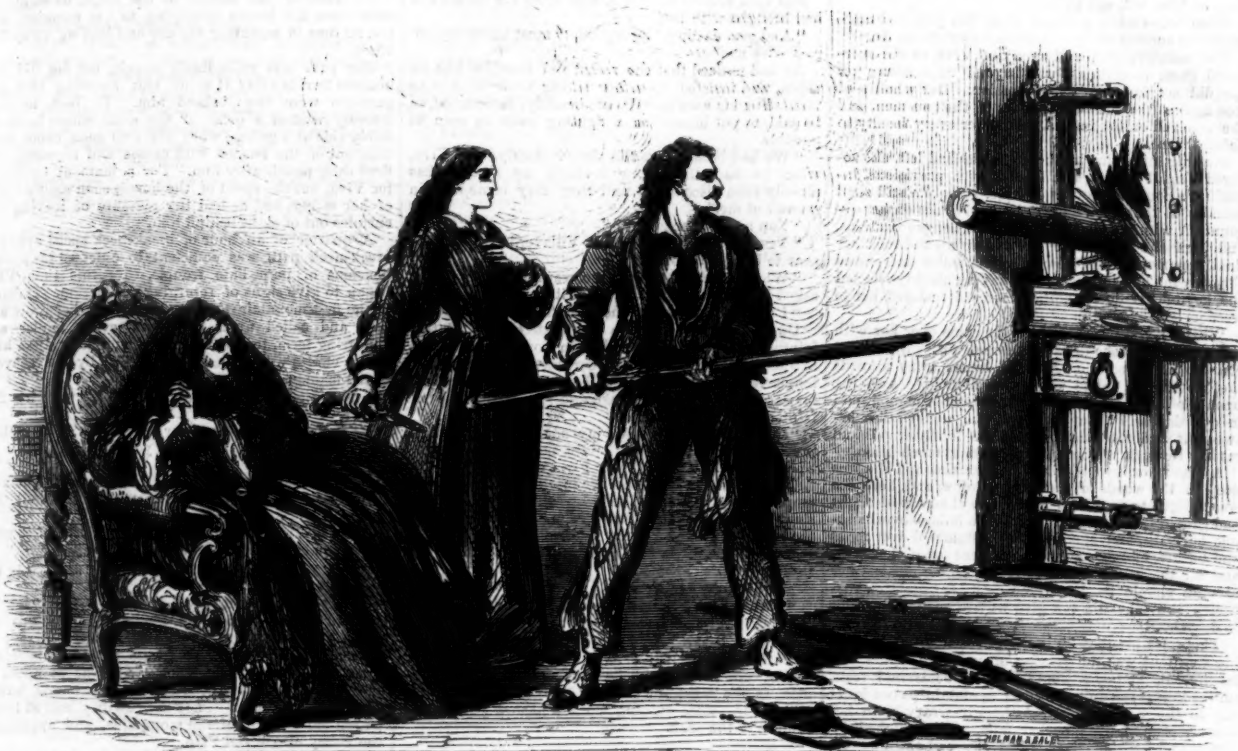
THE Italian Government have consented to restore, at the demand of France, the five brigands who were seized on board a French postal steamer in the port of Genoa.

HIS Majesty the King of the Belgians was present on the 21st July at a solemn performance of the *Te Deum* in the Church of St. Gudule to celebrate the anniversary of his accession to the throne.

THE Austrian Government has just achieved an important stroke of policy. It has succeeded in winning over Transylvania to the scheme of centralisation, thus striking a blow at Hungarian independence.

THE Russian Government, being in want of money, and unable to obtain payment of taxes, has sent troops into the houses of some of the more wealthy inhabitants of Warsaw, under pretence of searching for revolutionary papers, but really to seize any money they can find. One gentleman was thus robbed of 6,000 zlotys (£150).

NOTICES have been issued by order of the Markets Improvement Committee of the Corporation of the City of London, that Messrs. Pullen, Horne, and Co. have been directed to sell by auction a quantity of house property which is to be removed to clear the site for the new meat and poultry market, Smithfield, this being the first sale for that purpose.



THE SILVER DIGGER.

CHAPTER XVIII

VIVA.

VIVA was seated in her room at Villaverde's castle, absorbed in a reverie of a stern nature. She had reached a mood which demanded liberty or death.

"I can at least make the effort," she thought. "I am dying here by inches, and Conrad—"

She could not express her thoughts and emotions respecting Mion. She felt that he had come back to his native place, and that he would protect her from all harm, if she could only make her escape to him. At the same time, the poor girl was troubled more on his account than her own. She had not failed to remember that the same persons wronging her would be even more eager to injure him.

"Where is he at this moment?" she asked herself. "Perhaps they have put in practice the basest of schemes to separate us! When shall we meet? How can I escape these persecutions—these sorrows?"

She sprang to her feet.

Her thoughts were in a whirl of excitement.

She felt that she must save herself, or come to a miserable end, as the well-known reputation of Señor Villaverde for goodness and honesty would effectually prevent any person in the world from the thought of seeking her there.

She trembled at the fears, which would return to her heart, that her lover had fallen into the merciless hands of her own tormentors.

She again reviewed all the chances and possibilities of escape.

From the first moment of her captivity she had cherished a project of escape. She had made no complaints to either Villaverde or his housekeeper. She had not permitted them to even suspect that she was planning day and night the attainment of her freedom. Her manner before them had been quiet—yet not so much so as to make her conduct appear unnatural. As a consequence, both had arrived at the conclusion that, while her thoughts were often unpleasant, she would eventually forget Mion and accede to the commands of her father and the prayers of her suitor.

How little they knew her!

All the while she had been gathering and treasuring every fact which could bear upon the great question before her—that of her escape.

She had ordered Paquita to bring her sleeping-powders on several occasions, and these had all been

carefully preserved. As she now looked over the collection, she murmured:

"Oh, if I could only give them to Paquita, all at once? Can I?"

She had been in the habit of compelling the old housekeeper to taste all her food and wine, that she might avoid poison, and this fact was now full of suggestions. She determined to give the powders to Paquita in a glass of wine.

This resolution had barely been reached when the old housekeeper made her appearance bringing the girl's supper. A quick glance told Viva that the keys entrusted to Paquita's care were hanging from the belt at her waist as usual. The captive's eyes and thoughts had been riveted upon them so much recently that she found it difficult to restrain her eager scrutiny.

"Have you brought me the toast and guava jelly I desired?" she asked, smilingly, as if she had no thought in the world beyond her supper. "How nice those broiled birds look!"

These remarks were in keeping with many little ruses Viva had adopted to conceal her real emotions and purposes from the old woman, and the latter was delighted. She hailed this interest in her cookery as an evidence that the captive was becoming reconciled to her lot, and that she would soon cease to oppose her father's wishes.

"Ah! I see," added Viva, without waiting for a reply. "How good you are! How nicely you provide for me!"

The old woman expressed her delight at these approving words, and proceeded to set the little table from which Viva had been accustomed to take her meals. While she was thus engaged, the captive put her narcotic powders into a tumbler, and poured a liberal quantity of wine upon them from a freshly-opened bottle.

"This wine seems to be unusually good," she remarked, with all the carelessness she could assume. "You must try it with me as usual."

Paquita was only too happy to comply with this suggestion. Her natural liking for wine had been much strengthened by the experiences of the last few days, and she emptied the glass at a single draught.

"And now for supper," said Viva, controlling her joyous excitement. "Don't stand upon ceremony too much, good Paquita. We are all equal here, and if you want anything I have to eat, do not hesitate to take it!"

She rattled on in a light and pleasant way that threw the old woman quite off her guard.

"Oh, don't mention it, my sweet mistress—as you soon will be!" she responded. "Your kindness overcomes me. You are an angel!"

She continued to babble in her enthusiasm, and Viva contrived to keep her unconscious of a singular sense of sleepiness until its blinding influence was strong upon her.

"Dear me," she at length ejaculated. "How queer I feel. Does the wine affect you?"

"No. Do you care if I take a nap?"

"Oh, no!"

Viva was soon reclining on a sofa and stealthily watching the old woman, with an anxiety she could not possibly have concealed from her attendant if her eyes had not been blinded by the drug she had taken. The girl continued to talk in a rambling and careless way, and Paquita's responses grew more and more mumbling and incoherent.

At last she slept.

"Do you want another glass of wine?" asked Viva, in a breathless state of excitement.

There was no response.

The girl arose to her feet and advanced noiselessly to Paquita's side. The keys hung in full sight, and in a position from which it was easy to detach them with a pair of scissors.

"Heaven aid me now!" was her unuttered prayer as she secured the keys.

She saw that the old woman lay in a stupor of unconsciousness, and realized that her way to liberty was clear.

With rapid and noiseless movements, she opened the door of the room and hurried down the stairs. The door leading from the hall into the front drawing-room was slightly ajar, and the voices of her father and Villaverde came to her ears amid the clatter of dishes.

They were at dinner.

"All goes well," she heard her father saying, as he tried the key she supposed to belong to the outside door.

"In regard to that Mion—"

The mention of her lover's name attracted Viva's attention, and she distinctly heard the words that followed.

"He will never give us any trouble. As good luck would have it, I have put him where the dogs won't bite him."

The silver-digger chuckled, as if he had said a funny thing, and instantly continued:

"In fact, he thrust himself upon me at the mine last evening, and I accordingly took him in hand, bound him hand and foot, and took him up to the Aztec stone, where I left him to perish!"

"Indeed! How fortunate!" exclaimed Villaverde.

"I'll ride up that way in the morning, and see if the sun has broiled him! You have no fear of his escape?"

"None, whatever. No one ever goes there. Still,

we can ride up to-morrow, if you choose, to make sure of him. A bullet through the head, if you have any fears of him, will not be amiss."

Then followed a colloquy about the proposed marriage, the success of Torre's mining operations, &c.

The consternation and agony of Viva, as she overheard these revelations, was beyond expression; yet she did not lose her self-possession. Her whole soul rose against the fiendish schemes of the two men, and she resolved on the instant to use her every faculty to defeat them.

Stealing up-stairs to the room she had left, she secured a small basket and filled it with provisions, including a couple of bottles of wine. Paquita still slept soundly, so that Viva had but few anxieties on her account. A minute's time sufficed for all her preparations, and then she locked the old woman up and took her final departure. She descended the stairs and passed through the hall in safety, and, having already selected the key of the door, another moment restored her to freedom!

What wild strength and vigour came over her with the first breath she drew of the open air! With what courage and resolution did she bound away towards the mountains! The night was already descending upon the scene; but she knew the way to the mountain in question, and thought not of the weary miles between it and the castle, nor of the lonely woods and ravines through which she must pass to reach Mion.

An hour or two of continual exertion and she was deep in the woods of the Little Coffre, and here she was obliged to pause for rest. The shadows of night had grown intense under the dense foliage overhanging her path, and she frequently stumbled over rocks and bushes, and more than once went out of her way, and all the while was full of apprehensions lest her absence should be discovered and her intention suspected; but she did not give way to her weariness or to despair.

The reflection that his life might be dependent upon her exertions was the greatest of encouragements and inspiration, and she went on, with occasional rests, until she was far up among the mountain-passes leading to the Azule peak. Although weary with her labour, bruised by repeated falls, and scratched by thorns and limbs of trees which she had encountered, she became more and more oblivious of herself every moment, and at length could think of nothing but her lover and his presumed sufferings and perils.

On—on!

At last, in the silence of midnight, with the waning moon half-hidden in the sky, Viva reached the pinnacle where her lover's tortures and destruction were in progress.

She paused an instant, panting for breath, and quivering with her emotions.

Was he still living? Was he there?

As her glances went through the gloom to the dark outlines of the sacrificial stone, she detected other outlines—those she sought!

He lay there, as helpless as ever, despite the struggles which had marked the day. The sun had burned him; hunger had gnawed him; thirst had maddened him. His bonds had cut into his limbs till they were swollen and lacerated; he had struggled till deathly faintness came over him; he had thought till anguish for his loved ones had nearly driven him mad.

The horrible silence was broken.

"I am coming, darling—your own Viva," she cried, to prepare him for seeing her. "Do not despair!"

"Oh God!" was all the response he could utter.

The rustling of her dress, hurried footsteps, her panting breath—and she was with him!

She came at an instant when his body seemed on the confines of death, and his mind trembling feverishly upon the verge of madness.

It was her voice that was calling him back to life; her arms that embraced him; her lips that rained kisses upon his face; and her fingers that tore themselves in frantic eagerness to loosen his bonds—his own, his glorious Viva!

"Oh, darling, are you living? Do you know me? Can you drink some wine?" cried the panting girl, as she produced a bottle from her stores. "Can you speak?"

"Yes, yes."

He did speak—and eloquently! If his words were incoherent, they had love, gratitude, admiration—a host of burning interpreters.

"All is as well as the circumstances could permit," he said, after the first wild greetings were over. "If you'll be guided by me, I'll show you how to release me."

"Oh, hasten, hasten!"

He had studied this subject long enough to be expeditious. He directed the efforts of the brave girl, and was soon free. His first step was to return the caresses she had lavished upon him. He called her by hosts of loving names, and blessed her over and over again for her heroism and devotion. A gentle hand over his mouth stopped him.

"You must say no more now," she said. "The next

thing is to eat some of the good things I have brought you."

She took several articles of food from the basket she had brought with her.

"And you, darling," he replied, "must share my repast with me."

He had noticed that she reeled and trembled like an aspen, and insisted upon her taking some wine with him. For his own part, he ate heartily, determined, as he said, to put himself on a fighting basis as soon as possible.

"We had better leave this place instantly," said Viva, when he had finished. "Perhaps my absence has already been discovered, and they may come here in pursuit of me."

"You mean your father?"

"Yes, my father and Senor Villaverde. They appear to be equally our foes."

"What! Is that miserable coward troubling you?" asked Mion. "Tell me all about it."

"I will, as we descend the mountains."

Up to this moment Viva had mastered the deathly faintness which came over her, in consequence of her extraordinary exertions, but her brave spirit could not longer resist the weakness of her body. Her head fell forward against Mion's breast, and he saw that she had fainted.

"Oh, darling! my life! my soul!" he exclaimed, pressing her to his heart. "Do not give way now! Speak to me! Tell me what I can do!"

There was no reply, but her insensible form pressed more heavily against Mion's breast. At the same instant a startling sound arose on the still midnight air—the sound of a human voice.

"We'll soon settle the question," he heard the voice saying. "We're there!"

The speaker was Torre.

"Heavens! they're pursuing us," thought our hero, as he started to his feet, clasping the girl to his breast. "What can I do?"

The action was almost as quick as the thought, he falling back into the bushes at the brow of the precipice, at the same instant that two men—Torre and Villaverde—came rushing up the narrow path to the summit of the peak.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOVERS.

THE pursuers were fairly foaming with their excitement. They had discovered the absence of Viva and readily suspected the course she had taken. Springing upon a couple of horses, they had ridden to the peak as rapidly as possible. Their haste had caused them to leave their steeds at the foot of the last ledge, and to speed up the narrow and difficult path leading to the summit on foot. The cry with which they both paused at the sacrificial stone, gazing upon it, was like the roar of wild beasts.

"Well, what's the next move?" asked Torre, after a pause. "The girl's been here and gone, and Mion's gone with her."

"The next thing is to find them," responded Villaverde, with savage emphasis. "It's clear that she overheard our confidences at the supper-table, or she would have had no knowledge of his whereabouts!"

"That's the explanation of the whole matter. She overheard us and has come up here aloft," said the silver-digger. "They can't have been gone long," he added. "We must have passed them somewhere on the way—and perhaps not more than a mile or two from this place."

"And perhaps they may be within hearing distance of us at this moment," remarked Villaverde. "Suppose we beat up the bush!"

It was an exciting and terrible moment to Mion, as he saw the two men commence a search of the vicinity. Viva lay unconscious and entirely helpless in his arms, and he had no weapons with which to defend himself—not even a staff—the silver-digger having taken his pistol from him at the time of his capture. He reflected that a single moan from Viva would call his enemies to the place of his concealment, and the reflection lost none of its force by the movements of Villaverde, who was at the instant peering into a clump of bushes within a rod of him.

"If we ever get hands on him again," said Villaverde, "we'll not fail to make sure work with him."

"And the girl, too, for that matter," responded Torre. "I'd rather see her dead than to have her out of our sight under present circumstances. Come on! While you're wasting time here, they are undoubtedly flying down the mountain towards Mion's house. We'd better be off."

Our hero had not waited to hear all of their conversation. Not knowing how soon Viva might betray her whereabouts, he had crept noiselessly along the edge of the precipice, and descended into a little dell at one side of the peak, quite a distance below the two men. While they were discussing the best course to pursue, and causing the failure of their schemes, he

took a roundabout course to the path by which he and they had come.

On reaching the bottom of the ledge, he suddenly came upon the horses belonging to his enemies, and lost no time in mounting the one and leading away the other.

The path was exceedingly rough, but he did not hesitate to ride away at a full trot, knowing that the pursuers were close behind him. In fact, he had scarcely reached a point of the route where he could safely ride at a gallop, when the two men came running out of the bushes, with curses and menaces, and fired their pistols after him. For a moment he feared for Viva, but the speed of the horses soon assured him of her safety, and he had the pleasure of leaving his enemies out of sight behind him.

A quarter of an hour of break-neck speed over the break-neck path was sufficient to quiet all his apprehensions of immediate trouble. By this time Viva began to give signs of returning animation. Halting at the first mountain-torrent, he bathed her brow and face, and called upon her, with every tender and endearing term, to open her eyes and look upon him. These efforts were at length rewarded by the recovery of the maiden.

"Oh, where are we, dear Conrad?" were her first words.

"Safe, darling, and on our way home!" he replied.

"We have two good horses, as you see."

"Horses?"

He hastened to explain their escape, and the manner in which the horses had come into his possession. The girl was delighted.

"I am strong enough now," she said. "Let us go on. You can ride one horse and I the other."

"Are you sure that you are strong enough to ride alone? Can you manage the beast?"

"Oh yes, I am quite myself again."

The relief of our hero at hearing these words was great. He had comprehended the extraordinary fatigues Viva had undergone in coming to his rescue. Gently helping her into her saddle, he mounted the other horse, and took her bridle in his hands, leading the way homewards. They rode swiftly, and at length passed out of sight of the mountains, and approached the valley of the Del Plan.

As Viva continued to grow stronger and to converse with animation, our hero related all that had occurred to him since his return home. When he concluded, Viva related all that had befallen her, including her abduction by Senor Villaverde.

The result of all these revelations was puzzling.

In the first place, Mion perceived that there was some close connection between Villaverde and Maldonado. He concluded that the latter had said to him what he did about Viva for the purpose of screening the former.

"You have never seen Maldonado, darling?" he asked.

"No, dear Conrad."

"Then I am convinced that he was acting in the interest of Villaverde. The same thing is shown by the way in which he led me into that trap at the cabin. The whole truth is, Villaverde is a cowardly and hypocritical knave, who hires the robbers to execute the villainy he dare not undertake himself. As you told your father that I was coming home, he warned Villaverde, and the latter engaged the robber-chief to stop me in the mountains."

As the lovers drew near the residence of Senora Mion, our hero said:

"You can see, darling, that we are not yet out of peril. If your father is so completely subservient to the wishes of Villaverde, it will not do for you to go home at present. I think you had better remain with mother a few days or weeks—at least until I can clear out this nest of robbers."

They were soon at the cottage of the widow Mion. They found the house all dark and silent, but Mion's vigorous knocks quickly aroused his mother, who made her appearance, and admitted them with many exclamations of joy and surprise. After the events of the night had been related to her, Mion told her that he was going to Jalapa, to get a force with which to exterminate the robbers.

"I never will rest until the injuries I have suffered," he declared, after he had explained his position, "until I have punished those wretches as they deserve. Viva has promised to be my wife, mother, very soon, but we are not going to creep away to parts unknown and unite our fates in a secret marriage. No, I will never be driven from my birthplace, nor tamely allow such men as Villaverde to wrong or persecute Viva!"

"Right, my son," replied Senora Mion, catching Conrad's spirit. "The old house is strong, and I will take good care of Viva in your absence. I doubt not but that you can obtain troops to punish the robbers, and find authority for dealing with Villaverde as he deserves. How terribly we have all been deceived by that man!"

In the meantime Torre and Villaverde had hurried homewards at a rate of speed nearly equal to that of the

horses ridden by the lovers. They at length neared the vicinity of the cabin where our hero had been seized by the three robbers who pretended to be brothers and farmers.

It was here that Villaverde halted.

"I tell you what it is, Senor Torre," he remarked, in a calculating voice. "We can yet settle this business in our own way, if you will listen to me."

"Very good—glad to hear it: say on!"

"As you may be aware—or may not—I have a few good friends in this neighbourhood whom I can engage to aid us. It's clear that Mion will take the girl to his mother's house or elsewhere, instead of your house, and I leave it to you to press on and learn just what their course is. While you are thus engaged, I will collect a few trusty friends and come to your house. The instant you obtain any information to act upon, you can report to me, and we will make a short job of the girl's recapture and of that fellow's destruction."

"Well, just as you say," responded Torre. "We must act promptly."

"Promptly! Our necks are already in peril. Mion will report to everybody that you have attempted his life, and your mine will be seized and worked by somebody else, and—"

"No more!" interrupted Torre, nervously. "Do not say another word on that head. We must not—we will not fail."

"Good," was Villaverde's response. "Just step to the shed here and let me help you to a horse. The sooner you are in your own neighbourhood the better."

He produced a couple of horses from the shed he had indicated, with as much freedom of manner as if he had owned them, and Torre mounted. Wringing the hand of his partner in iniquity, and uttering a few final words, the silver-digger set out for home.

He found the two horses the lovers had ridden turned loose between his own residence and Villaverde's, and took them home with him. Finding that the girl had not been home, he hastened to Mion's, and was soon listening under one of the little windows of the room in which our hero and his mother were taking counsel with Viva.

He remained in this position long enough to assure himself that the lovers were there, and then he hurried away to meet Villaverde. The latter soon made his appearance as promised, with five villainous-looking men at his back.

"I've tracked the animal to his lair," whispered Torre, not knowing how much the strangers were in Villaverde's confidence, "and we can easily secure him."

"Enough! lead the way to him!"

They proceeded to Mion's house, which they surrounded in silence. The windows were so high that a man could not stand upon the ground and look into them, but Villaverde, by raising himself upon the shoulders of two of his men, was enabled to look full into the little parlour where Mion was seated with his mother and Viva.

"Well, now that all is settled," he heard our hero saying, in his usual distinct and manly tones, "we must act quickly. It is quite possible that Villaverde and your father, dear Viva, will come here—"

A startled and appalled look upon Viva's countenance interrupted the speaker. Her eyes had suddenly rested full upon Villaverde's visage, as he thus peered into the room.

"They're here already," she cried, as she started to her feet, at the same instant that Mion and his mother caught a view of the face that had startled her. "We are hunted, besieged!"

CHAPTER XX BESIEGED.

THE excitement created by Viva's discovery can be imagined. No time was lost in preparing for a conflict. The law of England that every man's house is his castle, is a literal fact throughout Mexico, and the residence of Senora Mion offered no exception to the general rule. The windows were merely loopholes, and were, moreover, provided with iron shutters on the inside. The door was massive, and hung upon stout hinges, besides being supported by a cross bar of unusual strength and dimensions.

"Well, it seems that we have reached a position of actual war," said Mion, quietly, but with a bitter smile. "Let it not be our fault if they do not get enough of it."

He closed the shutters, barred the doors, and produced a couple of old carbines which had belonged to his father before him, and which had hung upon hooks over the fireplace for years.

"You had better go up-stairs, darling," he added, "both you and mother."

"Not for worlds," replied Viva, quickly. "The best place for me, if not the safest, is at your side."

"Well said, my daughter," observed Senora Mion. "We can load the carbines and pistols."

These words were succeeded by a loud knock on

the door, and the women both looked to Mion for guidance.

The knock was repeated.

"Who's there?" asked Mion, through the keyhole, as he commenced loading his carbine.

"Senor Torre," replied that personage, with wrathful gruffness. "I want my daughter!"

"You'll find no daughter here, sir," replied our hero, "so long as you are leagued with a scoundrel to oppress her!"

"Villain! open the door!"

Our hero went on with his loading, without deigning a reply.

"Open!" the voice repeated in fiercer tones, "and be quick about it."

Mion was still silent.

"If you don't, we'll break the door down," continued Torre, with increasing wrath at every word. "Open!"

Mion finished loading one of the carbines and passed it to Viva as replied:

"Go ahead with your breaking!"

"Now don't be foolish," continued Torre, half in entreaty. "I have a dozen men here to help a father claim his rights!"

"I don't care if you have a thousand," replied our hero, quickly. "You can't come into this house to-night!"

"By Heaven, I will enter it!" responded Torre, throwing himself against the door—"and you shall suffer for this conduct, too, sir!"

Viva listened to her father's proceedings for a moment, and then said to Mion:

"If they are so many in number, and so determined on having me, perhaps you'd better let me go to them. I cannot bear the thought of bringing you or your mother into trouble!"

"No more of that," said our hero, firmly but tenderly, as he caressed her. "When I see you thrust out among such a set of sharks as that, it will be when my arm is powerless to defend you!"

He finished loading his second carbine, and then turned to his mother and said:

"While they are amusing themselves in this manner, we will go up to the roof with our weapons, and reconnoitre their evident purpose and numbers."

He secured his ammunition while the knocking continued, and went up to the roof. It was flat, with a row of heavy stones around its sides, in the form of a simple bulwark, and afforded him every opportunity of looking down on every side upon the assailants. Placing himself flat upon the roof, he crept to the side overlooking the door, and peered down upon his enemies before they suspected what he was doing.

"There are only six or seven of them," he whispered, after he had deliberately observed them—"your father, Viva, Senor Villaverde, and four or five persons unknown to me."

The face of Senora Mion grew thoughtful and anxious at this announcement.

"I don't know where they find men to assist them in such work," she said. "They cannot be our neighbours!"

"No," said Mion. "I have a very good idea of who and what they are. If you and Viva will just remain quiet while I hail them, I'll invite them to consult their well-being by leaving the premises forthwith."

"One word more, my son," proceeded Senora Mion. "If, as you say, Villaverde is in some way connected with Maldonado, may he not cause the whole band of robbers to come up here and besiege us? It's easy to see that they mean to have Viva."

The efforts of the assailants to effect an entrance had now become so violent that Mion felt himself fully entitled to deal promptly and sternly with them. The possibility suggested by his mother—that a force of fifty or sixty robbers might be called against him—also urged him to action. Leaning over the sort of bulwark referred to, in such a way as to expose only the top of his head, he shouted, in his clear and ringing tones:

"You'd better stop those performances down there, and go home. I have informed you that no one can enter this house to-night, and I furthermore assure you that you will not force an entrance. In fact," he added, warning at their demonstrations and threatening actions, "if you don't take an instant departure, I will see what I can do to accelerate your movements!"

The quiet but resolute tones in which these words were spoken produced a marked sensation among the besiegers, as Viva had called them.

"Release my daughter, villain!" was Torre's response, "or we'll soon come and take her."

Again Mion was silent, not caring to exchange words with him. In truth, he looked upon the silver-digger as an irresponsible monomaniac, and had no intention of doing him harm, but he had fully made up his mind that those inciting him and abetting him should suffer the consequences of their acts.

"I've given you a sufficient warning, seniors," continued our hero, after a pause, during which the assailants made a determined effort to break down the

door. "Leave the premises instantly, or I will fire upon you!"

He aimed his carbine at one of the most active of the assailants, and waited to see what attention would be paid to his commands. He found that the assaults of his enemies were being redoubled, instead of ceasing, and began to apprehend the destruction of the door.

"For the last time," he shouted—"leave the premises!"

Shouts of rage and defiance, coupled with fearful menaces, and with renewed attacks upon the door, formed the sole response to his last warning.

"Enough!" said Mion, with an implacable spirit of resolution burning in his eyes, as a bullet fired by one of the assailants struck the stonework near him. "I'll meet you on your own footing!"

He fired on the instant, and the man he had singled from the group reeled and fell dead.

There was a pause in the attack, which Mion improved by loading his carbine.

"I shall try them next from below," he whispered. "Let's go down!"

They descended to the lower floor, but Mion had scarcely taken up a position near the door, when the assailants made a breach in it with a heavy stick of wood they had taken from a pile near the cottage. As quick as a flash of light, Mion thrust the muzzle of his weapon through the opening, and shot another of the ruffians dead on the spot.

This summary act intimidated all of the assailants, including Torre and Villaverde, and they retired eight or ten rods from the house, and hastily consulted with one another.

"The result of all this will be," said our hero, anxiously, "that Villaverde will call in the assistance of the robbers. Even if we can beat off this force, we have a greater one to encounter. The door is much weakened, and the house will soon be too hot to hold us!"

"Yes, yes," said Senora Mion, "but how can we escape from it?"

"There's only one way," rejoined Mion, with his accustomed coolness. "I will lower you both from the roof. Torre knows that there is no back door, and will neither observe nor suspect us!"

No time was lost in carrying this project into execution. A supply of provisions was hastily collected in a large basket and lowered to the ground. A second basket, filled with valuables and clothing, instantly followed, and Mion then lowered the women, his weapons and a bundle of blankets and himself.

"Be quick and silent," he whispered, as he gathered up these things. "I thought I heard them coming!"

He had not been mistaken!

One of Torre's assistants, who did not repose in the knowledge that there was no back door, had suggested that the besieged party might escape in this very manner!

The fugitives had not taken half a dozen steps towards the woods in the rear of the house, when the assailants swept around the corner of the building, with noisy cries of triumph, and sprang after them. Torre promptly overtook Viva, and caught her by the arm, checking her steps, while Villaverde and his three surviving ruffians surrounded Mion!

(To be continued.)

THE DUKE'S RAZORS.—My friend, George Smythe, the late Lord Strangford, once told me that, staying at Walmer Castle with the Duke of Wellington, the duke informed him, one morning at breakfast, that he was obliged to go up to London immediately, as all his razors required setting, but he would be back to dinner. Lord Strangford very naturally offered to lend the duke his razors, which, luckily for the duke, he did not accept; for Lord S., who was somewhat careless about his personal appearance, shaved with razors something like miniature saws, which made one shudder to look at. Lord S. then offered to take the razors to Dover, but the duke replied: "The man who always sharpens my razors has sharpened them for many years; I would not trust them with any one else. He lives in Jernyn Street, and there they must go. So you see, Strangford, every man has a weak point, and my weak point is about the sharpening of my razors. Perhaps you are not aware that I shave myself, and brush my own clothes; I regret that I cannot clean my own boots, for men-servants bore me, and the presence of a crowd of idle fellows annoys me more than I can tell you.—*Grenou's Recollections.*"

WITHIN the last few years we are sorry to state that a vast increase has taken place in the numbers of cock-chaffers, flies, and caterpillars. Old men assure us that swallows were more numerous in their young days than they are now; rooks certainly do not increase, owing to poisoned grain and other methods of destruction; and small birds of all sorts are decidedly fewer in number than they formerly were. Whether legislation can do much to remedy this state of things, we are not sure; but Parliament could certainly abate one of the most glaring causes of the destruction of the feathered

tribes by passing a short Act prohibiting chemists and others from selling poisoned grain, which apart from its deadly results to birds and vermin, has frequently, by inadvertence and otherwise, killed domestic animals and fowl. No agricultural operation, such as that of sowing wheat, chemically prepared, need be in the slightest interfered with by such an Act. It would, in fact, be a great boon to the farmer, by preserving his best friends, the birds, from being, as they are now, indiscriminately slaughtered. It may not be out of place to remind our readers that the New England States were obliged, some years ago to pass laws for the preservation of small birds. The government of France some time since, had its attention called to this subject by the increase in the vine disease, owing to the diminution of birds and the multiplication of insects; and we cannot wonder that a matter which really concerns our national welfare should be mentioned in Parliament. After all, perhaps the greatest check may be given to the destruction of birds by instructing our juvenile population and others, as to the grave error which they commit in plundering their nests; and as the nation does not grudge a princely sum yearly for the education of the children of the humbler classes, it might not be an unprofitable lesson for our parish schoolmasters to their pupils the importance of not robbing birds' nests.

AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

CHAPTER I.

But had I wist before I kist
That love had been as ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in case of gowd,
And pinned it with a siller pin.

"But I cannot think what character to choose. I want one no person will dream of guessing—something that I can personate to the life. What shall it be?" and for a moment Maud Dayton paused in her languid fanning, and glanced earnestly into the face of her companions, three young girls, as intent upon the subject as herself.

"Something French then—a marquise of the old school. Uncle Raleigh could tell you in a moment." "I am at your service, if you want me," said a deep, rich voice; and a tall, rather pale, but refined-looking man, of two or three and thirty, put aside the window drapery.

One of the girls gave a pretty little shriek of surprise, and laughing exclaimed—
"Oh, Bessie, Uncle Raleigh wasn't to know a word of our characters. Half the fun was to be in cheating him. Only mamma was to be in our secret."

"Well, if you don't want me, I shall have to go off again; but I utter a protest against you ladies being shut up so much together. I also give you fair warning that I could penetrate any disguise you might assume."

"Bessie's and mine perhaps, you are so well acquainted with us; but Miss Dayton's and Cousin Nell's?" and Mary Allington glanced up archly.

"I pledge myself to discover Miss Dayton in half an hour," the gentleman answered.

"But it's a real masquerade. No one will unmask until supper. Oh, won't it be splendid, girls? If we could only know every one!"

A servant tapped lightly at the door, and said—

"The housekeeper wants Miss Mary."

"Oh, yes. Come, Nell, you know we were to supply mamma's place to-day. Maud and Bessie, I herewith forbid you discussing a single character with Uncle Raleigh. I'm determined he shall have plenty of exercise for his readiness and ingenuity, and if he fails to guess us all in half-an-hour on that eventful evening, I shall make him give me the lovely set of chessmen we were looking at yesterday."

They all laughed. Mary and her cousin left the apartment. For a moment the three fell into silence.

"Why do you fancy you should discover me so readily in any disguise?" Miss Dayton asked, curiosity latent in her tones.

The faint flush might have answered her under some circumstances, but it did not now, for misinterpreting his hesitation, she raised her eyes, in which shone a steady light.

"I think I could—I know I could," he said, rather confusedly.

"I am only of medium height, and in no wise remarkable. With my face covered, I could not be distinguished from perhaps twenty women who will be there. Or do you depend on my voice for the traitor? I shall take good care to disguise it at the ball."

"Do you dare challenge me?" he asked.

"Yes;" and she laughed a soft, light, musical ripple of sound. "But the wager cannot be the chessmen, as they are spoken for."

"The first request I make the day after the ball, for instance?"

"You are so confident of winning, that you almost frighten me. I'm afraid it will not do to promise that."

"I shall have to trust to your generosity, then."

Another tap at the door, which Bessie answered.

"For Miss Dayton;" and she held up a missive in a large brown envelope.

"A letter! Why, the mail was in two hours ago. And what an odd-looking affair!"

"A telegram!" Bessie and her uncle announced in a breath.

Miss Dayton opened it with wondering unconsciousness. Her life had been a summer's day dream, so why should she anticipate evil? She glanced over the words as they printed themselves on her brain, at first fairly destitute of meaning; then, as the truth seemed to establish itself, her face paled with the shock, her hands trembled violently, and with a low cry of mingled terror and anguish, she exclaimed:

"Papa is very ill! They have sent for me—I must go immediately."

"And mamma not here! What shall we do? Let me call Mary."

The elder sister answered the summons instantly. There was a hurried consultation. All felt the bidding too urgent to be delayed even for Mrs. Allington's return, which would not be until evening.

They were all young, and unused to care or grief. Their tears of sympathy answered Miss Dayton's, and Bessie clung to her with fond, confusing tenderness, at one moment declaring that she could not go alone, and the next, that there must be no delay, mingled with a vain wishing for mamma.

Uncle Raleigh tried to restore the group of frightened girls to something like composure. In his grave, kindly tones he said:

"The train starts at four. We must leave here in half an hour. I shall accompany Miss Dayton. And now, Mary, send up a little luncheon, and help her prepare for her journey. Don't perplex her with any useless questions or arrangements. I will go and order the carriage."

"Thank you," Maud Dayton said tremulously, at once recognizing the strong heart of a friend and protector. Then she held out her fair hand to show how entirely she trusted him. It was clasped with tender earnestness.

"Never mind about your packing," Mary rejoined, gently. "If you cannot come back to us, I will arrange your trunks, and send them to you." Then, as she followed Uncle Raleigh to the hall, she added, with a girlish caress, "I am so glad you are going with her! Mr. Dayton is so careful, you know, and gave mamma so many charges about her when he left the city, that he would be half-wild with apprehension if Maud ventured alone. I only hope Mr. Dayton isn't very ill. Poor, dear Maud!"

Mr. Allington had seen the telegram. It said, "Hasten home, if you would see your father alive." He had small hope, but he would not say so to his tearful niece.

They all did their best not to add to Maud's fears. She changed her dress, made the few preparations absolutely needed, and then sat down in a strange whirl of fear. Had Mr. Allington remained, he might have found traces of her in nearly every apartment. Here a book she had been reading, there a delicately embroidered handkerchief, with a subtle perfume lingering about it; a pair of childishly small gloves, or a fan, and numberless little bouquets, that had fallen from her hair or belt, or been cast aside for something fresher. But she wore no flowers or ornaments as she came down to the dining-room. Hers was not a regularly beautiful face, though ordinarily the colouring and vivacity rendered it so; the purple-black hair was fine, wavy and abundant, shadowing a low broad forehead; the eyes were dark, languid, fringed with drooping lashes; each feature had a separate, unique charm; and the tints of perfect health gave her faint, clear olive complexion a warm light like a sunset glow. Now she was pale, anxious and frightened, a bearing quite unlike the queenly repose characterizing her a brief while before.

The fruits, jellies, and tempting creams remained almost untasted. The gay party, that for nearly three weeks had kept the house in a whirl of merriment, music and conversation, were quiet and subdued now. Each heart was full, and Miss Dayton's too apprehensive to linger deeply over the pain of parting, or even wonder how and where they should meet again. The moment of parting came, and their good-byes were uttered amid tears and sorrowful sisses.

The day had been warm and oppressive. When the travellers exchanged the easy carriage for the train, Maud's heart almost fainted within her. At sunset a faint, reviving breeze blew up, which was exceedingly grateful as they flew by villages, tracts of open country, rivers, and cities. Then the lingering rays of daylight faded, crimson and emerald deepened into purple twilight, and presently the stars came out.

There was little conversation, though no brother could have been more delicate and attentive than Mr. Allington.

In his college days he had experienced one or two brief, passing fancies; since then business had shared his undivided attention, until within the last year. Worn down by constant work, a fit of illness had in-

tervened. On his partial recovery, he had gone to his brother's summer residence in the vicinity of Newport, to recruit a little amid green fields and the invigorating ocean breezes, before the family came and gaieties commenced. Miss Dayton and a niece of Mrs. Allington's had accompanied them.

Why, at his period of life, he had been attracted by such a mere child as Maud Dayton, was a mystery to himself. She was careless, eager, and enjoyed pleasures with the thorough relish of early youth. Each day was sufficient for itself, and the life before her was too bright to admit of doubt or distrust before the time. He had speculated a little on what she would be presently, when the immature face expanded with a woman's soul. Now he did not even consider that. The dim light several seats behind them only partially revealed Maud's countenance, settled into the childlike tranquillity of slumber. One small, ungloved hand held tightly a bunch of fast-withering flowers, the other drooped carelessly, as if placed by an artist eye for effect. What a sweet, helpless picture she made, surrounded by night, the hurrying train, and the shadowy light as background.

He could only think how delightful the right to protect her always would be. If she should be left fatherless, who would love and cherish with a tenderness like his? Not that she would lack friends. As an heiress, the "dear five hundred" admirers would still throng around her. And if she fell a prey to some crafty, designing mind! she with her innocence and unsuspecting trust. Every moment that night was precious to him, for it was freighted with delightful plans for his future and hers.

The morning was breaking greyly when they entered the city. Mr. Allington found a carriage to convey them to Mr. Dayton's. He quietly accepted Maud's bewildered thanks, and endeavoured to render her easy about the care that had been such a pleasure to him. When he left her on the doorstep of her home, the servant waiting to usher her in, in answer to her invitation, he said:

"I will call a few hours hence."

"Mr. Dayton's been moanin' and cryin' for you all night," exclaimed the servant. "At first he was kind of stupid like, but since he's been so wild he calls all the time for you, though he don't know any one, and hasn't from the beginning."

Maud rushed frantically up the stairs, and, with one burst of anguish, threw herself in the dying man's arms. No tie of blood connected them. Maud was the child of an old love that some cruel turn of fortune had severed from the man who should have been first and best to her. He had taken her desolate and friendless orphan to his bosom, been father and mother to her for tender care and watchfulness. The bond between them was strong almost beyond conception. This was the first pang Maud had ever known, for Mr. Dayton had rendered her existence a perfect fairy life.

Let me draw a veil over that sorrow, anguish and despair. Mr. Dayton, apparently in highest health, with scores of years yet between him and old age, had been stricken down with a dangerous fever, so severe that even in its first stages there was no room for hope. The housekeeper remembered Maud and sent for her. Had she been there from the beginning, scarcely a gleam of recognition would have cheered her. Only at the last moment, when the soul hovered on the brink of eternity, did he give her back kiss for kiss.

Late in the morning Mr. Allington passed the house. He saw the indisputable signs of death, and delicacy forbade his entrance, but he sent up a message of kindest sympathy, and a promise to call in the evening.

His soul seemed to have blossomed out all the slow growth of years into one splendid, perfect flower. It was hard work to be patient.

Evening came at length, and he found himself ushered into the elegant drawing-room of Mr. Dayton. Servants stepped lightly and spoke in whispers. Maud entered quietly, robed in a black, lustreless silk, whose soft folds rippled noiselessly about her. No ornament of any kind, only the white, sorrowful face to contrast with the sombreness of hair and dress. She seemed a part of the strange stillness that had fallen over the house.

Mr. Allington was amply satisfied with his greeting. It contained something beyond cordiality; a certain trust that is only born of respect and confidence. She came to him with all the simplicity of a child to be comforted, and he freely gave her the sympathy of a loving heart.

Mr. Dayton was buried the next day. The fashionable world had all left the city. Business men and people he had befriended in times of sore trial followed him. Maud had scarcely a female friend with her, but Mr. Allington understood immediately the position of the young gentleman in attendance. There remained nothing more for him to do. She had wealth and love; he would leave her in the enjoyment of these. His brother's family were greatly surprised by the announcement of his sudden departure.

Mrs. Allington and her daughter sent a letter of

affectionate condolence to Maud, begging her to finish her visit with them. She declined, for her heart was too sore; besides, she found herself in the midst of some troublesome business details. A half-sister of Mr. Dayton's had come, accompanied by her son, who managed, with legal assistance, to find an important error, or rather omission, in his uncle's will, a slight neglect that could have been remedied in a moment, but never was. A month later Maud found herself penniless, deserted by lover and friends. The old, old story. Was it strange, in this extremity, that her heart should yearn towards Raleigh Allington?

As if Mrs. Gardiner, her rival, had been touched with some compunction, she offered Maud a home with her. Utterly dispirited, the poor child accepted.

In a brief while she learned she was required to fill the post of governess to a family of noisy, unruly children; to be snubbed by the mother, a vulgar woman, and treated superciliously by the elder brother, who, since his accession to fortune, had assumed insufferable airs. There were nights when bright, mocking dreams tormented her, dreams of a happy time and a priceless love that might have been offered her.

CHAPTER II.

A restlessness of heart, a silent yearning,
A sense of something wanting, incomplete,
Not to be put in words. Robert Browning.

Five years later, Maud Dayton found herself comparatively happy, filling the position of school-mistress in a pretty village.

The preceding season a wealthy city gentleman had purchased an old, rambling, dilapidated stone house, to which a few ghostly legends were attached, and fitted it up in almost royal magnificence for a summer residence. The overgrown shrubbery was trimmed, the walks cleared, the sloping bank shorn close and transformed into a velvety lawn. The ragged stone steps gave place to a broad balcony, over which were trained choice creepers, that scented the air with fragrance. Not a point of exterior beauty was overlooked. Large green-houses were built, and filled with rare flowers from every attainable clime, and luscious fruits ripened before their time by the assistance of art.

The house stood at the extreme edge of the village, and the aristocratic Rothsays were too far above their surroundings to be troubled with their neighbours. Guests came and went in such throngs, that curiosity failed to keep pace with them.

It was by merest accident that Miss Dayton was admitted to this rural palace. The younger daughter, a pale, delicate child of thirteen, was under the care of a governess. But one day this person was suddenly called home by serious illness in her family, and Grace Rothsay, who had incidentally heard Miss Dayton's name, teased her mother to send for the young lady.

To Mrs. Rothsay's evident surprise, she found the village school-mistress well-bred, and polished almost to haughtiness. She learned also that Miss Dayton understood not only music, but languages; so she requested her to devote several afternoons to Miss Grace, who was greatly in want of some such amusement, she being too young for company, and her mother and sister too much engaged to spend any considerable time in her society.

"I should have to wait until after school," responded Miss Dayton, with quiet dignity.

"I supposed you had a vacation."

"My pupils do not desire it."

"Very well; you can remain awhile in the evening. The most I care for is her music, and the fact of her being interested, so that she does not prove troublesome to the visitors," Mrs. Rothsay said, loftily.

Some curious feeling she could not quite analyze urged Maud to undertake it. So she signified her willingness to the lady.

It was not a very flattering position in the great house, certainly, yet neither was it unpleasant, and after the first strangeness wore off, she enjoyed it greatly. The room which she and Grace occupied was quite removed from the more populous portions of the house, but she caught glimpses of the beautiful, fascinating life that swam in gay currents everywhere. She felt at home amid the splendour of the place as she had not done anywhere since Mr. Dayton's death.

It did not continue long enough to grow tiresome. She sat copying music for Grace the last day of her stay, thinking of other times and scenes. She leaned out on the low window-sill, to catch the rays of a rapidly declining sun, when a gay laugh from the shrubbery below sounded on her ear, and a musical voice said—

"Not Raleigh Allington!"

The name brought a warm colour to her cheek, and caused her hand to tremble. She could not help listening intently to what followed.

"Yes, caught at last; though for that matter Adelaide Warner angled a long time. But he's worth trying for. He wasn't poor when he went to Italy, and since then a grandfather or great uncle has left him an immense fortune."

"Are they really engaged, do you think?"

"So rumour goes. The Warners are coming here next week, you know, and he is to be in their train."

Then the voices passed on and grew indistinct. It was some moments before Maud could resume her pen. She finished the music, went to Mrs. Rothsay's room and received her pay, bid Miss Grace good-bye, who was now going on a visit to a friend's, where her family would call for her on their return to the city.

Maud walked slowly homeward. That Raleigh Allington was "caught," as they had said, by a woman who had probably chosen him for his wealth! And yet she believed he had once loved her. Had he outlived that passion? Would he be tender and fond of the new object of his affection? And if he was? Oh, yes, it would be right, she confessed it wearily. She was nothing to him, never could be. But if she might only see him again!

She was surprised the next day by seeing the Rothsay carriage draw up before her humble abode. Miss Juliet, a tall, elegant young lady of nineteen, descended alone. Maud ushered her into the simple parlour. She had a roll of music in her hand, and after bowing in a stately manner, said, courteously—

"Are you acquainted with any of these selections, Miss Dayton?"

Maud looked them over. She had sung them nearly all, and heard the operas many a time during her earlier days, for music had been Mr. Dayton's passion. "I believe I know them," she responded.

"Will you try to sing them for me? I will accompany you on the piano."

Maud fancied she understood the reason. Probably she was wanted at the great house for the entertainment of grown people. She remembered who would be their guest next week, and resolved to decline whatever offer might be made. But she sang, and did her best, which was really fine, for she had a superb voice. She noticed the pleased look in Miss Rothsay's face. Then the lady turned.

"Be seated, Miss Dayton. I have a proposal to make to you. But first, did you study music for any particular purpose—the stage, for instance?"

"No," and Maud coloured a little under the scrutiny.

"You would make a fine actress, I think. What I wish of you is this: Next week we are to give a musical entertainment, in which these selections are to be introduced, and some entire acts. All the singers, with one exception, are to be amateurs. Madame G— arranged the scenes, and was to take a prominent part, as she expected to spend several days with us. We have all our dresses, and the scenery is in readiness, but to-day a letter came from Madame G— stating that she was compelled to leave on Monday for Italy, and could not favour us. These operatic people nearly always disappoint one. Unless we can supply her place we must give up much of our entertainment. I thought perhaps you might be able to do it, for I had listened to your practising with my sister."

"I?" and Maud paused, wondering how to best frame her refusal.

Miss Rothsay did not deign to notice the interruption, but continued:

"In the first place, the matter must be kept a secret from every one. It would not be possible to introduce one in your station among our guests; it would also prove very embarrassing to you. For this one evening I desire to put you on an equality with all you meet, and consequently you must be introduced as a singer, and by an assumed name."

"I cannot do it," and Maud flushed angrily.

Miss Rothsay looked incredulous.

"You shall be handsomely remunerated," she went on, as if that was the all-important point. "You can come late in the afternoon, and leave early the next morning. It will only be necessary to announce that, as we were disappointed in Madame G—, a friend had undertaken to supply her place. All this my mother will attend to. Of course, none of the servants, or any person, indeed, would recognize you. You will mingle freely with our visitors, and can easily evade any question you do not wish to answer, though in all probability none will be asked. I will attend to your dress, and all the rehearsals, save the last, can be with me alone."

Then the lady paused. By her plan she meant to gain double *éclat*. Miss Dayton's fine voice would charm all listeners. It was always said by their acquaintances—"If there is a distinguished person in town, you will be sure to meet him at the Rothsays." They always managed to introduce the lions of society in their first freshness. It would be charming to present an entirely new character to dazzle a few hours, and then disappear in mystery. Miss Rothsay was quite dramatic in her tastes, and enjoyed planning such a surprise.

A thought flashed through Maud's brain like lightning, and in its wake rose up the phantom of that summer day at Mrs. Allington's, when they had laughed over the masquerade. Mr. Allington had been so

positive that he should recognize her under any disguise. Should she try him now with only the five-years' change for a domino? A hungering to look upon his face once more filled every pulse of her being.

"Well?" Miss Rothsay, said, a little impatiently.

"Do you think I could?" Maud's voice was almost humble.

"Why, certainly. It's like a part in a play. I dare say you have acted charades. Only it must be understood,—and here it was Miss Rothsay's turn to colour a little under the gleam of those deep eyes.

"I know." Maud's gesture was a trifle haughty. "I am to ignore my own existence a few hours, and then forget as completely the part I have played. Do not fear. Your secret shall be well kept."

Miss Rothsay winced, but was too well pleased with her great success to let minor matters trouble her. They arranged for their rehearsals at Miss Dayton's, sang the music through again, and separated.

After she was gone, Maud's courage failed her. She could act the part well enough; she had no misgivings as to that; but if Raleigh Allington should recognize her? Going to her own room, she opened a bureau drawer, and took from thence a miniature. This was as she had looked at seventeen. A sort of indolent oriental expression characterized the picture. Then she glanced at her own face in the mirror. It was thinner, paler, changed in every respect. The tropical languor of the eyes had burned up into a steady light; the soft, yielding lines of the mouth had grown firmer; the careless summer-day expression had settled into a grave, thoughtful look. Only the massive waves of purple-black hair remained. Form and colouring were no longer rounded and brilliant. She might safely challenge him. It gave her a touch of sadness to think how completely the charm of those pleasant days had faded from her face.

Maud Dayton possessed great adaptability. Now, after the first trial, she felt a singular interest in the part she was to enact. She studied it, practised it, dreamed it over in moments of quiet reverie, and at last the day came.

Miss Rothsay was delighted with her enthusiasm and pliability. Maud had chosen to be introduced by her own family name, for she wanted one that would not startle her when pronounced. At the appointed time the carriage was sent for her. She entered that elegant abode as a visitor, was led to her apartment, and shortly afterwards introduced to her companions. She moved about as if in a dream.

Those beautiful girls and rather artistic men who were to take part in the entertainment, satisfied themselves with one glance. Miss Aubichon was *not* pretty. But she surprised them all by her singing. She seemed to interpret the words, the very meaning. In her voice love, hate, despair, and anguish found themselves individualized, intensified. No tame life could thrive there.

Miss Rothsay enjoyed the interest.

"Wonderful," said a gentleman; "are you sure she has never been on the stage? How had Madame G— managed to keep her out of sight?"

"Great lights are not fond of being eclipsed!" answered Miss Rothsay, with a shrug.

A little later the real play commenced. Maud Aubichon's nerves were steady, but a faint rose kept flushing up in her face. The spacious drawing-room was devoted to those guests who were to enact the part of audience, and the library at the further end served as stage. Scenery was arranged, doors moved aside as by magic, and then began passages of lives dead long ago, yet living in every thorough representation. It was well Juliet Rothsay's soul was so strongly tinged with art, and so little given to jealousy. They all did well; but Maud Aubichon bore off the palm.

She had glanced a little timidly over the audience at first. No familiar face met her gaze. Was Raleigh Allington present? Did the woman he loved sit by his side? Well, they were nothing to her. For a few brief hours Juliet Rothsay had bought her, and she would do justice to her part of the bargain.

The doors were closed for the last time, and the singers drew long breaths of satisfaction, congratulating each other that all had passed off so perfectly. Then they dispersed to their rooms to dress for the *fête*. The love, jealousy, hatred, and despair were all to be enacted in their own lives now; mimic feelings were over.

Miss Rothsay looked in upon Maud.

"White will not be unbecoming to you with that colour," she began. "Why, you are positively handsome! I could not think of anything else; any tint I mean; but there are ribbons and jewels with which to relieve your snowiness. Papa will take you down with me."

Maud did not use the ribbons or the jewels. In their stead she chose some flowers of crimson flame from the vase before her, and a few white rosebuds. Miss Rothsay scrutinized her closely, and really honoured her for her simplicity. They entered the room now one blaze of light and beauty. It was Mrs. Rothsay's last *fête*, and she determined to be magnificent.

Presently the dancing began. It was Maud's old fascination. At first she felt a trifle awkward, but she soon forgot herself in the exquisite enjoyment. The music floated in great, tremulous waves through the fragrant air. In the pauses there were introductions, and Maud turned sharply as she heard the name of Miss Warner.

A tall, regal blonde, rich in flowing outlines and choicest tints. The subtle pearliness of complexion, the violet eyes, and dun-golden hair, the perfectly moulded form, and slender hands, might have been an artist's model. Her voice was rich and harmonious. Maud's heart sank within her. How long could her image have remained in any man's heart after he had met such a superb woman? She knew then, by the pang she suffered, that she had loved him only, that she loved him now.

"Oh, Raleigh, you see I was first with Miss Aubichon, after all. Think, Miss Aubichon, instead of bringing me up first, for an introduction, when he knew I was dying to meet you, he dragged me off to the conservatory to show me some rare flowers. As if I cared for them!" and she began to pull her bouquet to pieces. "I told him it was excessively ungallant to you, and I'm glad to be introduced without his assistance. But I'll be generous. Allow me—Miss Aubichon, Mr. Allington."

Maud stood transfixed. This was not the man she had known. His height, but the fine figure was rounded with the perfect development of physical health; the face had gained vigour, dignity, ease; the expression of a man of culture and large resources. And this was the man she had been foolish enough to hope would remember her!

The very improbability gave her steadiness. He did not seem to look particularly at her, as he carelessly ran over the topics of the evening. Miss Warner was delighted with everything. Her manner towards Mr. Allington was assured. Maud felt there must be an understanding between them. And when she proposed a return to the conservatory, Maud assented, and took his arm mechanically. She had been through that wilderness of floral beauty before; she knew the position of most of the curiosities, and sometimes unconsciously led the way a trifle in advance of Miss Warner. But she did not talk much, and only smiled at her companions' gay sallies. She could not trust her voice for a laugh.

Then they returned to the dancing-hall. Taking their places among the fluttering crowd, they awaited the first notes of the inspiring music. There was no eager liteness in Maud's step, the vivacity and glowing colours that had blended in her face began to fade out. True, it was long past midnight, yet the revel was still brilliant for others. She had had enough of it; she longed to creep away in silence.

"You are weary," Mr. Allington said, as he led her to an open window. "Let us take a seat on this deserted balcony."

"No; I wish to find Miss Rothsay;" and she turned away from him.

He would have led her to their hostess, but just then she crossed over to them. Maud grasped her arm, and looked imploringly into her eyes. Miss Rothsay took her away.

"You have acquitted yourself very creditably," the lady began, "but you show novice marks. Are you too tired to remain?"

"Yes," said Maud, briefly.

"Very well."

A few moments later it was whispered that Miss Aubichon's friends had sent for her, and it was quite impossible for her to remain even to breakfast. As the summons was so urgent, various surmises floated through the room, the one that gained ground most rapidly being her speedy departure from Europe. Adieus were cordially spoken, and Miss Aubichon followed Miss Rothsay.

The figure that came tremblingly down the side stairs wore no festive robes. Timidly it stepped into the carriage, only once reaching out its white, weary face, and straining its anxious eyes for some glimpse of the fading splendour. She had not been recognized. The play was over. The quiet daily life of Maud Dayton began again.

Mrs. Holmes, the good, motherly woman she resided with, knew she had gone to the great house to sing, and asked only general questions the next morning. How the belles were dressed was the most interesting subject to her. At the appointed time she tied on her bonnet and started for school, although Mrs. Holmes said, "You don't look fit to stir a step."

She turned into a shady path where the rays of early September sunshine could not penetrate. Its vista of green gloom appeared refreshing. A man came hurrying along the road, and the sound caused her to start, to glance backward. She hardly breathed before she stood face to face with Raleigh Allington.

"I knew it. I felt I could not be mistaken. You remember I told you long ago you could not disguise yourself from me. My poor, poor child, I have hunted the world over for you."

"Miss Rothsay told you?"

"No; I bought the secret of the man who brought you home last night, or rather this morning. You looked from the carriage-window, and whatever doubt I might have had before vanished then. Miss Rothsay keeps her counsel well. The coachman did not know what part you played in last night's drama."

"And when you know, you will despise me," she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands, to shut out the flush of shame and conscious love.

"I think I can trust you," he said gravely, "if you are the Maud Dayton of the past—my past. I have learned much of your life, some of your sufferings. For two years I have searched untiringly for you. Let us sit down in this shady dell and talk over the days of our separation."

She forgot her school. She forgot Miss Warner. She even felt absolved from her promise to Miss Rothsay, in the presence of the man who loved her, and related the details of the preceding week, with the few events of her life that he had not learned. In return he told her much that had befallen him; his love it was not necessary to speak of—the fact was too evident in his face to leave a doubt.

They parted with a promise of meeting that evening. The group of anxious children had waited a long while for her, but she rewarded them with radiant smiles. Fatigue and weariness were forgotten. No day in her life had been brighter.

At the Rothsays Miss Aubichon was the theme of conversation. Neither mother nor daughter professed to know much about her, and listened rather than answered. Through the course of the day many of the guests departed, but Mr. Allington remained, and kept his precious secret.

"Do you remember our old bargain about that Newport masquerade?" he asked of Maud, in the evening. "You were to grant whatever request I might ask, if I recognized you. There was not a moment last night that I did not feel convinced you would answer to the old name—Miss Dayton."

"I have granted so many favours already; and I think I did not positively promise," she answered, playfully.

"But I cannot have our marriage delayed. I feel afraid of losing you again; besides, I am anxious to see roses growing up in this pale face once more. A fortnight—that is the limit of my endurance."

The Rothsay mansion was closed, and the family on their way to the north, when a part of the fashionable world was electrified by the announcement of Mr. Raleigh Allington's marriage with Miss Maud Dayton Aubichon.

A. M. D.

NINIAN GORE'S LESSON.

"I REALLY don't know what I had better do about it!"

The clock on the marble mantel had just struck four; the sunshine pouring in at the window, and breaking in cascades of sparkles over the heliotropes and cloth-of-gold roses that filled the broad ledge; and the bright Italian landscapes that glowed on the walls seemed almost dim in the radiant, positive light of the afternoon.

Ninian Gore was leaning gracefully against the mantel, one ringed hand thrust away his chestnut curls, the other toying with the crimson tassel of his dressing-gown—as perfect a specimen of the genus dandy as was ever seen. Dallas Marvyn, sitting in front of the fire, and occasionally turning over a leaf or two in the book he was perusing, listened with a half-smile on his face.

"I don't!" answered Ninian, regarding himself complacently in the mirror. "What is a fellow to do when half a dozen pretty girls are bewildering him at once? how is he to make his selection?"

Dallas Marvyn's lip curled slightly; he was strongly tempted to make a cutting reply, but the timely recollection that young Gore was his guest restrained the rising sarcasm, and he quietly returned:

"I should suppose that one way would be to allow the young lady to make her own selection."

"My dear Dallas, they would every one of them say yes, the minute I asked them to make me a happy man! Do you suppose I can't read the symptoms?"

Dallas laughed outright.

"Are you so sure of your conquests?"

"Really, my dear fellow," said Gore, patting his moustache, with a smile, "one doesn't want to appear coxcombical, but the fact is that I've been a sort of prize-card among the ladies. Can't help it, I assure you, but there is something in my manners or appearance that *will* attract them! By the way, what a very pretty little creature that Miss Roland is!—did you observe how she hung on my every word last night at the ball?"

"No, I didn't," returned Marvyn, biting his lip hard.

"No? Where were your eyes wandering to? Now I suppose she'll think herself very much wronged if I don't propose; but really, I'm not to blame for the in-

terpretation she may choose to put upon my little gallantries. I don't know, though, that I could do a better thing, on the whole, if she is very much in earnest about it. Didn't I understand she was an heiress?"

"I believe she has some property," answered Marvyn, in constrained tones; "but—"

"Oh, not another word, Dallas. I'll think about it a little. Where are your sisters' nice little guests this afternoon?"

"In the drawing-room, I believe, among their crochet-patterns and embroidery-cotton?"

"And talking us gentlemen over, of course!"

"Probably not!" remarked Marvyn. "Doubtless they have something a great deal more sensible to talk about!"

"You dear old blockhead!" said Ninian, with a laugh; "how exceedingly unsophisticated you are! A fellow that has been brought up at Eaton. You learn better some time. But I must really get away up for an afternoon promenade, so *au revoir*!"

"The—unmitigated—puppy!" was Dallas Marvyn's audible comment, the moment the door closed upon the retreating form of his spruce little college-mate. "I've had several pretty powerful temptations since he has been here; but I don't think I ever felt quite so much inclined to kick him down-stairs as during the last half-hour. Propose to Nora, indeed. I'd like to see what kind of an answer he would get!"

And in his earnestness he gave the fire such a poke that the very canary in its cage uttered a remonstrating chirp.

How fortunate it is that we don't always know just what other people think of us! Or else Mr. Ninian Gore, botaking himself whistling up the stairs, and anointing his brown curls with *eau de cologne*, might have imbibed quite an unfavourable opinion of his host's taste.

"Hat gone again; now what did I do with that hat!" remarked Mr. Gore, when he was all ready for his walk, down to the ebony cane and lemon-coloured kid gloves. "Not on the hall-table, nor yet on the rack? I wonder if Miss Nelly Marvyn has mistaken it for Dallas's chapeau and put it up in that closet out of her sitting-room—*boudoir*, I ought to say. I've seen him go there for his hat often. Very odd that Miss Nelly could take Dallas's rusty old concern for my Paris hat! However, I'll look, for the servants never are on hand when you want 'em!"

Ninian Gore ascended the velvet-covered stairs, and walked deliberately into the dainty little room that his host's pretty sister had consecrated to her own piano, and books, and feminine work-table. The closet in which he had a lingering hope of discovering the missing article, was a large, dark one, lined with shelves, and opening directly from the *boudoir*. Common-place people might have called Ninian Gore's unauthorized investigations slightly impertinent, but then Mr. Gore was not a common-place individual, and that circumstance makes all the difference in the world.

No: the hat was not on the second shelf, nor yet on the third. Perhaps it might be on the higher ranges; but Mr. Gore, being a little personage, was as yet incapable of judging.

"Confound it!" was Mr. Gore's internal comment; "why couldn't I have been a long-legged fellow like Dallas? As it is, I don't see any better way than to climb up!"

And, just as he did so, he heard the merry sound of girlish voices on the stairs! Could it be possible?—yes, it was!—they were coming to that very *boudoir*! He dropped noiselessly to the floor; for he didn't exactly care to be caught by three or four pretty girls, climbing up a closet shelf. It was too much a *la* little schoolboy, in pursuit of his mamma's jellies. So he crouched down in the friendly shadow of the door, hoping they had only come on some brief errand, and would not stay very long. Vain hope! for—

"Come, girls—this is far the pleasantest room!" exclaimed the clear voice of Dallas's sister Nelly. "But how came the closet door open?" she added, shutting the door with a slam, and, to Ninian's horror, turning the key in it!

Now, this was a pretty sort of a situation for a young man to be in, wasn't it? No use thinking of the "Captive Knight," and the "Old Oak Chest," with an interesting damsel boxed up in it: there was not the least gleam of romance in his case! How he wished he had emerged like a man, at the outset of affairs. Now it was too late!

"I'll perish here sooner than come out to be a laughing-stock to those girls!" was his brave resolution—perhaps the best he could have adopted under the peculiar circumstances.

Accordingly he sat down on the bandbox, and held his breath, while the gay maidens outside worked and chatted and laughed away, all unconscious of their unseen auditor.

"By the way," exclaimed a voice, which Ninian at once recognized as the silver accents of none other than Leonora Roland, "I haven't seen Dallas today."

"No," said Miss Marvyn, "he is down-stairs, play-

ing the part of victimised host to that precious college acquaintance of his, Mr. Gore!"

"That little puppy?" ejaculated another voice, and Leonora chimed in, laughingly:

"Yes, that's the word exactly; did you ever see such a conceited little ape?"

"How he did bore you at the ball last night," said Nelly, sympathisingly.

"Not so very much," returned Nora, "because you see the little animal amused me with the very exuberance of his affections. I watched him pretty closely, and I can take him off exactly. See—this is the way he fingers his moustache."

There was a peal of laughter, as Nora put her head on one side, stroking her coral lips, and imitating Ninian's favourite drawl.

"Now, I dare say he thinks we are all ready to fall down and worship him," remarked Fanny Palmer. "Wouldn't it do him good for some of us to coax him up to the proposing point, and then let him down again! Come, Nora, you're the very one to do it!"

"No," said Nora, decidedly. "It wouldn't be right. Dallas wouldn't approve of it!"

"Nonsense!" said Fanny. "Are you going to give up all fun just because you are engaged to Dallas Marvyn?"

(Ninian Gore's hair stood on end at this revelation.) "Not that exactly," said Leonora; "I wouldn't mind a little flirtation with some smart, wide-awake fellow; but you see, I believe in the maxim, 'Hit one of your own size,' and it would be very ungenerous to practise any arts on that half-witted little fool! So I'll leave him alone."

"Very true," said Nelly Marvyn, and the conversation diverged into another channel.

Fifteen weary minutes longer Ninian Gore sat, metaphorically speaking, on thorns, in that dark closet, before the bevy of girls decided that it would be a splendid thing to go and take a walk. Ninian drew a deep sigh of relief as he heard the last footstep pattering on the stairs!

"How to get out, in the question now as much as it ever was!" he groaned inwardly. "She didn't take the key out of the lock; but what use is it to me, on the other side of the door! Hang keys! hang the hat! hang women! hang everything!"

Hush! some one was ascending with a firm, manly tread; there was the carelessly-hummed fragment of "Traviata"—"It was surely Dallas Marvyn!"

"Dallas! Dallas! hallo!" he ejaculated, in tones he scarce dared raise above his breath. "Help, for the love of humanity!"

Dallas had evidently paused to listen.

"Who is it? Where are you?" he exclaimed.

"Hush—ah—ah! here, in the closet! Don't shoot—it isn't a burglar!"

Dallas Marvyn strode into the room, to the closet door, unlocked it, and flung it open. There, to his surprise, cowered Ninian Gore, looking not unlike a frightened rabbit in its hutch!

"In the name of confusion, how came you here?" he ejaculated.

And Ninian, first exacting a promise that Marvyn should not tell "the girls," related the tale of his unsuccessful search after the missing hat, and the awkward *contretemps* which led to his temporary incarceration. But he didn't mention a syllable of the conversation he had overheard. No; he crept quietly up to his room, and in the intervals of trunk-packing, reflected upon its home truths!

It produced two very excellent immediate results. One was, that from that hour Ninian Gore became a humbler and a meeker man, not to say wiser. The other was, that the next morning he took himself home, much to Dallas Marvyn's relief.

Some people take their bitter medicine in jelly; some in a lump of sugar. Ninian Gore took his in a dark boudoir closet! A. R.

THE LATE BARON STOCKMAR.—A telegraphic dispatch on the 16th July announced the death, at Coburg, in his seventy-seventh year, of Baron Stockmar, the earliest and most devoted friend of her Majesty. Baron Stockmar had been a faithful attendant and companion of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, even before the marriage of his Royal Highness with the Princess Charlotte; and when his establishment was formed in England, Baron Stockmar was appointed Controller of the Household. He continued the friend of Prince Leopold after he accepted the throne of Belgium, though he was no longer in attendance on him, and at intervals he passed much of his time in England, where he enjoyed the confidence of the Duchess of Kent to an unlimited extent. In these days of her early childhood the Queen's friendship for, and confidence in, Baron Stockmar began, and continued without interruption to the present moment. Before the marriage of Prince Albert with the Queen, his Royal Highness employed the autumn of 1838-39 in a tour in Italy, and Baron Stockmar was requested by the King of the Belgians to accompany his Royal High-

ness upon this journey, and for no one did the lamented Prince entertain greater regard and esteem throughout his life. For many years he passed a very large portion of his time in England, living at the palace, as the dearly-valued friend of the Queen and Prince, and even when last at Coburg he paid daily visits to the Queen, and it may be supposed her Majesty derived much consolation from these conversations with one who had so intimately known her beloved husband. An attack of paralysis on the 6th warned his friends that the separation, for which his rapidly increasing weakness had prepared them, was at hand, and at three o'clock in the morning of the 9th ult. he sank to rest. His loss will be deeply mourned by the Queen, and will, we fear, add to her sorrow and affliction. Her Majesty had, doubtless, looked forward with satisfaction to seeing him again on her approaching visit to Coburg.

THE COUSINS.

"Oh, Lizzie, I'm so tired," exclaimed Marian Ellis, as she entered the parlour and threw herself down in an attitude, which seemed to denote complete exhaustion, upon the sofa.

"Tired!" and Lizzie fixed her blue eyes upon the speaker with such a look of wondering amazement, that the half-veiled, half-wearied expression which had rested upon Marian's countenance was chased away by the breaking forth of a merry laugh.

"Yes, you dear little piece of originality. Why do you look so surprised? Is that a sensation which is unknown to you?" said Marian, laughingly.

"Tired!" repeated Lizzie, paying no heed to Marian's gay sally, "of what are you tired?"

"Not of you, dear cousin; set your heart at ease there; but," she continued more seriously, "of this life; this wearisome, senseless routine of misalculated pleasure. I am weary of its falseness, its petty, insignificant aims. I suppose that life may be true and beautiful, even here; that there are noble aims to be sought, and paths of usefulness and duty for us all; but it would require the courage of a martyr, the patience of a saint, to follow them aright, surrounded by such a distorted atmosphere of fashionable folly. But I had forgotten that you, from your happy country home, have had but a glimpse of city life and pleasures; and as 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' you have doubtless formed a different idea to this," said Marian, half-inquiringly.

Lizzie smiled.

"Well," continued Marian, "this evening you will make your *entrée* into London society, and can o'en judge for yourself."

Lizzie seemed to have fallen into a reverie, and made no reply; and Marian, taking from the centre-table the last number of "The London Reader," was soon absorbed in its perusal. We will take this opportunity, kind reader, to make you acquainted, in some measure, with the young ladies we have so uncereemoniously presented to your view.

Marian Ellis was the daughter and only child of a very wealthy retired merchant. The family of Mr. Ellis moved in the highest circle of society, and Marian was one of its brightest ornaments. No word applied to her would give so clear a conception as queenly. She moved through the halls of wealth and pride with a haughty grace which well became her imperial beauty, and fascinated all beholders.

Hers was not alone a beauty of form or feature; though these were perfect, they were illuminated by the soul within; and the intellect impressed upon the snowy brow, the hidden thought which made the dark eye seemed luminous, and the language of the smile which parted the ruby lips, were what impressed the beholder; for snowy brows, dark eyes, and sweet smiles are met with far too often to excite more than a passing glance of admiration.

But as we need never expect to meet with perfection in human form, it would be wrong to imagine Marian Ellis as faultless; yet her faults seemed rather the natural consequences of her position and education than anything inherent in her nature. Was it strange that one whose superiority was acknowledged by all, who was the worshipped, flattered idol of society, should be proud and rather disposed to claim as her due the admiration with which she over met? Was it to be wondered at that one who never knew an ungratified wish should be a little exacting? But if she was considered by her acquaintance proud and haughty, reserved and perhaps scornful, by her friends these traits were never seen. At home, and in the company of those she loved and esteemed, Marian Ellis was very unlike the Marian Ellis of society. She was gentle and affectionate, generous and self-sacrificing, and those who knew her best could not but love her.

Lizzie Warren was in many respects a complete contrast to her cousin Marian, yet she was hardly less likely to please. She was about a year younger than Marian, who was nineteen, but her slight, yet graceful figure, the sweet, girlish expression of her lovely face,

and a distrustful timidity of manner, caused her to appear much younger than she really was. Her light brown hair fell in natural ringlets, shading her rosy cheeks, and clustering upon her snowy neck; her eyes were of that deep, liquid blue, so often praised yet so rarely met, and her mouth, with its coral lips, its pearly teeth, and dimpled smiles, reminded you of an half-opened rosebud.

She was the daughter of Mr. Ellis's only sister, and resided in a secluded village situated in Hampshire. This was her first visit to her relatives in London, and though she had seen her uncle and aunt, who had visited them a few summers previous, it was her first meeting with her cousin Marian.

The girls were both agreeably disappointed when they met. Lizzie had thought to find her cousin a fashionable young lady, and—nothing more. Marian had half-expected to meet with an awkward, country girl; and though she was prepared to do all in her power to render her sojourn pleasant, yet it must be confessed that her anticipations were far from agreeable. But the first glance at Lizzie's sweet face had been sufficient to dispel all these fancies; and as their acquaintance rapidly progressed, she found nothing to recall them. Though Lizzie was comparatively a novice in the etiquette of fashionable society, her natural good sense, combined with her intuitive perceptions of the appropriate, guided her safely through its labyrinths; and the gentle timidity of her manners, her genuine simplicity and truthful artlessness but served as a charming frame for her well-cultivated mind and heart.

The next morning, as the two girls were chatting over various incidents occurring or connected with the preceding evening, they were interrupted by the announcement of a call.

As Marian read the name upon the card handed to her, an amused expression crossed her face, and after directing the servant to show the gentleman into the library, she turned to Lizzie and said:

"Let me congratulate you, cousin; you surely achieved a conquest last evening, of no slight value, either. See," she continued, throwing the card into Lizzie's lap, "Mr. Howard Lincoln awaits our pleasure below; and I know right well his visit is not intended for me. His attentions to a certain fair lady last evening were quite too marked, and this call settles the matter beyond doubt; but come."

"No, Marian, I shall not go down. Mr. Lincoln is almost a stranger; he will not expect to see me."

"But he will and does; indeed, I am sure, that his call is attributable to you alone. Now, don't say another word," she continued, as a strong expression of disapproval appeared upon Lizzie's countenance, and she seemed about to utter a forcible dissent; "but come along with me."

Half-reluctantly Lizzie accompanied her cousin; and as they entered the parlour, the evident pleasure with which Mr. Lincoln greeted her, and the admiration which his eyes too plainly betrayed, caused her to feel slightly embarrassed, while her cheek flushed painfully.

Vexed with her own want of self-possession, she replied to all his attempts at conversation so briefly that he found himself obliged to converse with Marian alone. His call was short, but before leaving he had asked the pleasure of escorting them to the opera the next evening, an invitation which Marian accepted for both; for upon glancing at Lizzie she fancied she was about to dissent, and hastened to reply in such a manner as prevented the necessity of her speaking.

After Mr. Howard's departure, Marian playfully rallied her cousin upon her evident discomposure; but Lizzie had felt too keenly a sense of mortification to allow her to smile, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, Lizzie, darling, forgive me; how thoughtless I have been," exclaimed Marian with real self-reproach. "But you must not mind my idle jesting, for it was not meant unkindly. Come Lizzie, banish those tears and tell me that you forgive my foolish thoughtlessness;" and Marian sat down by her side, caressingly taking her hand while she awaited her reply.

"No, Marian," said Lizzie, smiling through her tears, "I have nothing to forgive, and you are mistaken in thinking that my foolish weakness was caused by your words. I felt vexed with myself; and if you ever experience that feeling, you will comprehend that crying is a great relief in such a case."

"But," said Marian, "you are too sensitive, Lizzie, too timid; although your timidity is not in the least unbecoming—indeed, it is so rarely met with, that its freshness is charming. No, I am not flatterer," said she, putting down the little hand which Lizzie had laid upon her lips, "it is the truth, which you are to listen to patiently. For your own sake only, would I wish you to possess a little more confidence in your ability to please, less sensitive to the opinions of others. Indeed, you may take me as an example in that particular, only be careful and not copy too closely. Now, Mr. Lincoln is not a particular friend of mine, for the reason that I am so indifferent to his opinion that I care not

to take the trouble to correct some 'first impressions' which he formed in regard to my character. I can appreciate all his good qualities, of which, to do him justice, he possesses an unusual amount; but his opinion of me is something like this: 'Miss Ellen is a vain, frivolous daughter of fashion; she may have some talent, but it is laid as an offering upon the shrine of folly, and her beauty is but as a deceitful mask, which hides her want of soul and heart.'

"Oh, Marian!" exclaimed Lizzie, reproachfully, "you wrong both yourself and him."

"How so? Mr. Lincoln imagines himself gifted with a vast deal of imagination; I am content that he should think so."

"But, Marian," said Lizzie, earnestly, "you are not true to yourself; you conceal the most admirable traits in your character, and thereby deprive yourself of much that is invaluable; not only the satisfaction which the approval of your own heart would bring, but the friendship and love of many, who, not seeing Marian Ellis as she truly is, cannot be expected to love her as we do, to whom she is herself."

"You may be right, Lizzie, yet the friendship of a few like you is all I crave, all I wish; and as to being true to ourselves, letting the outer life be a type of the inner, it is, as I have before said, well-nigh impossible here. Do you know, I believe I should love the country; I know but little of it in reality, for though we leave town each summer, it is but to visit Brighton, or some other fashionable resort, where, instead of escaping from city life, we but meet it reproduced in an exaggerated form."

"But, Marian, if you really wish to see the country as it is, why not return with me and spend the coming summer with us in Hampshire?" said Lizzie.

"Oh, it would be delightful," exclaimed Marian, starting up with surprise and pleasure; "I had not thought of it before, but if my parents are willing, I will most certainly accompany you, and—but there is the dinner-bell, we will have it decided immediately."

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, when they saw how much their daughter's heart was set upon the proposed visit, gave their consent.

Lizzie's visit to London had been limited by her mother to two months. She could not consent to a longer separation from her darling and only child; for she was a widow, and though surrounded by kind friends, yet Lizzie was the sunshine, the joy of her lonely life.

It was now the second week of April; Lizzie, had at the time our tale commences, been at her uncle's a week, and would consequently leave about the first of June, when it was arranged that Mr. Ellis and Marian should accompany her home; the former to return in a few days, the latter to remain through the summer.

Of the then intervening weeks before the departure for Hampshire, we shall leave much to the imagination of the reader. Sufficient to say that they glided away rapidly and pleasantly to all parties.

It is evening. The brilliantly lighted parlour at Mr. Ellis's seems forsaken, is silent, unoccupied. No, we are mistaken; standing within the curtained shadow at the end of the apartment, looking out upon the beautiful night, are two figures, one a noble, manly form, the other a slight, graceful girl. And now, as the moon emerges from a light cloud, and her full rays fall upon their features, we recognize Lizzie Warren and Howard Lincoln.

"And you will leave to-morrow, with pleasure, I suppose?" said Howard Lincoln, with an inquiring glance.

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln, this is my first absence from home, and it is indeed a pleasure to anticipate meeting the dear friends from whom I have been separated so long."

"So long?" repeated the gentleman with a smile.

"Do not mistake me, Mr. Lincoln; I have enjoyed my visit here exceedingly; it is only when thinking of home, that it seems long," answered Lizzie.

"And will you carry with you no regretful thoughts of the friends you are leaving here?" said Howard; and then, without awaiting her reply, he continued in a voice of deep emotion, "May I hope, Miss Warren, that you will sometimes bestow a thought upon me, that you will not forget me?"

Lizzie's eyes, which had been resting upon the speaker's face, dropped suddenly, while a slight flush stole over her cheeks; but she replied with assumed gravity.

"Certainly not, Mr. Lincoln; how can you think of me so unkindly. I assure you that all your kind efforts to entertain, amuse and instruct a country girl shall be held in grateful remembrance."

But Howard Lincoln had noted the slight agitation of manner with which the words were spoken; and taking the little hand which was nervously toying with the folds of the curtain, he said in a low, yet earnest tone.

"Lizzie, forgive me, but I have dared to hope for more than the passing regard of an acquaintance. I have loved you from the moment in which we first met,

with a true, unchanging affection, and all my hopes for future happiness now rest upon the possibility of your returning my love. May I hope that you can, that you will, Lizzie?"

She replied not in words, but the little hand he had taken was not withdrawn; and as she raised her blue eyes to his face once more, he read in their truthful, earnest depths all that he most wished to know.

CHAPTER II

THE morning succeeding the arrival at Elmdale of Mr. Ellis and his daughter, and return home of Lizzie Warren, dawned gloriously beautiful. It was one of the loveliest of June mornings. Marian had arisen early, yet not so early but that she found, upon descending to the pleasant little sitting-room, her aunt and Lizzie. Stepping out upon the vine-wreathed porch before the door, she stood for some moments in silent enjoyment of a scene of exquisite beauty.

The house of Mrs. Warren stood upon a slight elevation, commanding a view of the little village of Elmdale with its neat white cottages surrounded by shrubbery, its church spire glistening in the early sunlight, its long row of chestnuts now throwing a dense shade quite across the narrow streets, save where some stately poplar, like a grim sentinel stood, casting a long and narrow shadow, while in the intervening space on either side a flood of golden light lay warmly bright. Beyond the village could be seen, through bending willows, glimpses of bright sparkling water—one of those clear placid streams which seem but a reflection of the bright sky above. The air was vocal with melody, and fragrant with the dewy breath of the rose and honeysuckle; and as Marian stood listening to the birds, inhaling the perfumed breath of the morning and drinking in the beauty of the landscape, she felt as though until that moment she had never tasted pleasure. A hand was gently laid upon her arm, and turning, she found her father standing by her side.

"Is it not beautiful?" she exclaimed, while the enthusiasm she felt irradiated her speaking countenance.

"Yes, my child, it is very beautiful," said Mr. Ellis, thoughtfully.

"But you seem sad, father; surely such a scene can bring naught but joy."

"It recalls my lost youth," said Mr. Ellis, sadly.

But Marian was too happy to allow a shade to rest upon his brow; and throwing her arms around his neck, she imprinted a loving kiss upon his cheek as she said:

"Put away the sad thoughts now, dear father; surely the present brings happiness, and we must not let it escape us."

Could those who envied the beautiful belle have seen her then, their whispered murmurs of her pride, her cold, haughty scorn, her heartlessness, would have been silenced for ever.

As her father looked down upon the beautiful countenance lifted to his, and read its expression of loving sympathy, as she sought to banish the shade of sorrow from his brow, he felt that he was far happier in the possession of such a daughter's love than ever in the days long past; and though his lips were mute, from his heart went up a prayer of thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

A silence of a few minutes ensued, which was interrupted by a summons to breakfast. They were soon seated at the daintily arranged, tempting table, where we will for the present leave them, pausing first, however, to introduce to the reader Mrs. Warren.

Though she had looked upon the blossoms of forty-five summers, the traces of Time's footsteps could be seen only in the dark hair slightly threaded with silver; for the calm, unfurrowed brow, the clear, mild blue eye spoke not of the autumn of life. She had the gentle manners and refinement of a true lady; such politeness as we meet only where a well-cultivated mind is united with a heart filled with love and sympathy for others.

Mr. Ellis returned to his home. Marian entering alike into the duties and pleasures of the life about her, was very happy, and the long summer months glided by as a dream. She roamed through the green woods with Lizzie; she formed many pleasant acquaintances, with whom she spent hours as agreeably as ever in the brilliant circle of London society.

Especially was the companionship and conversation of Edward Graham, the youthful clergyman, a source of unfailing interest and pleasure. He had ever been a welcome visitor at Mrs. Warren's, but there were not wanting observing eyes to remark, that since the arrival of Miss Ellis his calls were more frequent than ever before. However this might be, it is certain that he found much to admire, much to interest him in Marian Ellis; and often, when seated in his lonely study, it must be confessed that his thoughts were strangely at variance with the subject upon which his pen was engaged.

Edward Graham was gifted with an intellect of un-

common power, genius of the highest order, and a mind whose rich stores of knowledge seemed inexhaustible; and these gifts, so rich and priceless in themselves, had been consecrated upon the altar of religion.

Marian had been at first struck with the eloquence and fervour of his ministry, investing what had for her been little more than outward form with the beauty, the reality of truth; and upon becoming personally acquainted with him, she found, as we have before said, his companionship and conversation a source of interest and pleasure.

October's gorgeous drapery was thrown over the earth, when one pleasant evening, as the twilight was deepening around the lattice-arbour where the two girls were sitting, there was a slight bustle within the house, and cheerful voices were heard mingling confusedly. Presently a firm, quick step was heard approaching, and the next moment a manly form stood before them.

The light had well-nigh faded, but Lizzie's heart, with one quick, joyous throb, had told her that it was Howard Lincoln.

The recognition over, and first words spoken, Howard turned to Marian, saying:

"I am not alone, Miss Ellis; your parents are here, and—"

Marian waited to hear no more; with one quick bound she disappeared, and was soon clasped in the arms of her parents.

A happy group was that assembled in the little parlour of Mrs. Warren that evening.

When Edward Graham learned that Marian would return to London with her parents in a few days, his heart awoke to the consciousness that he loved her; and seeking her presence, he pleaded earnestly and eloquently for her love to bless his life, his home. Marian placed her hand in his and looked up with a trustful, loving smile that said far plainer than words, "Whither thou goest I will go."

Though Mr. and Mrs. Ellis keenly felt the deprivation it would be to part with their daughter, yet when they came to know Edward Graham, they could appreciate his worth; and the pang of sorrow and regret at losing Marian was softened by the consciousness that they were resigning her to one so eminently worthy and so well calculated to render her happy.

One pleasant morning, a week later, there was a bridal party at Mrs. Warren's. Howard Lincoln and Lizzie Warren stood side by side, and the solemn vows of trust and promise were uttered.

Howard took his young bride to his city home, and smiles, and hopes, and blessings accompanied them. The future was without a cloud—the present all sunshine and happiness. Mrs. Warren yielded to the earnest entreaties of her children, and a few months after Lizzie's marriage she disposed of her little place and went to live with her daughter.

The next June Marian came back, but she came now as the bride of Edward Graham to her home, the little rose-embowered parsonage.

A. H.

A MOTHER'S EYE.—A large crowd of people were hooting and laughing at a man who had done some act with which they were displeased—"Nay," said an aged woman, "he is somebody's bairn." Such are the different views which different spectators take of the same subject; such is the feeling of maternal love, of which there is to me always an affecting image in Hogarth's fifth plate of Industry and Idleness, where an aged woman clings with the fondness of hope not quite extinguished to her vice-hardened child, whom she is accompanying to the ship destined to bear him away from his native soil; in whose shocking face every trace of the human countenance seems obliterated, and a brute beast's to be left instead, shocking and repulsive to all but her who watched over it in its cradle before it was so sadly altered.

THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK.—The Astronomer Royal reports to the visitors of the Royal Observatory, that the rate of this clock, which records itself at Greenwich daily, by galvanic connection, "may be considered certain, to much less than one second a week." The original stipulation was, that it should not exceed a second a day, and that was attempted to be set aside as impracticable by some of the candidates for making the clock. Mr. Airy's testimony to its accuracy is the more valuable, as he had retired in 1853 from the joint superintendence of the work on account of some differences with Mr. Denison, Q.C., who designed the clock and invented the "gravity escapement" for it, which has since been adopted in other large clocks. It may not be generally known that most of the wheels are of cast-iron: the hands and their appendages weigh about a ton and a half, and the pendulum 6 cwt. The dials are 22½ feet wide, or 400 feet in area each, and cost more than the clock itself. The cracked Big Ben still hangs in the tower, with a hole cut in its side, by which Dr. Percy investigated its real state, and reported it as "porous, unhomogeneous, unsound, and a defective casting."



[THE YOUNG LIEUTENANTS EXPLORE THE BEAUTIES OF ZANTE.]

VIOLETTA.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Author of "Quadrone," "Dipthe Hall," "Photographs of the Heart," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return. Campbell.

CAPTAIN JONES had at once surmised that the presence of Sir Reginald Percival in his house boded no good to the lad, whose forlorn condition and personal good qualities had so entwined themselves about his heart.

He had accordingly acted with his usual decision of character. No sooner was the baronet and his wife safely within their chamber for the night than, after a brief conference with his wife and Judith, he hastened to the room occupied by his supposed nephew.

Mrs. Jones, having been consulted, had quite approved of the intentions of her husband, nor had poor Judith one word to say against them.

When, however, she was once alone, she gave full sway to the torrent of grief which filled her soul. Judith was deeply grateful to her benefactors for their uniform kindness and attention to her wishes, but to him was given the devoted love of a pure and innocent heart which leaned for support and nourishment upon the very tree it had reared.

And now he was to go—to leave her for other scenes where, in all probability, her image would speedily fade from his view, and the past be remembered only as a vague and doubtful dream.

Judith was naturally, from early suffering, not of a hopeful disposition, and looked at life and its coming events through a gloomy vista.

This is a fault too common with young girls, who, probably from a faulty or erroneous education, are too apt to make themselves hopelessly miserable by brooding over imaginary sorrows.

This arises in a great measure from the want of active occupation for their minds, a privilege enjoyed far more by those of the opposite sex, who rarely are gloomy in youth, unless of an ascetic disposition, or

affected by the study of some dark and uncouth German philosophy.

Though John Jones, as he was temporarily called, was often rendered thoughtful by the memory of his false position, he was naturally too warm-hearted and generous, not to be possessed of a happy character.

Despite, then, his sudden interview with his uncle, he slept the sleep of innocence when the captain gently entered his room, for it was on the latch.

What boy thinks of guarding himself by bolts and bars!

The captain shaded his candle with his hand for one moment, and then with a sigh of regret woke the boy up.

John rubbed his eyes, looked around with a startled glance, which soon merged into one of alarm, when he saw the grave face of his guardian.

"Anything the matter, my dear sir?" he asked.

"No, my dear boy; but you must leave this house."

"Leave?"

"Yes; and this very night," said Jones.

"But, my dear sir, why this haste? Why am I to hurry off a week before my time?"

"John, your uncle has come here with some evil intention; that he knows you, is certain. I would not have you remain within his reach for double my whole fortune, until your rights are proclaimed before the law."

"What can he do?"

"Murder! I saw it in his eyes. My dear boy, allow one older and more experienced than yourself to decide your actions. Here is a letter for Captain Murray of the Terrible. Mogford will accompany you, and see you safe on shipboard. You have selected the navy as a profession—and admirably will it fit you, for your station. During your absence your friends will not be idle. All the evidence shall be laid before counsel; and should any sudden event require your presence, I will summon you at once."

John listened in silence. He both respected and loved his guardian, and knew that he spoke words of wisdom.

"I am ready, my dear sir, to start at once; may I bid Mrs. Jones and dear Judith adieu?" he said.

"Certainly, they are waiting in the parlour. Put on your things at once, and I will go and see that all is clear. With such a man as your uncle, one cannot be too cautious."

As he spoke, the captain retired to the door and listened. In a very few minutes he was followed by John, and both with cautious footsteps descended to the parlour, where they found Mrs. Jones and Judith silently packing a small portmanteau. His sea-chest had been sent on to Portsmouth that very day.

John was a boy, and a boy of few words, so the parting on his part was brief, though anyone might have seen that he felt acutely.

"My more than mother," he said to Mrs. Jones, "never can I thank you enough for all you have done for me. Some day, though, I may be able to prove my gratitude."

"Say no more, John; you have given me great happiness already, since the hour when providence directed your footsteps hither. Go, and may you return to enjoy your own, and be an honour, as I am sure you will, to the name of Percival."

"Judith, you seem sad; but you know my sudden departure is necessary. Grieve not, dearest, for were I to stay, the work you so nobly began might be undone, and the machinations of my uncle again triumph. Judith, you will not forget your little Johnny."

"John—forget you!" she cried, in passionate tones, "have I not left father, mother, brothers, sisters, even my God, to cleave unto you—and can you ask me such a question? Until sense fails me in that dread hour, which must come to all, my first thought must, will be, for you, my darling Johnny."

And she caught him wildly to her heart, and kissed his forehead.

"I knew you would not, Judy; but mind you don't go and get married, or do anything of that sort, during the absence of your guardian and godfather."

There was a strange flash in Judy's eye, almost of indignation, but she restrained herself by an effort. "Certainly, Johnny," she said, quietly. "I will not get married until your return."

And the poor girl kneeled over the box to hide the agony of her grief, which she had great difficulty in concealing. There was one who saw and understood her anguish.

There is a silver thread of sympathy at times between the hearts of women which betrays to one another feelings which the duller apprehension of man shall never see.

To know of sorrow with Frances Jones was to wish to alleviate it, and she turned quietly to her husband.

"My dear, the night is wearing fast, had not Johnny better be starting?"

"Yes, my dear, one more embrace, my brave boy—take care of yourself—God bless you!"

"God bless you all!" cried John, once more kissing the cheeks of his adopted mother and that of his devoted and guardian angel.

And then, without another word, he quickly left the room, nor was he then even aware what speechless sorrow he left behind.

"To my arms, my darling child!" said Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, mother!" cried Judith.

"Hush, dear girl!" continued the stout-hearted captain's wife, "all shall yet be well. He will return a man to do battle with those who have wronged him."

"I know he will be rich and happy—that every blessing which Heaven can shower on his head will deservedly be his; but, mother, *he does not love me!*"

And, unable to restrain herself any longer, Judith gave way to a passionate flood of tears, and then was almost carried to her bed.

She would not be comforted.

A chaise was waiting outside the gates, in which Mogford was already ensconced, and in a few minutes John had bidden a long farewell to Mount Sorrel and its hospitable owners.

For some little time his thoughts were centered wholly on those he was leaving behind; but then, with the joyous elasticity of youth, he began to look forward, to wonder what the life he was about to commence was like.

His sadness and silence then gave way to excitement and curiosity. He roused himself, woke up the drowsy old sailor, and plying him with questions, forced him to shake off all ideas of sleep and give way to his natural propensity for yarns.

The old salt was naturally of a facetious turn of mind; and, perhaps, irate at the way in which his slumbers had been interrupted, gave rather an unpopular account of the service, spoke of young gentlemen receiving the quantum of lashes at the gun, and other pains and penalties too numerous to mention, and all more or less fabulous.

"I would run away at once rather than submit to any such indignities," said the high-spirited lad.

"All very fine talking, Mr. John, but not so easily done," replied Mogford, with a sarcastic grin, "desertion is worse than all, and is punished with death."

"Death before dishonour," cried John.

"Well, you have no occasion to take on so; its high thirty years since I was aboard a man-of-war, and things changes. I've heard tell midshipmen's messes is like a lord's table, now; no more tallow candlesticks in a bottle, no more rum out of broken cups and blackening pots, no more salt junk and old horse and maggoty biscuits; but glass and silver candlesticks, and champagne, and fresh meat and clean table-cloths! That I'm very doubtful of; but however, its my opinion as a British sailor, if them things are all true, the British navy is a going to the dogs."

"Why Joe," said the young gentleman, with a smile.

"Cause it was all them hardships made the sailor; none of your new fangled valley-de-sham goes for me. I'm for the real old British tar."

"All pigtail tobacco and rum," replied John, with a laugh.

"Werry good things in their way," said Joe Mogford gravely. "It's my opinion, as how, if the French had had them things, we should never have thrashed them as we did."

In conversation like this, in which the genuine experience of the sailor continually peeped out, mixed up with much prejudice and ignorance, the night passed quickly, as well as the rest of the journey.

It was next morning, however, ere they reached Portsmouth, where they put up at the usual rendezvous of midshipmen, and found several of these gentlemen in possession of the premises.

Now, whether the age of mischief has passed away, or whether the tricky disposition of young gentlemen brought up to the profession of the sea has been exaggerated, or whether modern education, by elevating the intellect, has made a serious inroad upon the humorous and funny propensities of juvenile officers, we know not; but this we do know, John Jones was subject on this, his public entry into life, to none of those tricks which usually mark a sucking Nelson's debut in his career.

He found his young companions merry enough, but on the whole a very gentlemanly set of fellows, disposed to give him every information.

"What ship," said one, by name Edward Stacey, a youth about a year older than himself.

"The Terrible."

"Captain Murray?"

"Yes."

"Then call upon him at once; he is very particular. I have asked to join his ship, as I hear it is for foreign service. We may be messmates, for what we know, so there's my hand upon it."

"Where is he staying?" asked John Jones.

The midshipman told him, and John, thinking his advice good, proceeded—his servant Joe still hanging in tow—to pay his respects to the awful power, which was in all probability for so long a period to rule his destiny.

On reaching the hotel and sending up his name, he was instantly ordered into the presence of the officer.

Captain Charles Murray, for such was now the old lover of Eleanor Fontenoy, was seated at a table writing. He was no longer the joyous, happy man we have known him in earlier days; but a stern and melancholy looking remnant of his former self.

He had never ceased to think of her whose weakness and folly had blighted his whole existence.

It was in vain the strong heart of the man contended against his destiny, and that reason told him it was idle to live one life-long existence of regret for her who had shown herself so little worthy of him—he could but answer that he loved her still.

Yes! the fatal remembrance of her charms, of her deep blue eye, of her gentle loveliness, came to him in the solitude of the night, when none but Omnipotence could see, and made him shed burning and passionate tears of vain regret.

His eye had never turned to woman since—his was the fidelity which knows no cavilling, no dispute—his widowed heart was hers.

And none knew it. As the stern disciplinarian and envied officer, who had won his rank by merit alone—walked the deck of his ship observant, and with eye fixed upon every detail of business, few could believe what burning canker was within, devouring and consuming his very heart and soul.

Such cases are not uncommon. Men rarely like to parade their sorrows to the world, but brood upon them inwardly until grey hairs and duller eyes proclaim to the world the corroding influence.

And we fancy these are the offspring of mere bodily suffering!

John stood with his letter in his hand, gazing with awe and respect at the handsome officer before him.

"Well!" he said at last.

"A letter, sir."

"You are before your time?" observed Captain Murray, as he carelessly broke the seal.

"The letter will explain, sir."

"Indeed! ah! terrible secret—have no one to trust to but you, my old friend—will not trust the story to paper—must question the boy. Hear his fearful story, and be his friend. I have clear evidence of all he will tell you. Strange. Sit down, young gentleman; but have you breakfasted? I suppose you have?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I thought it more respectful to wait upon you first, sir."

"Indeed!" said Captain Murray, with a grim effort at a smile; "not much like a midshipman; but I suppose you will soon know better. Ring that bell."

John obeyed, and ere scarcely the last tingle had ceased its echoes through the house, a waiter was bowing and scraping, and wishing to know his honour's pleasure.

"Breakfast."

"For one, Captain Murray?"

"For two."

The waiter vanished, and in a fourth less time than Ariel selected as the fitting period to put a garble round the earth, a comfortable meal was before them.

As soon as he had seen the famished traveller's hunger appeased, the captain spoke:

"And now," he said, in a kind and encouraging tone, "let me hear your story. To begin, what is your name?"

"John Percival!"

"Sir!" cried the captain, casting himself back in his chair, pale with emotion; "any relation of that villain, Sir Reginald Percival, of Cheveleigh Hall?"

"Sir—my name is Sir John Percival, Baronet; his is still plain Reginald," said the boy, proudly.

"Ah! sayest thou so? Is there vengeance in store? Go on, boy. I will not interrupt you. Tell me your tale, frankly, openly; and if you have been wronged by that man I will be the very best friend you ever had for the hate I bear him!"

"And the love that you bear to my guardian, Mr. Jones?" said John, gently.

"True, boy! true! but go on. I burn with impatience to hear your story."

It was mid-day when the lad had finished, and several applicants for an audience had been sent away unheeded.

"Villain! double distilled villain! Boy, that man has injured you, foully wronged you; but your wrong is reparable. What did he unto me? You are too young to know the meaning of love."

"I love Judith!"

"True, boy! true!—and the innocent, pure, and honest love of a boy, is often more sacred than the passions of manhood. Well, boy, I loved a girl, innocent, pure and good as you are now; a girl for whose bright eyes and sweet face I would have dared a thousand deaths, sacrificed a myriad fortunes. She was mine—she loved me in return. I was poor—her parents hesitated. Then came this man, this hideous monster, made rich by your spoliation, by the murder of his brother, and stood between us. Still she was mine; mine, and I left to join my ship in ecstasies. I had no fear of him, for was not her heart mine—was she not mine? I had been absent one little month, when set free by shipwreck, I flew on the wings of hope and love to claim my bride! One little month, she was married to another—and that other your uncle. Was it not enough to make a man lose all faith in woman

—curse his own folly and turn misanthrope? But no more of this, my boy; I am your friend. Before the world I am your superior officer; in the secret of my heart we are as brothers. I will defend you, boy, and I will avenge you. No child of hers shall ever inherit the title or lands of Cheveleigh.

The captain here shook the boy heartily by the hand and sent him on board ship.

The captain kept his word. It would not suit the exigencies of our narrative to tell how it fared with John in his new profession. For several years his adventures were few. He sailed to America, Lisbon, and Malta, heard often from home, and at length one day when in Naples Bay, received a letter informing him that notice had been given to the tenants of Cheveleigh to pay no more rents to Sir Reginald, the heir of Sir John being alive.

The same post brought orders to cruise after a pirate—a Greek it was believed, who had committed one or two audacious acts of robbery in those seas, to the great detriment of commerce.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour;

I've seen my fondest hopes decay;

I never loved a tree or flower,

But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well,

And love me, it was sure to die.

Moore.

Too late I stay'd, forgive the crime,

Unheeded fell the hours!

How needless fells the foot of time

That only treads on flowers!

W. K. Spencer.

THERE is a charm in the life of a sailor which in the young, especially, invests the soul with a degree of romance and poetry beyond all power of description; and when much of that life is passed on the blue waters and under the bright sky of the Mediterranean, it is rarely even that the charm ceases to be felt even in more mature age.

John was a little over twenty, as with his epaulet on his shoulder he walked the quarter-deck, in company with his friend and fellow-officer Edward Stacey.

It was towards the end of that war into which the mad ambition of a semi-lunatic, Mahomed Ali plunged the East, and both the young men had seen service.

Still they pined for more. Their restless and romantic natures sighed for action.

Naples had pleased them for a time, but as amidst its pleasures and frivolities, neither had found his heart touched by the magic power of love, they quitted it without regret.

Neither of them was of a cold nature—for neither had yet struck that witching hour, when the soul is illumined by an electric shock, and all nature, sun, moon, stars, the heaven above, the earth beneath, appears endowed with heavenly beauty.

Neither had yet loved.

"I thought you were rather smitten last night, Jones?" said Stacey.

"By whom," replied our hero with a quiet smile.

"Miss Dorcas."

"I forgive you, Stacey," said the handsome young officer shaking his auburn curls, "I forgive you, because I believe you are joking."

"No—honour."

"Then I cannot forgive you. What man falls in love with an animated doll, a thing of mere white and red, that lips set phrases from Dante or Ariosto without understanding them, and says Naples is so nice, and cries 'How funny!' to every remark a man makes to her? Such a thing may do to laugh and joke an hour away, but talk not to me of loving such a creature."

"I fancy you are steered against woman's charms," said Stacey.

"Not I; my time is not yet come, that's all, and come it will not, until I find my mind's idol."

"Some faultless monster that the world ne'er saw," laughed Edward.

"No Ned, a thing of flesh and blood, as beautiful and graceful as you like, but with a heart, Ned, a heart attuned to gentle and domestic affections; a girl to love because she will be a wife as well as a mistress, a girl with a soul above her mantua-maker, the last new song, or newest fashion."

"Bravo, but where find this model sweetheart?"

"If I have not found it, 'tis but for the want of seeking; Ned, my dear friend, I have that weighing on my soul, which makes me fitter for terrible deeds and alarms, than to play the lover in my lady's chamber. When right is might and justice is done, then 'twill be time to think of love."

"You have told me the secret is not all your own—or else I should not forgive you for this mystery. But to return to our subject. I often fancy, most mystic John, that Julia is the goddess at whose altar you sacrifice—and hence your coldness."

"My gentle Julia," said John, in his kindest tones, "my own dear sister—no. It would be sacrifice to

look upon that bright peculiar star, to whom I owe my hopes of rank and wealth, to whom I owe more than life, in any other light than that which we approach the shrine of some divinity."

"I hope I may be wrong, John," replied Stacey, gravely; "but there is something that tells me, a careful perusal of her charming and delightful letters would show that her feelings towards you are warmer than those of a sister."

"Good Heavens, Ned! what is this? what mania has come across you? I would not believe this true for my commission. Nonsense, Julia love me—but as the boy she saved? Tut—nonsense."

But nonsense as he called it, the idea made Master John very uncomfortable; and he walked the deck in silence for some considerable time, nor did he ever return for many months to the topic.

Julia in love with him? 'twas folly; and yet all her letters breathed a devoted affection, an earnest devotion, an utter negation of self, which was, to say the least, singular, and then she never alluded in the faintest way to any other person, as having won her affections.

All her soul appeared centered in her dear Johnny, to see him and die was her dream of happiness.

John began seriously to task himself, and to reflect if anything in his letters could have in any way justified such an idea; and at serious reflection, finding he could not in any way blame himself, he resolved that the whole affair was a mistake, and not worthy of further consideration.

But the thought of Julia stole upon him now, at times when it had never stolen on him before, and he found himself often leaning in apparent listlessness for hours together, against the gunwale, during his night-watch, still thinking of Julia.

He would ask himself if four years was, after all, such a very great difference in the age of a woman; and then, whether her having been a Jewess, and the daughter of such disreputable parents, was not a bar to her union with one of his supposed rank and fortune?

The latter ground of disparity was disregarded on the instant. When he was low in the world, a poor, defenceless child, without a friend or supporter, she had come forward to defend and protect him; and then what were four years?

He could with a clear conscience return and marry Julia.

Softly. Did she love him, after all? And as this idea crossed his mind, he would steal down-stairs, open her packet of letters, and read them through.

There was a something in their tone, now that the idea was put into his head, combined with a strong dose of that personal vanity which belongs to every man, which assured him that, at all events, his addresses would not be coldly received.

His imagination, animated by the remembrance of the lovely Jewess, her remarkable beauty of form and feature, and his heart overflowing with gratitude for her past devotion, he one evening sat down and wrote a passionate declaration of love, and solemnly declared he would never come home to claim his rank and honours, unless it were also to share his fortune with his beautiful, his beloved Julia.

It was a wild and fantastic thing to do—wooing a woman he had not seen for five years; but it was the act of a romantic and generous-hearted boy.

It was the fourth day after leaving Naples, and the night set in dark and gloomy. Gale in the Mediterranean, though in general of short duration, are terrible in their power, and sometimes lasting.

Captain Charles Murray, who combined with cool courage and determination a due regard to the welfare of his men, and the safety of his ship, at once ordered sail to be reduced.

John had just time thrust his letters into his pocket, and to rush on deck, where the duties of an officer soon effaced all remembrance of more tender emotions.

White and frothy so the waves towards the darkened sky, fierce blew the blast amid the shrouds and rigging, and heaved laboured the gallant brig to right herself as sudden lifts of wind—so common in those seas—now sent her into the trough of the sea, now sent her almost on her beam-ends, and at one time almost tore off the rudder.

It is always a splendid sight to see the British sailor in a storm; then it is that the gallant qualities which are inherent in his nature come forth in full vigour. On ordinary occasions, in the excitement of pleasure, or under the fire of guns, he may be coarse, or fierce, or vulgar.

Here he is sublime.

Captain Murray knew his men, and his men knew him. Everything, then, went on like clockwork, and though ere midnight she was scudding under bare poles, still but little apprehension was felt—not one person even thought of making the ship a scene of "wailing, blasphemy, and devotion," of mingled "plundering, drinking, and riot," such as too often is the cause of many fine ships being lost.

All were on deck; the weather was too severe to admit of sleep. The captain, it is true, calmly ordered

one watch below, but perceiving that none were inclined to obey, he took no notice of this infraction of discipline, which, on any other occasion, he would have treated as mutiny.

"The watch below has gathered forward, sir," said John, in a whisper.

"Don't take any notice," replied Captain Murray, in a calm whisper, "the gale is fearful, and no man can say how it will end. It would be cruel to hurry so many men into eternity asleep."

"Is the danger so great?" whispered John in his quiet way.

"We are in the hands of Providence," said Captain Murray, solemnly, "no sea is more treacherous than this calm and blue Mediterranean."

"And no sea more changeable," cried John, joyously, as a streak of light broke right across the sky, and the wind evidently lulled.

"This morning," said the captain, quietly, "but I believe you are right. The rage of the tempest is abated."

And John was right. The storm was over, and though at breakfast-time the ocean did not slumber like an unweaned child,

the sea was tolerably calm, the sky clear, and land in sight.

Captain Murray ordered the carpenter and others to examine the ship, and they speedily reported a leak so serious that it was necessary to take the vessel into port with all convenient speed.

"What land is that yonder?" said the captain, turning quietly to John.

"Zante," he replied, after a rapid glance at the chart.

"Let the master make for the first port," said the chief officer.

Two hours later they were at anchor in the outer harbour of Zante, and an hour later whole gangs of lazy Greeks were at the pumps, while the carpenter endeavoured to reach the spot where the leak lay.

It was a strange and singular accident—no, it was a Providential occurrence—which had brought John Percival to this spot, which for ever afterwards was to him the pleasure-spot of existence, the oasis in the vast, immeasurable plain of human existence.

Having performed certain routine duties, Lieutenant John Jones and Edward Stacey received permission to go on shore—in the first place, to confer with her Britannic Majesty's consul, and ask news of the pirate; secondly, on unlimited leave of absence, the first lieutenant, as usual, having the labour cast upon him, in this instance lightened by the presence of a considerable captain.

Both you men had seen plenty of specimens of that hybrid nation, the Cypriot Greek, which never more shall find a Byron to extol or a genuine patriot to die for them, so that their visit had not the charms of novelty.

Their experience, however, was useful in one way—they provided themselves amply with arms in the shape of revolvers and a dirk ere they landed.

They knew that Zante swarmed with beggars, who ask alms at the gun's point, like the beggar in Gil Blas.

Her Britannic Majesty's consul not being at home when the two officers called, they determined to make a rapid excursion along the coast to where the ruins of a celebrated temple stood.

For this purpose they hired horses and a guide, and started on their journey about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Never was John in higher spirits; the change from the treacherous deck of a ship in a fearful gale to terra firma upon a sure-footed animal was of itself delightful, while the pure air, the sky blue, clear, and mild, and the excitement of an expedition under no control, was to such a mind as his true happiness.

That day, he never forgot it—never to the last hour of his life will he—he felt in heaven. Strange sensations of delight came floating o'er his soul, like unearthly music that vibrated not to the outward sense, but to the heart.

He never reflected on the effect of climate in producing this result.

All he knew was that he was supremely happy—that his soul was attuned to celestial harmony.

"This is a place to live and die in!" he cried.

"To die—yes; to live, I don't know. I've a notion, Master John, the former would be the more likely of the two. Look at our guide—half Jew, half Arab; don't he make your flesh creep to look at him?"

"I call him a fine handsome fellow," said John.

"With a lurking devil in his eye," replied Edward; "half a dozen such fellows in such a place as this would make me draw pistol, fire, and run."

"Never mind the people. Let us think rather of what they were, than of what they have been made by ages of slavery beneath the yoke of a barbarous and heathen race; let us remember the deep debt of gratitude we owe to Greece for her art and literature, her poetry and painting, her statuary, her divine language, her wondrous philosophy —"

"Stop!" cried Edward, bursting with laughter; "no lecture here—we are at the sanctuary."

John awoke from the kind of dream into which he had fallen, and saw the ruins of the temple before him at the top of a hill.

They had dismounted and left their guide in charge of the horses; first, because they would have had some difficulty in climbing the hill; secondly, that their classic feelings might not be affronted by the presence of a modern Greek.

The path was very rough indeed; but by the exercise of considerable patience they finally reached the summit, and stood without the portals of a Grecian temple.

Edward Stacey was about, we fear, to make some irreverent remark, when John clutched him by the arm and drew him behind the portal.

"Hush—breathe not a syllable, or it will vanish—surely, 'tis not of this earth—'tis too beautiful!" whispered John, in agitated tones.

The other looked, and unromantic as he was, was struck dumb with amazement at the vision of beauty which presented itself.

(To be continued.)

A CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.—Every species of dust must prove injurious. Workers in those factories where tools are ground and polished, soon die of pulmonary disease. The dust of cotton and woollen factories, that of the streets, and that which is constantly rising from our carpets, are all mischievous. M. Benoiston found among cotton-spinners the mortality from consumption 18 per 1,000 per annum; coal men, 41; those breathing an atmosphere charged with mineral dust, 30; dust from animal matter, as hair wool, bristles, feathers, 54 per 1,000: of these last, the greatest mortality was among workers in feathers, least among workers in wool. The average liability to consumption among persons breathing the kinds of dust named, was 24 per 1,000, or 2·40 per cent. In a community where many flints were made, there was great mortality from consumption, the average length of time being only nineteen years.

VORACITY OF THE PIKE.—One of the most remarkable of these occurred during the last few years to Mr. I—, of Chippenham, Wiltshire. This gentleman had set a trimmer in the river Avon over night, and on proceeding the next morning to take it up, he found a heavy pike apparently fast upon his hooks. In order to extract these, he was obliged to open the fish, and in doing so perceived another pike of considerable size inside the first, from the mouth of which the line proceeded. This fish it was also found necessary to open, when, extraordinary to state, a third pike, of about three-quarters of a pound weight, and already partly digested, was discovered in the stomach of the second. This last fish was, of course, the original taker of the bait, having been himself subsequently pounced by a later comer, to be in its turn also, afterwards seized and gorged. The only thing that a pike will not eat is a toad. The inherent nauseousness of the animal saves it from being actually swallowed,—its skin, like that of the lizard, containing a white, highly acid secretion, which is exuded from small glands dispersed over the body. There are also two little knobs, in shape like split beans, behind the head, from which, upon pressure, the acid escapes. To test this, I have sometimes, whilst feeding pike, thrown to them a toad instead of a frog, when it has been immediately snapped up, and as instantaneously spat out again; and the same toad has thus passed through the jaws of nearly every fish in the pond, and escaped with but little injury after all. The effect of this secretion may also be observed in the case of a toad being accidentally seized by a dog, which invariably ejects it at once with unequivocal signs of disgust.—*The Angler-Naturalist: a Popular History of Fresh-water Fish.*

WHAT IS INSTINCT?—The writer of this has had bees under his observation daily for a period of over fifteen years, and could bring forward examples to illustrate every requirement of a theory of insect intelligence, were it needful, and would space permit. But one instance will suffice. A bee, whom we will call A, is entangled in a spider's web; he has been liberated and placed on the floor-board in front of the hive. Another bee, whom we will call B, approaches, and exchanges with the victim of Arachne a few passes of the antennae. B immediately enters the hive, and presently returns with two others, C and D. B, C, and D then commence cleaning A of his entanglements, and in so doing get somewhat entangled themselves with the glutinous threads. Every now and then there is a pause, and all of them engage in bringing their antennae into mutual contact, and occasionally after one of these conferences, a new method of cleaning is tried; and the end of it is, that the object of their solicitude, A, is at last purified of his spidery pollution, and all enter the hive together, and we see no more of them. The observer concludes that they made communications to each other on the subject of A's troubles, and by mutual agreement determined on his release from bonds, and

the cleansing of their own persons of the defilements he had unavoidably fastened upon them. If a man were entangled with ropes, and his comrades consulted how to release him, and eventually succeeded, we should not describe the act as the working of a blind impulse, or of an instinct which neither knew what it was doing, nor what was the object of its labours; why then should we degrade the bee by denying that she has knowledge, or attempt to prove her deficiency of knowledge by hazarding the assertion that she is incapable of speech?

PRINCE ALFRED IN THE NORTH.—Prince Alfred has visited Lerwick, (Shetland,) having landed with some comrades from the *Racoon*. They bought some ponies, and went fishing with borrowed rods. The Prince accepted from Mr. Goudie half a dozen long Dutch pipes and a small parcel of Dutch shag, remarking with reference to the latter that he supposed they got this kind of tobacco pretty readily here. Mr. Goudie replied that they could get a little of it, but that the people here had great respect to the Queen's revenue, to which the Prince replied, laughing, "Oh, I daresay." He also accepted some flowers sent by the ladies of Lerwick. Shot practice was carried on from the *Racoon*, and the officers used their rifles.

CAPTAIN ROBERT ADAIR, during the battle of Waterloo, received a wound in the thigh, which made amputation necessary. The surgeon, whose name was Gilder, was performing the operation with difficulty, his instruments being blunted by over-use, when Adair calmed and encouraged him by a regimental joke—"Take your time, Mr. Carver." Burgess, of the same regiment, after undergoing amputation of a leg upon the field, refused to have soldiers called to carry him to the cart, saying, "I will hop to it," which he did. This feat is better attested, if somewhat less surprising, than the one mentioned by Lamartine, who states that "General Lecuire, having received six sabre wounds, dismounts from his horse, whilst his dragoons are rallying for a fresh charge, has his arm amputated and the blood stanching, remounts his horse, and charges with them." Even this French general, however, must yield the palm of pluck and endurance to a crusading ancestor of the Percival's, who (according to the late Mr. Henry Drummond), "having lost a leg in an engagement in Palestine, continued, notwithstanding, on horseback till he lost his arm also, and then still remained some time in his seat, holding the bridle with his teeth till he fell from loss of blood."

A GROTESQUE STORY.—The *Deccan Herald* mentions a fact not generally known, that Miss Jewsbury, who married a clergyman of the name of Fletcher (Rev. W. K. Fletcher), is buried in Poona churchyard. Of the occupant of another grave in the same churchyard our contemporary relates the following story:—"Amongst the records of the dear departed, the curious visitor will find a little memorial erected to the memory of a Major Snodgrass, who, some forty years ago, or it may be more, was paymaster to the forces in these parts. Like many other paymasters, and those of modern times, too, he came to grief; and Sir Lionel Smith intimated to him that, unless he was prepared to furnish accounts and explanations by a given time, he had better put a pistol to his head and settle matters by blowing his brains out. Snodgrass did not fancy this, and neither did his wife. They, therefore, took the undertaker into their confidence. An artilleryman had, fortunately for them, died that day, and his body was dug up; the head was then shattered with a shot, and a letter was written to Sir Lionel Smith, stating that Snodgrass could meet debt but not dishonour! An inquest assembled; but out of respect for the feelings of Mrs. Snodgrass the body was not uncovered. Her evidence was taken down, so was a little brandy-pawnee, and the jury retired, perfectly satisfied that Snodgrass had committed *felo de se*. Long afterwards his old friends met him in London, under a new name, Mrs. Snodgrass having married a second time. It was great fun, after dinner, to drink to the memory of Snodgrass—the real Simon Pure honouring the dead artilleryman's remains with as much emotion as if they had really been his own."

A WARNING TO SUNDAY TRADERS.—The *Bridgewater Mercury* thus reports a Sunday dealing case, heard in the County Court of that town, on Tuesday last: Action by Jeffery Denman, inkeeper, Bridgewater, against Sydney Browning, yeoman, Strington, Stogursey, for breach of contract to sell thirty bags of rock potatoes, and upon which contract he received 10s. in part payment, and then neglected and refused to perform the said contract, whereby plaintiff sustained damages to the amount of £2 10s. Mr. P. Reed appeared for plaintiff, and Mr. Trevor for defendant. The plaintiff, in the course of his evidence, stated that the bargain was made on a Sunday; and upon this, Mr. Trevor called his Honour's attention to the 29th of Charles II., which bars claims for work and business done on a Sunday in the ordinary way of a man's trade or calling. Mr. Reed replied that the selling of potatoes was not the ordinary trade or calling of the plaintiff; that his ordinary trade or calling, in the meaning of

this Act, was that of an inkeeper. Mr. Trevor said he could call fifty witnesses to prove that the sale of potatoes was part of the plaintiff's ordinary trade and calling, if not his sole business, perhaps. Mr. Reed: This dealing in potatoes is only a speculation now and then (laughter). Plaintiff said the contract was dated on Monday. His Honour: That is only an evasion of the law; it shows that both of you knew you were doing wrong. Mr. Reed: The Act does not make every act done on a Sunday illegal, but only acts done in the ordinary way of business and calling of a person. His Honour: There is great latitude allowed in this matter; but there is the Act of Parliament, which says that people shall not get rich on the Seventh day by their ordinary callings. Plaintiff: We dealt that day because we wanted money. His Honour: Perhaps so, that is not a peculiarity, everybody wants money (laughter). You must not deal on Sunday again if you want to recover your money. Plaintiff was then non-suited.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

GEMS of the changing autumn, how beautiful ye are!
Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star;
Peeping through the long grass, smiling on the down,
Lighting up the dusky bank, just where the sun goes down;

Yellow flowers of autumn, how beautiful ye are!
Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star.

Here the purple thistle, creeping from the mould,
Tells of coming sorrows to the hare-bell bold,
Cares she for the storm gust, or for threaten'd snows?
On the high raised sandbank trustingly she grows—
He who made the planets in their circling spheres
Warms for trusting flow'rets pale October's tears.

Such the buds I gather in my northern home,
By the haunts of childhood no such flowerets bloom;
But the hawkweed yellow, and the daisy pied,
And the lilac mellow grow its banks beside;
And bright faces gather at the twilight hours,
Sweeter far and dearer than the choicest wayside flowers.

E. L.

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.

SOME years ago an English regiment of dragoons was stationed at Edinburgh; it was one of the regiments which had fought under Sir John Cope, at Prestonpans, and, frightened by the Highlanders' broad claymores and fierce looks, fled to Berwick with incredible swiftness. P— had been invited with other guests to dine at mess; the bottle had circulated freely; the fun was getting fast and furious, P—, as usual, taking the lead, the others following, like a well-trained pack of hounds. It is said that his wicked wit sometimes carries him a little too far; but I can say, from my own experience, that in his intercourse with young men, he ever acts on the principle, "*Maxima reverentia debetur pueris*." It was otherwise, however, on this occasion. P— was called upon to give a song. The song which he sang at the mess of the — Dragoons was not in Gaelic, but in good broad Scotch. "It was 'Hoh, Johnnie Cope, are you wakened yet?' a song which, as you know, celebrates in bitter rillery the defeat of the Royalist forces at Prestonpans."

Of course it is far from complimentary to their courage; and if the officers had known that it referred in any way to their own regiment, which was present on the occasion, they would not have applauded it so warmly as they did. Fortunately, however, they did not know, or his lordship's singing might have led to unpleasant consequences on the spot. Encouraged by his success, he proceeded to propose the health of the whole regiment, officers and men, remarking that it had always been distinguished for the rapidity of its evolutions, and particularly so on the occasion of the battle of Prestonpans. The members of the mess were not deeply read in the history of the regiment, and were, consequently, ignorant of the part it had acted on the occasion alluded to; so the compliment was accepted in good faith, and the colonel returned thanks. The party broke up, and no suspicion was entertained of the mischievous joke till the following day, when the colonel learned in some way that their facetious guest had been casting ridicule upon the gallant dragoons.

This happened in the days when duelling was still in fashion, and the colonel felt that the insult offered to himself and the whole regiment must be wiped out with blood; so he lost no time in sending a challenge to Lord P—, who at once accepted it. He wrote, however, that, as the challenged party, he had a right to appoint the place, and choose the weapons; in virtue of that right, his own house at Drummond-place must be the scene of the approaching duel, and good knives and forks the instruments of war. All the members of the mess were invited to take part in the combat; his lordship, single-handed, was prepared to meet and vanquish them all. It was impossible to resist an

invitation couched in such terms: the officers had the good sense to perceive that they could only entail on themselves further ridicule by taking the matter *au sérieux*; so at the appointed hour they assembled in Drummond-place, and, it is to be presumed, used their weapons with good effect. It is only fair to add, that Lord P— made them the amplest apologies, and that he often afterwards enjoyed their hospitality. In truth, such was the genial nature of the man, that it was impossible for those who had suffered most to take offence. — "*How Lord P— became our Rector.*"

IRISH TITLES OF HONOUR.

TITLES of honour are still borne by the representatives of some of the old Milesian families in Ireland. Some of these titles have become extinct in the course of time; such as the McCarty More, the White Knight, the O'Sullivan Bear, the O'Moore, &c.—and some have merged in peerages. The O'Bryens in the titles of Thomond (now extinct) and Inchiquin, the O'Neils in an earldom (extinct), the O'Callaghan in Lord Lismore, and the descendant and representative of the O'Byrnes in Lord de Tabley. But the following titles are still preserved, and generally acknowledged. These are the O'Donoghue of the Glens, the O'Connor Don, the Knight of Kerry, the Knight of Glen, the O'Grady, the McGillicuddy of the Reeds, and the McDermot, Prince of Coolvaine.

The two first of these represent Irish constituencies, and, it is believed, are the only Irish chieftains who have adhered to the national religion; all the others are Protestants; indeed, it is a curious circumstance, that while we see the O'Neills, the O'Bryens, the O'Callaghans, the O'Byrnes, indeed almost all the lineal descendants of the old Irish families, staunch Protestants (some of them even Orangemen: the late Lord O'Neill was Grand-Master of the Orangemen), we find, on the other hand, that the leading Roman Catholic nobility and gentry in Ireland are mostly of English and Protestant extraction. Thus, the Brownes, Earls of Kenmare, came over originally in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and being Protestants, obtained large grants of the O'Donoghue property in Kerry, forfeited by Roderick O'Donoghue, in the reign of Elizabeth, and by Geoffrey O'Donoghue, "dead in rebellion," in the reign of her successor. The Earls of Kenmare are now, as is well known, at the head of the Irish Roman Catholic Peerage; and so of the Dillons, Plunkets, Burkes, Nugents, Prestons, and other Irish Roman Catholic families of importance, they are all, with few exceptions, of English and Protestant descent, while we have seen that the descendants of the native Irish are almost all Protestants.

THE CHINESE IN AUSTRALIA.

Our Chinese are large-brained, well-grown, active, and acute. They are good gardeners, bricklayers, blacksmiths, fishermen, shepherds, &c. They are fond of the coaching business, and many of them become accomplished whips, behind a "four-in-hand." As diggers they are stolid, persevering workers, and frequently they make a good living and save money by working ground which has been abandoned by Europeans. There are in their characters some seeming contradictions which would probably disappear could we become better acquainted with them. Thus, although they are passionately addicted to games of chance, their imaginations are less affected than those of our own people by reports of "new rushes."

From the manner in which they run away from their dying, they seem to have a peculiar horror of death, and yet suicides are very common among them, and almost always by hanging. Although they admit that in their own country all judicial tribunals are corrupt, and that justice, or injustice, can always be bought, they soon come to perceive and appreciate the impartiality of English courts, and their tenacity on points of right and their taste for litigation secure them the respect of attorneys. In our towns and at the gold-fields no cause-list would now look complete without a few Chinese names in it. Their powers of giving evidence are as amusing as is their fastidiousness as to the fashion in which they are sworn. Some of them in the witness box blow out a lucifer match, some burn a strip of yellow paper with Chinese characters inscribed thereon, and one once, in my hearing, at Ballarat, refused to be sworn at all but upon the ceremony of chopping off the head of a cock at one blow. In vain was the witness tempted with lucifer match, wax candle, china saucer, and every other article at once handy and deemed likely to bear on the Chinese conscience. He was inexorable, and as his evidence was important, and poultry was at the time scarce in the township, the Court, jury, and practitioners were kept waiting while messengers scoured right and left in search of the necessary victim. On the cock being brought into court, emitting a cluck of terror whenever he could disengage his beak from the hand of a roughish or a nervous Irish policeman, even judicial gravity was sorely tried, and yet this was not all. A second com-

mission became necessary to go in quest of a chopper, common pocket-knives being of no use, as "the one blow" was carefully explained by the interpreter as being so indispensable that cock after cock must be offered up if there were any failure in this particular. The chopper was at last procured, the cock satisfactorily beheaded, and the Chinaman's conscience satisfied, whereupon, so exhausted was the witness's virtue by its preliminary effort, that he burst at once into a paroxysm of perjury, which satisfied all that he was not nearly so particular in the substance of his evidence as he had been in the form of his oath.

CHARITABLE USES AND THE PUBLIC REVENUE.

It cannot be just that the middle classes, of whom a great multitude can only by means of a constant struggle, meet the exigencies of their condition, discharge the parochial and public rates, educate their children, provide for the medical attendance of their families in sickness, assist their neighbours in times of emergency, and perhaps lay up something to provide for old age, or for their widows and orphans, if left in infirmity of age,—it cannot be just that these persons should be forced to pay year by year, not only all that is necessary for the destitute classes for whom our Poor-laws provide, but an additional charge for the benefit of a comparatively few and select poor, whose condition does not prove them to have been more provident than others, but who are yet supposed to be better or more deserving than the poor at large, and are, therefore, the objects of the especial favour and patronage of governors and trustees. The wealthier hospitals in London, and in other of the more ancient cities and towns in the kingdom, have, from geographical necessity, but a limited and partial operation. The labourers in the mining and manufacturing districts, which have become populous in recent times, can, in relief of the diseases and accidents incidental to their occupations, have little aid from such endowments, notwithstanding that the taxation of all these districts is augmented to support them.

Again, in respect of schools, it cannot be just that the millions who, without assistance, and often in the midst of actual impediments to education created by the existence of endowments, are striving to obtain an education for their children which shall fit them for the scientific and skilled occupations of this age, besides £800,000 a-year, which they help to pay towards the instruction of the children of parents who for the most part value it but very slightly, shall be subjected to an additional tax in aid of the classical education of the favoured youths at the Charter-house, or Rugby, or Tonbridge, or Christ's Hospital, or other like establishments. If such a claim can indeed under any circumstances be sustained, an opportunity is at this time afforded for establishing it. It is fortunate for this purpose that a Royal Commission is now investigating the capacities and functions of Dean Cole's Foundation at St. Paul's, and some other of the endowed schools. It will be a happy conclusion, if the able men of whom this Commission is composed, shall succeed in devising an enlarged scheme for their development, producing such an amount of national good as shall entitle those institutions to the contribution which they ask from the State.

THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.—The Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides, or Fidelity—a goddess of "faith and honesty," to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honours. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of frankness, candour, and modesty, and her symbol was two right hands joined, or sometimes two figures holding each other by the right hand; whence, in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans, it was usual for the parties to take each other by the hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use, even among ourselves at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

PRIESTLY ADVICE.—A boy, nine years of age, the son of a father himself not noted for observing any great difference between *meum* and *tuum*, took to petty theft. The habit became so bad, that the pious father applied to his confessor for counsel. "Hold out the menace that you will burn his hands after the next offence," said the priest. The father, impatient to try the experiment, rushed home, seized his son, and, tying both hands, thrust them into the fire. The screams of the boy were heard by the neighbours, who ran to the rescue, when the father alleged that he was obeying his confessor; and the latter excuses himself by saying he ordered the menace of burning.

AN IRON EGG.—In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this:—A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground, a spring cunningly hidden in the

egg opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown and within it was found a diamond wedding-ring. There is a moral to the story.

KING'S LYNN RACES.—The committee have decided that this meeting, which, it will be remembered, has received the patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, being held contiguous to the Sandringham estate, shall extend over two days instead of one as originally intended, on Thursday and Friday, September 3rd and 4th; the principal stakes, which will be valuable, being the Sandringham Hall Plate and the Prince of Wales's Stakes. The following noblemen and gentlemen have consented to act as stewards:—Earl Westmoreland, Viscount St. Vincent, Mr. Payne, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Mawby, and Mr. P. Gamble. There is every prospect of this meeting being worthy of the patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

SCIENCE.

PECULIARITIES OF PETROLEUM BENZINE.—When petroleum is distilled at a low temperature a light limpid liquid is obtained which has received the name of benzene. It is different in its chemical properties from the benzole of distilled coal-tar naphtha, and is about as volatile as an ether—its density being 0.715. It boils at a temperature between 140 deg. and 150 deg. Fah., and it has now become a valuable article in the arts, being used extensively as a substitute for turpentine in mixing paints, and it is also employed for the removal of greases, &c., from light kid gloves, silks and woollen fabrics. It dissolves india-rubber, asphaltum, some resins, tallow, fatty oils, paraffine, stearic acid and wax, but it is not a powerful solvent of amber, copal or shellac. Iodine dissolves in it, producing a red colour; bromine is dissolved in it with a slight explosion, and a gas is disengaged which burns with a beautiful green colour. Nitric oxide gas passed into the benzene gives it a fine green colour; when lighted the flame of the gas has a broad green coat and a purple centre. Hydrogen gas passed over the surface of benzene burns with a flame emitting considerable light. The petrol-benzene cannot be mixed with water nor with wood naphtha, but readily and to any extent with absolute alcohol, oil of turpentine and bisulphide of carbon. In common ether it produces a turbidity, caused probably by a percentage of water. Sulphur and phosphorus dissolve only in small quantities in it.

SINGULAR ELECTROLYTIC ACTION.

MR. ABEL, the chemist of the War Department, lately communicated to the Chemical Society the results of his observations on the blistering of the lead coatings of a few of the iron projectiles commonly used in Sir William Armstrong's rifled ordnance. The shot consists mainly of cast-iron, and for the purpose of fitting tightly the bore of the gun, is coated with an alloy known as "soft metal," which consists of lead mixed with a small proportion either of tin or antimony; the steps of the manufacture being thus described:—

According to one plan, the iron is turned down a little smaller than the required gauge, and then grooved out or "undercut" so as to present a number of projecting ridges by which the attachment of the lead is afterwards secured; it was then found that the unequal rates of expansion ultimately severed the connection of the two metals, and gave rise to inequalities upon the finished surface. These were, however, very different in appearance from the blisters which were discovered under some circumstances to be produced upon shot coated by the second or "galvanizing" process; to illustrate which Mr. Abel exhibited a photograph of the 110lb. shot which was sealed as a pattern in November, 1861, and had been kept in a glass case since that time. Besides several small blisters, one of these measured 1.1 inch in width, and was raised about a quarter of an inch from the true surface. On puncturing this under water, a somewhat considerable volume of gas escaped, which on careful examination proved to be pure hydrogen, and on comparing then the bulk of gas collected with the internal capacity of the blister, it was found to have existed under a pressure of ten atmospheres.

Reverting now to the process of manufacture, the origin of this gas would become apparent. The iron shot were turned flush, and coated with zinc as preliminary to the attachment of lead; this was accomplished by heating the projectiles directly they left the lathe, in an oven which was graduated so as eventually to impart a temperature nearly that of the fusing point of zinc; they were dipped for a moment into a solution of sal-ammoniac, and then immediately into a bath of melted zinc; from this they were passed directly into a bath of "soft metal," which adhered perfectly to the galvanized surface, and this coating could then be increased to any extent by supporting the shot in a mould, and pouring the lead alloy around it.

Among a vast number of Armstrong projectiles which had been made in this manner, a very small portion only exhibited the peculiarities described, and no practical inconvenience had been felt sufficient to warrant a change in the process, since these blisters, when observed, might easily be punctured and flattened down, the small orifice being afterwards closed with solder. It was evident that water, or some hydrogen compound must be enclosed at an early stage of the process, and afforded by its electrolytic decomposition, the gas which, gradually accumulating, exerted the disrupting action already noticed.

In tracing its probable origin, Mr. Abel discovered that chloride of zinc, when once combined with water, could not be again rendered perfectly anhydrous by exposure to a degree of heat somewhat above the melting point of zinc; for on throwing fragments of zinc into the fused chloride they were quickly melted, giving rise to the production of hydrogen gas, and the formation of an oxychloride of the metal. It was not difficult to suppose a similar change occurring in the lapse of time at the ordinary temperature; chloride of zinc would undoubtedly be formed by the action of the sal-ammoniac flux upon zinc or its oxide, and this might readily attach itself to slight asperities upon the surface of the shot, become hydrated, and ultimately enclosed within the lead coating. The torn, fibrous aspect of the metal on the inner surfaces of the blister, and the detection of chlorine in the cavities, confirmed these opinions, and pointed directly to the origin of these remarkable appearances upon the Armstrong shot.

The president expressed his surprise on hearing that so thin a coating of lead had effectually prevented the diffusion of the hydrogen.—Dr. Franklin inquired whether these blisters appeared at once, or only after the lapse of time.—Mr. Abel replied that the whole of these projectiles had passed an inspection before being received into store, and that it was only on subsequent examination that the faults were noticed. Some few instances were reported from distant stations, and all were doubtless the work of time.

SANITARY "TELL-TALES"

To an extent which the most powerful microscope has yet failed to reach or discover, all parts of creation swarm with life. In the air there are probably exceedingly minute living things which may affect health to a greater extent than is at present understood. Clouds of minute insects in the summer time, when the weather is fine, reach high into the air; and, when the atmosphere is heavy, they cluster in denser clouds closer to the earth: these can be seen, like a mist, with the naked eye; and there can be but little doubt that there are myriads of far smaller life, the peculiarities of which we may probably be yet made acquainted with by means of the improvements of optical instruments which are in progress.

Over cesspools, impure ponds, dirty cowsheds, in town neighbourhoods where the duty of the scavenger is neglected; and in parts where crowds of dirty and neglected people live, we see flights of insects which are nurtured in the foulness. Seeing this, it becomes an interesting question whether these and the smaller and at present invisible insects act like the vulture, the carrion crow, the raven, and other birds of this description; the hyenas, and dogs of the East; the rats of our own sewers, &c., as sanitary agents, which, by removing putrefying matters, purify the air, and which could not be spared without causing mischief; or whether these living matters are themselves in any case poisonous, and cause disease and death such as often occur in parts where they abound. If the bite of a single fly feeding on putrefying matter can kill a human being, as has just occurred in France, what may not hundreds of still minuter living creatures of a similar kind be capable of doing, even though in other respects sanitary agents useful in consuming putrefying organic matter? This subject is well worthy of far more careful inquiry than has yet been made respecting it. But one thing is at present certain, that the presence, in large numbers, of gnats, "midges," or *tell-tales*, as they are called, in some country places, is a certain indication of some impurity. By attending to the hints of these "tell-tales" we might often take a suggestive note for useful improvement.

TRIAL OF ENGINES FOR THE MANCHESTER FIRE BRIGADE.—The re-organization of the Manchester Fire Brigade has led the Watch Committee to decide upon replacing several of their old engines with new ones. With a view to ascertain the merits of two engines that had been specially recommended to them—one constructed by Messrs. Shand and Mason, of London, and the other by Mr. W. Rose, of Manchester—they were tried a few days ago in the police-yard. The points to which the committee directed their attention were the weight of the engine, the quantity of water projected at certain heights and distances, general workmanship, and price. The testing apparatus consisted of a hood or target made of canvas, and placed so that it should slide from the top to the bottom of a scaffold 40 ft. high. In consequence of the spray from a jet being of little service when enlarged or radiated beyond 6 ft.—owing

to evaporation—the target was only 6 ft. in diameter. The water thrown into it was conducted by a "shoot" into a measure tub, so that the quantity projected might be accurately ascertained. The experiments were conducted by Mr. Superintendent Toser, in the presence of Captain Palm, the chief constable, and several members of the Watch Committee. Each engine was tested in ten different ways, and the result showed that in 14 minutes and 26 seconds Messrs. Shand and Mason's engine threw 2,482 gallons with 760 strokes, to project 1,500 gallons into the target, the loss being at the rate of about 85 gallons in every 100. In 12 minutes and 53 seconds Mr. Rose's engine threw 2,374 gallons with 692 strokes, to project 1,500 into the hood, the loss being at the rate of about 34 gallons in every 100. The volume of water that was lost was probably greater than would have been the case had the weather been more favourable. With regard to other conditions than those of quantity and force of water projected—such as price, &c.—Mr. Toser reports more favourably of Mr. Rose's engine than that of his competitors. The result of the trial and Mr. Toser's report are at present under the consideration of the Watch Committee.

STATISTICS.

UNJUST WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—The local magistrates have ordered the publication of the eighteenth annual report of Mr. R. Mellor, the chief inspector of weights and measures in Manchester. It embraces the twelve months from July, 1861, to June, 1862, and shows a considerable decrease in the number of convictions for unjust weights, &c. From a classification of trades, the following may be selected as among the most interesting results during the year:—

	No. of Shops, &c. visited.	No of Convictions.
Provision dealers	11,179	65
Confectioners	1,461	5
Tobaccoists	1,022	4
Grocers	1,760	3
Bakers	1,045	2

Mr. Mellor says the Saturday night convictions were 31 (as against 44 last, and 89 the previous year), viz.:—Provision dealers, 19; greengrocers, 4; grocers, 2; and of bakers, butchers, coal dealers, fishmongers, poultrymen, and tobaccoists, 1 each.

WOMEN AND CRIME.—The judicial statistics of England for last year show that among the persons brought before the tribunals there were about four men to one woman. The results of the trials for indictable crimes are only given for the whole number of the accused, without distinction of sex, but of the persons summarily dealt with by the magistrates we learn that the men convicted were 69.7 per cent. of the men charged, but the women convicted were only 54.9 per cent. of the women charged, so that 14.8 per cent. more of the women got off than of the men. Of the 33,364 females who passed through the county and borough prisons in the year, 15,268 had been in prison before—a much larger proportion than among the men; and of those persons who had been in prison more than ten times before, 2,968 were women and only 1,085 were men. Of the women committed for trial in the course of the year for indictable offences, 80 were charged with murder, 14 with attempts to murder, 14 with wounding with intent to maim, 36 with manslaughter, 40 with burglary, 77 with housebreaking, 11 with breaking into shops, 85 with robbery and assaults to rob by persons in company, 17 with bigamy, 4 with child stealing. The year was marked by the execution of one woman; Catherine Wilson, the poisoner.

FACETIE.

JONES complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

ARCHERY.—The shooting match for children under eight years of age is to commence in a few days. The targets will be provided with bull's-eyes from the nearest sweet shops.—*Punch*.

At a recent City feast, one of the company was expatiating on the blessings of Providence. "Ay," said an alderman, "we have much to thank Providence for, as we get all our turtles from that island."

A GOOD BARGAIN.—At a sale the other day several houses, with first-rate kitchen fixtures, were put up to auction. A bidder present offered a shilling for twelve coppers. He was actually accommodated.—*Punch*.

ABSENT-MINDED.—Lord Dudley was once paying a morning visit to the beautiful Lady M—. He sat an unconsciously long time, and the lady, after giving him some friendly hints, took up her work and tried to draw him into conversation. Lord Dudley broke a long fit of silence by muttering, "A very pretty woman this Lady M—. She stays a devilish long time—I

wish she'd go." He thought Lady M— was paying him a visit in his own house.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTRE AND SUMMER SPORTING REGISTER.—*Pedestrianism.*—A large assemblage is expected to witness a novel walking match against time. An amateur has backed himself to walk into a pigeon pie in less than two minutes.—*Punch*.

"Did you not observe the scraper at the door, sir?" exclaimed an offended spinster to a gentleman who had entered the house without scraping his boots. "Yes'm," said he, "and I intend using it when I go out!"

GRAND CRICKET MATCH AT THE OVAL.—The Twenty-Two "All Corners" from Richmond and Twickenham v. The Eleven Kew-Johners. After the game, the eleven, if winners, will treat the visitors to a victorious performance on the Bella. The Peel of the Kew-corners is very refreshing.—*Punch*.

SERVANT-GALISM.

A paper published in Beechworth, Victoria, gives an amusing account of the perplexities of a citizen of that town, who displeased with the lady that cooked his dinner and scraped his door-step, sent to a Melbourne Servants' Home for a first-class general servant, whose railway fare, of course, he paid in advance.

In the fulness of time a young lady in a high state of fashion was deposited at his door. She had on a dress of moiré antique, a silk paletot, and a sky-scraper bonnet, with the usual samples from the market-garden. Besides holding up the dress, the one hand was engaged in the transport of a scented handkerchief and a long-fingered parasol, while the other sustained the smelling-bottle and a photographic likeness of the young gentleman to whom this lady's vows were pledged.

She took the house by storm, and continued in it, in such a state of gentility and refinement—which extended to everything but the pronunciation of the English language—that it was found a perfect relief when her health began to fail, from the drudgery of household work and the want of horse exercise. That was literally the verdict of the young lady's medical attendant. So she left, and went her way in quest of some eligible place where ladies-of-all-work are sent out to take airings on horseback.

TO VEGETABLE MAIDS.

Many of our subscribers have written to us to inquire the meaning of the following advertisement, which appeared a few days since in a morning paper:

"A Vegetable Maid Wanted.—Apply, before 11 o'clock, at the Green Dragon Hotel, 86, Bishopsgate Street, E.C."

We have written to the Green Dragon Hotel for an explanation, and have received an account of the accomplishments which the lady advertised for will be expected to possess. The successful candidate for the situation must have curly hair, a turnip nose, gooseberry eyes, ears of wheat, a potato-trap for a mouth, and cherry lips. She must endeavour to do her duty for a small celery. No followers being allowed, she must never indulge in a *tatur-tatur* with a policeman—in fact, she must consider affairs of the art a joke. She must be moderate in her dress; she must wear French shoes on her feet; and if her bustle sprouts too much she will receive warning. She must never interfere with her fellow-servants; or the housemaid or the cook chamber. She must not look upon so much as a spare-rag as her perquisites. If her master catches her peeping into his lettuce, or opening any parcel, he will discharge her. She must be truthful and sage; put up from thyme to thyme with an hectorin', and be always willing to sit among the forcing frames in a backward season, exclaiming "Marrow, come up!" A person fulfilling these conditions will find that the situation will deserve the apple-attention of a honey'un.—*Flu*.

"JOHN, my son," said a doting father, who was about taking him into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the youth, "I don't know—but suppose we have it John H. Samplin and Father?" The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but didn't adopt it.

TEN MINUTES FOR BREAKFAST.

Did you never hear of the trick he played upon a deputation from the Synod of Cleismaclaver, while on their way to the annual meeting of the General Assembly? The brethren had started by coach at an early hour, and had to travel some twenty miles before they reached the inn where breakfast was prepared for them. The air of our northern hills sharpens the appetite, and when the brethren drove up to the inn they were almost famished with hunger.

"Now, gentlemen, just ten minutes for breakfast," said the coachman, as he entered the landlady's snug little parlour to have his own. Ten minutes! The time was short, so they must make the most of it. They rushed into the room where breakfast was spread, and there, basking his ample person before the fire, stood a portly gentleman, dressed somewhat like a dig-

nitary of the Church of England. Their appetite was keener than their curiosity, so they scarcely looked at the stranger, but concentrated all their attention on the viands. Half-way in the air, before the morsel had reached their lips, their hands were arrested by a sudden cry of "Stop!" It was the supposed dean or bishop.

"Good Heavens, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "have you so far forgotten your sacred calling as to partake of food without invoking a blessing?"

The brethren looked like schoolboys detected in some flagrant fault; but, before they had time to remonstrate or explain, the same voice exclaimed, in a tone which enforced obedience,

"Let us pray!"

They instinctively sprang to their feet and assumed an attitude of decorous devotion, while the stranger offered up a prayer which they themselves admitted was superior in unctious and expression to those of Dr. Drawlitt himself. He had only one fault—he did not know when to stop.

The minutes rolled rapidly away, but the stream of fervent supplication flowed on without a break. They had a terrible struggle, the brethren had, as they closed one eye in devotion and ogled the savoury viands with the other; but whenever a hand approached the table, it drew back before the stern glance of the stranger, which seemed to comprehend them all. The sufferings of Tantalus were nothing to the sufferings of the deputation from the Synod of Cleismaclaver; but all things must come to an end.

"Time is up, gentlemen," said the coachman, opening the door, and wiping his mouth with the air of a man who has enjoyed his breakfast.

The appearance of the coachman, and the sound of his familiar voice, broke the spell; but there was no time to be lost; the horses were shaking their heads and pawing the ground in their impatience to start; so they had to take their seats, and to turn breakfast and dinner into one.

"Was that the Bishop of D—?" said one of the famished brethren.

"That the Bishop of D—!" said the coachman, contemptuously. "Why that was Lord P—, the maddest wag in all the kingdom!"—*How Lord P. became our Rector.*

THE SHOEMAKER AND WINE-MERCHANT.

A poor man, a shoemaker, took a shop in one of the boulevards of Paris. As he was industrious, expeditious, and punctual, and withal faithful and honest, his customers rapidly increased, and he began to gain property. About this time a wine-merchant opened a shop next door to the shoemaker, and the latter took occasion to step in for an occasional drink of wine. He perceived that he was forming a bad habit, and for some days discontinued his visits. The wine-merchant inquired the reason.

"I have no money," replied Crispin.

"Oh, no matter," said the other, "come in and take a drink."

The shoemaker accepted the invitation, till at last so great a bill was run up that his best suit of wearing-apparel was pawned for payment. A festival drew nigh, and he of the awl asked him of the glass to lend him a suit of clothes but for that day. A refusal was the reply. Much chagrined, Crispin cast about him for revenge. The wine-merchant had a hen with a very fine brood of chickens, and they used often to venture near the door of the shoemaker. He accordingly procured some crumbs and scattered them upon the floor, enticing the hen and her chickens to enter his shop; then catching them he stripped them of all their feathers and turned them loose to go to their owner. Enraged at the enormous cruelty, he makes complaint and seeks redress.

"Friend," said Crispin, "as I have done to your fowls so you did to me. You enticed me into your shop, you stripped me of my clothes and left me destitute. What I have done to your fowls you did to a fellow-creature. On the charge of cruelty we are equal, though the baits we offered were different."

A TRUE GHOST STORY.—Spiritual manifestations are becoming a drug in the market. Who's afraid? Witness the following instance: a few nights ago, a country curate was sitting in his lonely study, and, as the clock upon the stairs struck the midnight hour, he became aware of a spectral presence. The clergyman, not in the least alarmed, asked the spectre "who he was?" whereupon the ghost in awful tones replied, "I am Apparitioner!" The reverend gentleman immediately rated him soundly, and the fearful being evidently frightened at the prospect of an assessment, speedily vanished.—*Punch*.

HOWE STRANGER.—On the 1st inst. the Royal Naval Club held a dinner to celebrate the sixty-ninth anniversary of Lord Howe's victory. A gentleman who had taken part as a middy in that glorious action was present—by name, Captain Justinian Barrel. We congratulate a Barrel that has seen actual service, and can boast such a long range. We have no wish to make a

butt of our Barrel, but we cannot help hoping that the good stock to which it belongs may ever remain available for the country's service. We should like to see all such Barrels loaded—with honours—but never discharged.—*Fun*.

INKS OF BIGNESS.—When an ancient rabbi wanted to raise the Hebrew conception of Og, he declared that Moses, who was ten cubits high, taking an axe ten cubits long, leaped ten cubits into the air and struck at the King of Bashan's ankle-joint. When a Hindoo rhapsodist wishes to send through a crowd a thrill of awe and reverence, he tells how Brahma wielded a spade millions of miles long, and struck it into the earth to millions of times its length.

GEMS.

Few things in this world trouble people more than poverty, or the fear of poverty; and indeed it is a sore affliction; but, like all other ills that flesh is heir to, it has its antidote, its reliable remedy. The judicious application of industry, prudence and temperance is a certain cure.

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest, the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that every one should study to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things by every method in his power. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments: it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason, one ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATE advices from Paris mention reports that the Bank of France, whether from its own position or fearing critical times ahead, are about considerably to restrict their advances on Rentes and other stocks.

At the evening sitting in the House of Commons, on the 23rd ult., Sir G. Grey, said, in reply to Mr. Doultou, he was not prepared to introduce a bill to restrict dangerous performances in places of public amusement.

THE Worcester show of the Royal Agricultural Society promises to exceed in extent, and to equal in results, the shows of past years, although it will not, of course, be likely to come up to the international show in Battersea Park.

ACCORDING to recent news from Vienna, the Russian Government have declined the armistice proposed by the three Powers. They have also declined the suggested conference of the eight Powers who were *partis signataires* to the treaty of 1815.

THE Madrid papers state that a collision has taken place off Malaga between an English and a French frigate. Both vessels are said to have been sunk, and one English sailor and five French sailors only are reported saved.

THE Russians have entered and completely destroyed the furniture and valuables in the houses of the more wealthy inhabitants of the town of Prasnysz, in the palatinate of Plock and the estates in its vicinity. These outrages were committed at night.

A GENTLEMAN residing in Cheltenham has, under the initials of A. B., presented £300 to the National Lifeboat Institution, to enable it to establish a lifeboat on the coast in memory of his deceased wife, after whom the boat is to be named.

TRAVELLERS from Wilna state that the treatment to which the inhabitants are subjected by General Mouravieff is horrible and cruel beyond description. Cases have occurred where the entire population of villages have been flogged by soldiers.

HIS Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who recently purchased the Elvedon estate for £102,000, has visited his newly-acquired property. His Highness passed on to the quiet little Parliamentary borough of Thetford, where he occupied rooms at the Bell Hotel.

A DEPUTATION, appointed by the members of the Greek nation resident in London, Liverpool, and Manchester has recently had an interview with Viscount Palmerston, to present an address expressive of their profound appreciation of the noble and magnanimous policy pursued by the British Government towards the Greek nation during the recent period of political difficulty and transition.

On the night on which Prince Alfred arrived at Keswick (Inverness), he went in his "Dudh Dum" (small boat) for the purpose of shooting sea-fowl. Unluckily the vessel upset, and his Royal Highness was immersed in the water. Being a good swimmer, he

made for the Racoon, and reached it in safety. The gallant tar appeared quite hearty after his bath.

A NOTE is published containing an official account of the affair of the Annis at Genoa, which states that the commander of the vessel refused to deliver up passengers furnished with regular passports *visés* at Rome for Marseilles and Barcelona by the French and Spanish Ambassadors.

THE inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the cemetery of Montmartre have been thrown into considerable alarm by the appearance of the "gangrenous fly," which in some parts of France causes inflammation, mortification, and death in 24 hours, and several persons have this summer fallen victims to its poison.

THE Federal ship George Griswold was stopped on the 9th instant at 20 miles' distance from Cape Frio by the Confederate cruiser Georgia. The Federal vessel was detained four hours, and allowed to proceed after signing a bond to pay 100,000 dols. ransom after the recognition of the South.

THE system of terror inaugurated by General Mouravieff appears to have attained its height. No one is sure of his life or liberty for an hour. The slightest suspicion or denunciation by persons of the most infamous character suffices to furnish grounds for imprisonment and transportation to Siberia.

A KURACHEE newspaper mentions a rumour that M. L. D' A. Jackson, late Lieutenant Bengal Engineers, who was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for beating a native servant to death, will be released on account of some irregularities in the proceedings of the court-martial which tried him.

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA SHORE.

Who does not love the murmuring swell
Of the bounding graceful wave,
As on it comes with steady flow,
Now rising high, now sinking low,
Now sporting in a cave!

And mark the high and towering rock
Round which the billows play;
Its sides are now no longer bare,
Those billows seem to linger there,
As they deck that rock with spray.

The Christian's love is a tidal wave,
Thus does it ebb and flow;
While Christ alone unchanging stands
Firm as the rock 'mid shifting sands,
And the restless waves below.

But when the toss'd and troubled soul
Is freed from care and sin,
In realms of peace where God is love,
'Twill only know responsive love,
In its tideless flow to Him.

E. L. B.

THE will of Mr. Joshua Field, of Park Crescent, Portland Place, was proved in London under £250,000, the executors being Mr. Joshua Francis Whittell of Hemaley Lodge, Flaxton, Yorkshire; Mr. Eugene T. C. Whittell, (son of the latter); and Mr. Charles Evans, solicitor Gray's-inn Square.

THE case of the prize steamer Peterhoff was commenced before Judge Betts, in the United States Prize Court at New York, on the 6th ult. The report of the commissioners as to the nature of her cargo shows that a very large portion of it was particularly adapted to army uses, although no arms or ammunition appear in the list.

IN consequence of the difficulty of obtaining a passage to join their countrymen in arms against Russia, the Poles who were conveyed to England about three weeks since on board a Swedish Government steamer and have remained at Woolwich have been disbanded by direction of the London Polish Committee, each man receiving a sum of £8 10s.

THE colours taken from the Mexicans are of silk, with handsome gilt staffs. Several are tri-coloured—green, white, and red—with an eagle embroidered in the midst. Two are all red, and one of these latter is as much tattered by the bullets as the most ragged of the French flags at Magenta and Solferino. The small flags are red and violet, with black embroidery.

EARLY on Monday week an unusually large sturgeon, measuring exactly 7ft., and weighing 179 lbs., was caught in the river a short distance below Rochester Bridge. The sturgeon being what is termed a "Royal" fish, belongs, by ancient charter, to the Mayor of Rochester, and receiving it, his worship at once forwarded it as a present to the Prince of Wales.

At a Court of Common Council, on the 23rd July, a petition was presented by Mr. Alderman Waterlow, signed by Francis Giles, civil engineer, for the consent of the corporation to a railway projected by him from Walbrook to the Regent Circus, Oxford Street, to run under Newgate Market, across Farringdon Street, into Chancery Lane, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Covent Garden, and near Trafalgar Square, capable of extension towards the east, to the Fenchurch-street Station

of the Blackwall Railway, and towards the west, to the Marble Arch, Hyde Park.

On the 2nd instant Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the President, was severely injured by jumping out of her carriage as the horses were running away. Her wounds were dressed at the hospital.

A NEGRO displayed unusual intelligence and energy, in order to foil the scent of the bloodhounds who were chasing him. He took from his plantation, onions, which he carried in his pockets. After crossing creek or swamp, he rubbed his body freely with these onions, and thus, no doubt, frequently threw the dogs off the scent.

MOURNING having been prohibited by General Mouravieff, under severe penalties, the Polish women now attire themselves in white. This colour appears as distasteful to the powers that be, as red to infuriated bulls. Soldiers, posted at intervals along the streets, have received orders to tear the clothes of all females appearing publicly in white dresses.

The following advertisement appears in the columns of a Paris contemporary:—"A student of three years' standing at a German university wishes to marry after taking his degree. He is desirous of finding a young lady who will advance him money to pay the sum necessary to finish his university career. Thus bound to his fate she would, after two or three years, become his wife."

THE treaty relative to the new King of Greece is composed of only four clauses, and signed by Earl Russell, Baron Brunnow, Baron Groe, and M. de Bille, and is to be ratified within six weeks from the 13th July, the day of the signature. King George I. of Greece, previous to proceeding to Athens, is expected to arrive for a short stay in London, whence he repairs to Brussels and France.

THE Canadian journals complain that the Federals have established a regular system of recruiting close to the frontier line. It is charged that they have a recruiting establishment at Whitehall, with active agents in Montreal and other Canadian cities, who will delude young men by promises and misrepresentations, and ship them off ostensibly for other purposes, but in reality for the Northern army.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BLOOD is the mighty river of life, the mysterious centre of chemical and vital actions as wonderful as they are indispensable, soliciting our attention no less by the many problems it presents to speculative ingenuity, than by the practical conclusions to which those speculations lead. It is a torrent impetuously rushing through every part of the body, carried by an elaborate network of vessels, which, in the course of the twelve months, convey to the various tissues not less than three thousand pounds' weight of nutritive material, and carry from the various tissues three thousand pounds' weight of waste.

At every moment of our lives there are nearly ten pounds of this fluid rushing in one continuous throbbing stream from the heart through the great arteries, which branch and branch like a tree, the vessels becoming smaller and smaller as they subdivide, till they are invisible to the naked eye, and then they are called capillaries (hair-like vessels), although they are no more to be compared to hairs than hairs are with cables.

These vessels form a network finer than the finest lace—so fine, indeed, that if we pierce the surface at almost any part with the point of a needle, we open one of them, and let out its blood. In these vessels the blood yields some of its nutrient materials, and receives in exchange some of the wasted products of tissue; thus modified, the stream continues its rapid course backwards to the heart, through a system of veins, which commence in the myriad of capillaries that form the termination of the arteries.

The veins, instead of subdividing like the arteries, become gradually less and less numerous, their twigs entering branches, and the branches trunks, until they reach the heart. No sooner has the blood poured into the heart from the veins, than it rushes through the lungs, and from them back again to the heart and arteries, thus completing the circle, or circulation.

This wonderful stream, ceaselessly circulating, occupies the very centre of the vital organism, midway between the functions of nutrition and excretion; feeding and stimulating the organs into activity, and removing from them all their useless material. In its torrent, upwards of forty different substances are hurried along; it carries gases, it carries salts—it even carries metals and soaps!

Millions of organised cells float in its liquid; and of these cells, which by some are considered organised entities, twenty millions are said to die at every pulse of the heart; to be replaced by other millions. The iron which it washes onward can be separated. Professor Bernard, used to exhibit a lump of it in his lecture-room—nay one ingenious Frenchman has suggested that coins should be struck from the metal extracted from the blood of great men.

NOTICE

THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.

The public are respectfully informed that every purchaser of No. 7 of THE LONDON READER was entitled to receive (Gratis) No. 1 of a Series of Engravings illustrative of Scenes in the most popular Plays of Shakespeare.

The issue of No. 2 of THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY will be duly announced in THE LONDON READER.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ANXIOUS PARENT.—The birth of a child, two years of age, may be registered on payment of five shillings.

KATE.—The word Khan is of Tartar origin—It signifies lord or chief. The governors of the Persian provinces are called Khans.

HONESTY.—Wait. Claustrine marriages rarely result in happiness. The parents of the lady expect you. A proposal to them would remove every difficulty.

T. C.—A grand-daughter can claim the share of the personal property her deceased parent would have been entitled to, if living.

LATITE.—Rum is used to remove scurf from the skin. It is applied by means of flannel or sponge. Eau de Cologne is also used for the same purpose.

THOS. HAYS.—Lady Jane Grey was the eldest daughter of Mary, the younger sister of Henry VIII. Mary, Queen of Scots was the descendant of Henry VIII's eldest sister, who married the King of Scotland.

J. WAT.—When the banns of marriage, owing to residence, are published in two different parishes, the marriage may be solemnized in either, but the officiating minister will require a certificate of the other publication.

WILLIAM E.—The mode employed in bluing steel is merely to subject it to heat. The dark blue is produced at a temperature of 600 degrees, the full blue at 500 degrees, and the blue at 550 degrees.

J. BROWN.—No; once in, the member must remain in until the requisite forty are collected, and the House is made, after that he may leave as soon as he pleases.

CLYDE.—The death of the veteran was reported in the *Morning Post* of the 21st ult., which also gave an elaborate sketch of his biography and honourable career. Fortunately on the following day, it was enabled to avow its blunder and apologise for the indiscretion.

TRAVELLER.—There is a system of communication between the passengers and guard used in the royal trains whenever Her Majesty travels, and there is no reason whatever why a similar means of communication should not be afforded the public. Had such been the case, the recent terrible outrages near Hetchley might possibly have been averted.

SARAH.—The best present a young lady could make to a young gentleman on his twenty-first birthday, would be a knitted purse, to give him the hint that now he is about to make money, he must learn how to keep and make good use of it.

ERA.—The diocese of Tasmania includes Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk Island, with an extent of 37,000 square miles, and a population of about 50,000. It contains about 70 clergy, and is worth £1,400 per annum.

JOHN DOWEN.—The best way to remove corns is to sew together about eight or nine pieces of flannel the size of a shilling, and then, cutting a round hole in the centre, place it on the corn, so that the latter may grow out, and be wholly extirpated. All pressure on the affected part is thus prevented.

W. H. M.—Sedlitz powders are thus made: Take two drachms of potassium-tartrate of soda, and two scruples of sesqui-carbonate of soda; mix and dissolve in half a pint of water. Then dissolve thirty-five grains of tartaric acid in a sufficient quantity of water; add this to the former solution, and then drink while in a state of effervescence.

X. O. Z.—Steel mixtures, invaluable as tonics, may be prepared in a variety of ways. The following is one of them: Take of myrrh, pulverised, one drachm; subcarbonate of potash, twenty-five grains; sulphate of iron, one scruple; rose-water, eight ounces; white sugar, one drachm; spirit of nutmeg, half an ounce. Rub together the myrrh, subcarbonate of potash, and sugar, then add gradually the rose-water and spirit of nutmeg, and, lastly, the sulphate of iron.

W. BRUCE asks in which of the three kingdoms constituting Great Britain and Ireland we consider the greatest number of eminent men to have had their birth? England, unquestionably. It has produced more great men than any nation, great or little, in ancient or modern times. In every department of intellect has nobly sustained its geographical superiority over the other portions of the home empire.

T.—Cloth may be made waterproof in a variety of ways. 1. Brush it first with a solution of isinglass, and when dry with a solution of nut-galls. 2. Rub it over on the wrong side with India-rubber, dissolved by heat in spirits of wine. 3. Brush over the wrong side with a solution of isinglass, alum, and soap. 4. Brush over the wrong side with soap-suds, and afterwards with a solution of alum.

W. F. A.—Percussion-caps are primed, and when struck, the composition is inflamed, and communicates to that in the barrel. The principal ingredient is chlorate of potash. Ten parts of powder are rubbed with water, and the soluble part poured off; the remaining paste is then mixed with five and a half parts of the chlorate of potash, and a drop of it put into the small copper-caps adapted to the touch-hole of the gun. This powder must not be handled when dry, as on the slightest friction it is apt to explode.

A FENITENT ONE is troubled with a hasty temper, which, when fear of loss or discomfiture in business disconcerts him, is apt to vent itself upon his own children. "who suffer most unmercifully in the flesh," whilst his unoffending wife suffers in mind. He is dotingly fond of them all, but is so much the more troubled with the fear of their coming to want; and this fear seems to be the sole cause of the irritation of temper that he complains of. We suspect it is a very common complaint. A bad temper cannot live upon nothing; and there is a strange propensity for feeding it—feeding the very vulture

that gnaws our vitals. Fear in business creates what it fears; it makes men sulky and gloomy and repulsive. In a business like our correspondent's the open countenance is attractive; some pretty cheerful word to every one that comes is not lost. It would be better to think of pretty speeches than to indulge gloomy fears; fears are clouds without a rainbow; pretty words are sunshine and rainbows. Every face radiates either light or darkness; a man's fortune, in most employments, lies in his manners. There are exceptions, but these are few. Moral resolution is all that is wanted.

ASTON.—Madame Genieve is, we believe, the fourth victim to the Blondin mania, and the third of her sex who has suffered.

LAUS DRO.—We cannot vouch for the truth of any newspaper report, but it certainly has been stated that the Emperor Alexander has declined to accede to the request of Pius IX. for the protection of the Roman Church in Russia.

E. F. C.—Get one of Negretti and Zambra's pocket barometers; you can carry it in your waistcoat pocket, and may make tolerably sure that the weather will be as indicated—the cost is not very great.

TRO.—The festival came off on the 21st ult.; but we do not see the necessary connection of a theatrical manager with the presidency of such a gathering.

MIOR.—Steel is hardened by being heated and then plunged into cold water. Brass is annealed (or softened) by the same process.

HARRY.—Endeavour to pay everybody, and bear in mind this truism, that there is hardly any circumstance so bad that it may not be made worse by mismanagement.

LIDDELOW.—A silversmith powder may be made as follows: Silver dust twenty grains, alum thirty grains, cream of tartar and common salt a quarter of an ounce each; powder and mix.

KEMA AND JANE.—If you receive wedding cards, you are expected in your sphere, to call, whether they are "at home" cards or not. A man may be an alderman, but not a lord mayor of London, without having been sheriff.

THISTLEDOWN.—General Neal Dow who has just been captured by his staff near New Orleans, is one of the very few Scotsmen who have been silly enough to take arms in the Federal Service. As for the Irish materiel hired as food for powder on the same side, the stock is absolutely glutting the murder market.

FRANK.—Soft warts may be removed by applying tincture of steel to their surface, or by anointing them daily with mercurial ointment. Hard warts should be cut or pared off with a sharp knife; but they may be destroyed by the application of lunar caustic, blue vitriol, nitric acid, or the chloride of zinc.

LEONORA.—Beautiful finger-nails, like beautiful faces, are not easily described, but always admired when seen. They are clean, strong, and transparent—neither ragged, scratched, nor bitten—neither too broad, too long, nor too anything, but just beautiful, as Leonora says she herself is. How did she find it out? Just as people find out that nails are beautiful—by looking at them.

E. M.—England has no rewards for literary men. Baronets can only be accepted by men with estates of their own. These are given to Lord Mayor's showmen. An artist or a medical man is sometimes made a knight, but this is an absurdity. A knight is a military man, and these are not. We live in the age of absurdities and incongruities. However we can do without titles, and all Englishmen are Esqs. at least.

ELLA LOVINE's father says that he will not allow her to marry till she is twenty-eight. This is absolutely dreadful. The idea of waiting so long, and then, perhaps waiting for ever, makes her quite miserable. Ella has already taken our advice in discharging a clandestine lover, but she wants it again. Well, she must persuade her father to let the courtship begin when she finds a suitable match; introduce the favourite to the friends circle, and leave him to manage the old gentleman. But beware of clandestine courtship, with such a kind father and happy home.

BENJAMIN.—Among persons of little or no education, the notion too often prevails that whatever their desires, they ought to be gratified. Individuals with but small weekly wages, will indulge themselves in eating and drinking of the best that can be bought, because, as they say, they have as much right to enjoy themselves as their betters. In one sense, this is true; yet no man, whether rich or poor, has a right to expend his means imprudently, if, as is mostly the case, he thereby incur the risk of becoming a burden to his friends, or to society at large.

FRATREES.—It is true, we have invaded France no longer ago than on the morning of the 20th ult., when a gallant band of Dover Volunteers bravely stepped from the deck of the *Victor* steam-ship upon the land of the Gaul at Calais, and proceeded in true English style to storm the ladders of the astonished natives, who stood the fire of the silver shot discharged upon the occasion with wonderful fortitude and complacency. The invaders slept upon their own arms, or those of others, that night, and on the following day re-embarked for their native land, bringing with them lots of spoil in the shape of good wishes and kind remembrances, and we are happy to say without any killed, wounded, or missing from the ranks of the expeditionary corps.

D. C. L.—Wonders of Philosophy: The polypus, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife lifted to destroy it. The fly spider lays an egg as long as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in the caterpillar. Hook discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of the drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread, all the threads to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call the spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united.

L. G. can please none of her own family, but she seems to be very attractive to strangers—a common complaint. If quiet at home, she is found fault with—she is sulky, unsocial; and if talkative—she attracts too much attention. She cannot steer the golden mean. She says she has no pretensions to good looks, but she receives great attention from gentlemen; she thinks, perhaps, it is because she reads histories, which give her an inexhaustible fund of conversation. She must have beauty—more statue or picture beauty she may not have; but she has living beauty, the beauty of mind and

manner. It is probable that the discontentment at home arises from jealousy, or some other nervous irritation, not easily discovered or cured. We are all more or less nervously infirm or diseased, and such infirmities cannot be reasoned with; in fact, reason generally aggravates them. They are cured, if ever cured, by rest.

G. M. S.—All bashfulness. The poor fellow will get over it in time; but you must not treat him haughtily, or he will get frightened, and run away. He is one of that class of lovers who approach near the precipice, but are afraid to look over it.

CHARLES R.—You want to know the best and surest mode of gaining a young lady's heart? What a question! If there be no royal road to knowledge, how can there be one to love? It is absurd to imagine such a possibility. The road to success in both adventures is rough, broken, crooked, and beset with pitfalls. But our correspondent ought to know, as well as we do, that some girls are won by outward show, some by the exhibition of common sense, some by genius, some by good-nature. Love is guided by no fixed rules—it is often a will-o'-the-wisp than an honest, steady gas-light.

PENRO.—Gentlemen are introduced to ladies, not ladies to gentlemen; but when a lady and gentleman are both invited to an evening party, on purpose to be made acquainted with each other, there is no impropriety in the lady's going, even when she knows the purpose, for she does not go to the gentleman's house, but to a friend's. It is better, however, when friends so contrive as to bring such meetings about unknown to both parties, and take them by surprise; it saves all nervous excitement previous to the visit.

KATE ELLIN. with the sanction of her parents, has been receiving the attentions of a young gentleman about two years, and whom she had every reason to believe was sincerely attached. He now tells her he does not like her Christian name so well as many others he could mention. The man is dejected. Why, Kate, next to Mary, is the most popular and best-beloved name either in Europe or America. The poets have doated on the name of Kate. Shakespeare often introduced it. Hotspur's wife was a Kate—a gentle, loving Kate; and then there is Petruchio's Kate—his "super, super, dainty Kate"—his "Kate of Kate Hall"—a true woman, from top to toe. Our Kate's lover, as the Persian proverb phrases it, had better submit his ears to the shears of discretion.

LUCY G. is going to be married in a few weeks, but she has felt very miserable for want of that romantic love which she thought so indispensable for the occasion. She has received much comfort from the remark of a friend who said that romantic love was more likely to be disappointed than quiet affection or friendship; but she is so much afraid that she may fall in love with some other person after marriage, and grow discontented and peevish. All, however, are liable to such alienations, and it is a general belief that handsome husbands and beautiful wives have no more power of securing constancy than those less privileged. Lucy must defend herself with good, moral, and religious principles; they are better securities than either whisks or moustaches, or any other masculine attractions. Without them all other defences are useless.

AMELIA F.—There would be no impropriety in acknowledging the compliment; but as the acquaintance was so brief, "Forget-me-not" flower would be inappropriate. We should recommend the flower called "Venus's Looking-glass." When the sun shines on our corn-fields, we see the bright purple flowers of a pretty variety of "Campanula" scattered over them; but should clouds intercept his beams, the corollas of these flowers immediately close as at the approach of night. It is related that Venus one day dropped one of her mirrors. A shepherd picked it up, but no sooner had he cast his eyes on this glass—which possessed the property of embellishing whatever it reflected—than he forgot his mistress, and did nothing but admire himself. Love, fearful of the consequences of such a silly error, broke the mirror, and changed the fragments into this pretty plant, which has ever since retained the name of "Venus's Looking Glass." By sending this flower you would tell him he was a flatterer, and so provoke an explanation.

CLARA BEATRICE's story is one of those romances in real life of which we have now and then a specimen. She is a young lady of seventeen. She does not know her own name, that is, her surname. She lives in a large, old house with an old lady, in affluent circumstances, whom she calls aunt, though she often thinks there is no relationship between them. Of her parents she never heard; and when she inquires of her aunt, she is told it is better for her not to know. She has every comfort but society; and has plenty of money to dress and furnish house as she pleases. But all this avail nothing to relieve her mind of the oppression that it feels. There is no doubt a mystery connected with her birth. It is not improbable that her aunt is her mother; there seems to be a mother's love. But it is also probable that she has no legal claim on her, or anybody else, in the event of her aunt's decease. No doubt the affectionate old lady has taken care to provide for her as she imagines; but in circumstances so very secret, it certainly would be well for Clara to endeavour to discover her own resources when left to herself. She ought not to press her aunt to reveal her birth, but keep a respectful silence upon the subject, as an incommunicable secret at present. She will discover it in due time. There are many, no doubt, who know it, and who will be too ready to remind her of it when she comes out, if there is anything reproachful in it. Most probably the lady merely wants it preserved during her own lifetime. Beware of violating a secret. Learn from Bluebeard's wives to respect a deep one. Clara has been initiated into all the accomplishments with a governess at home.

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